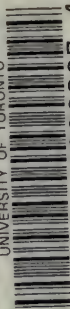
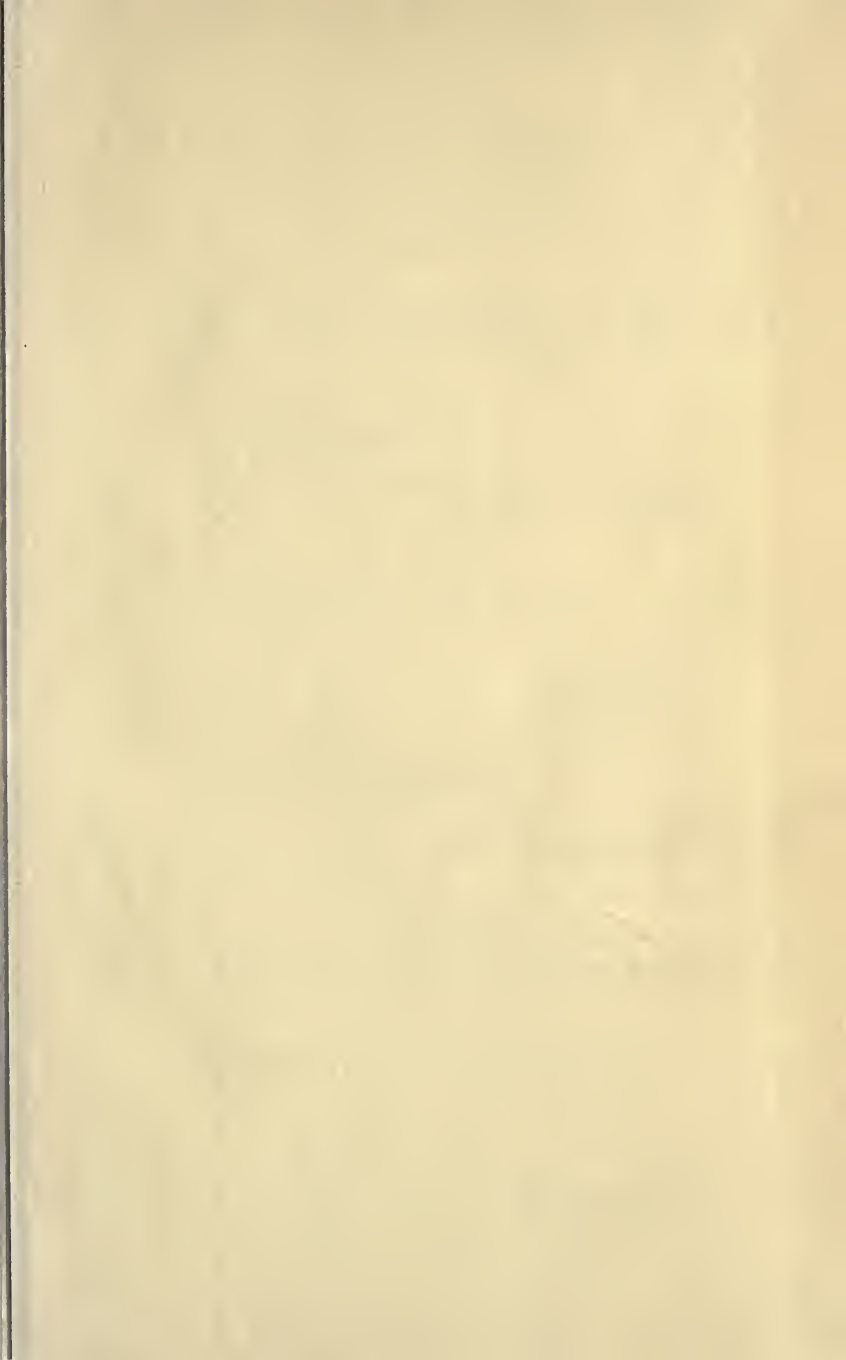


UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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THE
DRAMATIC WORKS

O F
SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq;

To which is prefixed
A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.
In FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

28992
29/9/93

CONTAINING

TASTE.

The ENGLISHMAN at
PARIS.

The AUTHOR.

The ENGLISHMAN re-
turned from PARIS.

The KNIGHTS.

AND

The MAYOR OF GARRAT.

LONDON:

Printed for J. F. and C. RIVINGTON, R. BALDWIN, T.
CADELL, W. LOWNDES and S. BLADON. 1788.

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T H E
L I F E

O F

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

THIS ingenious comic writer was born at Truro in Cornwall, but at what period of time we cannot take upon ourselves to say. His father, John Foote, was member of parliament for Tiverton in Devonshire, and enjoyed the posts of commissioner of the prize-office and fine-contract. His mother was heiress of the Dinely and Goodere families. The dreadful consequence of the misunderstanding between her two brothers, Sir John Dinely Goodere, bart. and Samuel Goodere, esq. captain of his majesty's ship the Ruby, is well known; on which a considerable part of the Goodere estate, which was better than fifty thousand pounds per annum, descended to Mr. Foote, her husband.

Our author was educated at Worcester college, in the university of Oxford, which owed its foundation to Sir Thomas Cockes Winford, Bart. a second cousin of our author. On his quitting the university, he commenced student

of law in the Temple ; but, as the dullness and gravity of this study did not suit the volatile vivacity of his temper and genius, he soon quitted it.

He married a young lady of a good family and some fortune ; but, their tempers being very opposite to each other, a perfect harmony did not long subsist between them. He now launched into all the fashionable foibles of the age, gaming not excepted, and in a few years spent his whole fortune. As he had long taken a disgust to the study of the law, he was obliged to have recourse to the stage, and made his first appearance in the character of Othello, but with no great success. He afterwards performed Fondlewife, in which he succeeded much better ; and, indeed, it was one of his favourite characters ever after. He next attempted Lord Foppington, but he listened to the advice of his friends, and prudently gave it up. As Mr. Foote was never a capital actor in the plays of others, his salary of course could not be equal to his gay and extravagant mode of living : he at last contracted so many debts, that he was obliged to take refuge in the verge of the court, to secure himself from the resentment of his creditors.

A very laughable stratagem at length relieved him from his necessities. Sir Francis Delaval
had

had long been his intimate friend, and had dissipated his fortune by similar extravagance. A rich lady, an intimate acquaintance of Foote, was fortunately at that time bent upon a matrimonial scheme. Foote strongly recommended to her to consult, on this momentous affair, the conjuror in the Old Bailey, whom he represented as a man of surprising skill and penetration. He employed an acquaintance of his own to personate the conjuror, who depicted Sir Francis Delaval at full length, described the time when, the place where, and the dress in which she should see him. The lady was so struck with the coincidence of every circumstance, that she married the knight in a few days after. For this service Sir Francis settled an annuity upon Foote, which enabled him once more to appear upon the busy stage of life.

Mr. Foote now assuming the double character of author and performer, in 1747 opened his Little Theatre in the Haymarket, with a dramatic piece of his own writing, called *The Diversions of the Morning*. This piece consisted of nothing more than the introduction of several well-known characters in real life, whose manner of conversation and expression our author had very happily hit off in the diction of his drama, and still more happily represented on the

stage, by an exact and most amazing imitation, not only of the manner and tone of voice, but even of the very persons, whom he intended to *take off*. Among these characters there was in particular a certain physician, who was much better known from the oddity and singularity of his appearance and conversation, than from his eminence in the practice of his profession. The celebrated Chevalier Taylor, the oculist, who was at that time in the height of his vogue and popularity, was also another object, and indeed deservedly so, of Mr. Foote's mimicry and ridicule. In the latter part of this piece, under the character of a theatrical director, our author took off, with great humour and accuracy, the several styles of acting of every principal performer on the English stage.

Among those players, with whom Mr. Foote made free, was the facetious Harry Woodward, who returned the compliment in a little piece, called *Tit for Tat*, of which the following was the beginning :

“ Call'd forth to battle, see poor I appear,
 “ To try one fall with this fam'd auctioneer.”

In the very same piece Mr. Woodward, in the character of Foote, says,

“ But when I play'd Othello, thousands swore
 “ They never saw *such* tragedy before.”

The Diversions of the Morning at first met with some little opposition from the civil magistrates of Westminster, under the sanction of the act of parliament for limiting the number of play-houses; but our author being patronised by many of the principal nobility and gentry, the opposition was over-ruled; and, after altering the title to that of *Giving Tea*, he proceeded without farther molestation, representing it through a run of upwards of forty mornings to crowded and splendid audiences.

The ensuing season he produced another piece of the same kind, which he called *An Auction of Pictures*. In this he introduced new and popular characters, all well known, particularly Sir Thomas de Veil, then the acting justice of peace for Westminster; also Mr. Cock, the celebrated auctioneer, and the equally famous orator Henley. This piece was also well received by the public.

Notwithstanding the favourable reception these pieces met with, they have never yet appeared in print, nor would they perhaps give any great pleasure in the perusal; for, consisting principally of characters, whose peculiar singularities could never be perfectly represented in black and white, they might probably appear flat and insipid, when divested of the strong colourings
which

which Mr. Foote had given them in his personal representations. It may not be improper here to observe, that he himself represented all the principal characters in each piece, which stood in need of his mimic powers to execute, shifting from one to the other with all the dexterity of a Proteus, to the wonder and astonishment of his genteel and numerous auditors.

However, he now proceeded to write pieces with more dramatic accuracy and regularity, his *Knights* being the produce of an ensuing season; yet in this also, though his plot and characters seemed less immediately personal, it was apparent, that he kept some particular real personages strongly in his eye in the performance, and the town took on themselves to fix them where the resemblance appeared to be the most striking.

Mr. Foote continued from time to time to entertain the public, by selecting for their use such characters, as well general as individual, as seemed most likely to contribute to the exciting our laughter, and best answer the principal end of dramatic writings of the comic kind, such as relax the mind from the fatigue of business or anxiety.

The

The following is a catalogue of his performances.

1. *Taste*, a comedy of two acts, acted at Drury-Lane, 8vo. 1752. This piece and its profits were given by its author to Mr. Worfdale the painter, who acted the part of Lady Pentwizzle in it with great applause. The general intention of it is, to point out the numerous impositions that persons of fortune and fashion daily suffer in the pursuit of what is called *taste*, or a love of Vertù, from the tricks and confederacies of painters, auctioneers, medal dealers, &c. and to shew the absurdity of placing an inestimable value on, and giving immense prices for a parcel of maimed busts, erased pictures, and inexplicable coins, only because they have the mere name and appearance of antiquity, while the more perfect and really valuable performances of the most capital artists of our own age and country, if known to be such, are totally despised and neglected, and the artists themselves suffered to pass through life unnoticed and discouraged. These points our author has in this farce set forth in a very just, and at the same time in a very humorous light; but whether the generality of the audience did not relish, or perhaps did not understand this refined satire, or that, understanding it, they were so wedded to the infatuation

infatuation of being imposed upon, that they were unwilling to subscribe to the justice of it, are points we cannot determine ; but it met with some opposition for a night or two, and during the whole run of it, which was not a long one, it found at best but a cold and distasteful reception.

2. *The Englishman in Paris*, a comedy of two acts, 8vo. 1753, performed at Covent-Garden theatre. This piece met with great success; its first appearance was for Macklin's benefit, when that performer acted the part of Buck; and Miss Macklin Lucinda, which seemed written entirely to give her an opportunity of displaying her various qualifications of music, singing, and dancing, in all which she obtained universal applause. The author himself afterwards repeatedly performed the part of Buck ; yet it is difficult to say, which of the two did the character the greatest justice. This piece seems designed to expose the absurdity of sending our youth abroad, to catch the vices and follies of our neighbouring nations ; yet there is somewhat of an inconsistency in the portrait of the Englishman, that scarcely renders the execution answerable to the intention. This little comedy was imagined to be a burlesque on M. de Boissy's *François à Londres*. On a comparison, however, there

there does not appear to be the slightest resemblance.

3. *The Knights*, a comedy of two acts, 8vo. 1754. This piece made its first appearance at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, about the year 1747, and at that time terminated with a droll concert of vocal music between two cats, in burlesque of the Italian comic operas. As this, however, was only temporary, the author, to adapt it more properly to dramatic taste, and render it a more perfect farce, has wound up a conclusion for it, which however, even as it now stands, is scarcely so conclusive or so natural as it could be wished; but this fault is amply made amends for by its possessing, in the highest degree, a much more essential excellence of comedy, which is great strength of character, and the most accurate and lively colouring of nature. His two knights, Sir Penurious Trifle, and Sir Gregory Gazette, the first of which has the strongest passion for perpetually entertaining his friends with a parcel of stale, trite, insignificant stories, and the latter, who is possessed with a most insatiable thirst for news, without even capacity sufficient to comprehend the full meaning of the most familiar paragraph in a public journal, are very strongly painted. The first of them received additional life from the admirable execution of the author

in his representation of the character, in which indeed it has been reported, that he mimicked the manners of a certain gentleman in the west of England; and the other seems to have afforded a hint to Mr. Murphy in his Upholsterer, to expatiate still more largely on this extravagant and absurd kind of folly. His other characters Tim and Miss Suck, with the scene of courtship introduced between them, though not absolutely new in the first conception, yet are managed after a new manner, and always give great entertainment in their representation. It was afterwards acted at Drury-Lane.

4. *The Englishman returned from Paris*, a comedy of two acts, 8vo. 1756. Acted at Covent-Garden. This is a sequel to *The Englishman in Paris*, wherein the Englishman, who before was a brute, is now become a coxcomb; from being absurdly averse to every thing foreign, he is grown into a detestation of every thing domestic; and rejects the very woman, now possessed of every advantage, whom he before was rushing headlong into marriage with, when destitute of any. This piece is much more dramatic and complete than the other, and has a greater variety of characters in it, two more especially, Crab and Macruthen, which are finely drawn; but the circumstance of the catastrophe

catastrophe being brought about by Lucinda's pretending to have poisoned Sir John Buck in a dish of tea, is taken from Mrs. Centlivre's *Artifice*.

5. *The Author*, a comedy of two acts, 8vo. 1757. Acted at Drury-Lane. This piece was written only for the sake of affording to the writer of it an opportunity of exerting his talents of mimicry, at the expence of a gentleman of family and fortune, Mr. Aprice, whose particularities of character, although entirely inoffensive, were rendered the butt of public ridicule in the part of Cadwallader. The eager fondness which the world ever shew to personal slander, added to the inimitable humour of this writer and performer in the representation, for some time, brought crowded houses to it; till at length the resemblance appearing too strong, and the ridicule too pungent, not to be seen and felt by the gentleman thus pointed out, occasioned an application for the suppression of the piece, which was therefore forbidden to be any more performed.

6. *The Diversions of the Morning*, a farce, acted at Drury-Lane in 1768, but not printed. This was partly compiled from *Taste* and Mr. Whitehead's *Fatal Constancy*.

7. *The Minor*, a comedy of three acts, 8vo. 1760. This piece was first represented in the summer season, at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket; and though it was performed by an entirely young and unexperienced company, it brought full houses for thirty-eight nights in that time of the year. As the principal merit of all our author's writings consists in the drawing of peculiar characters well known in real life, which he heightened by his own manner of personating the originals on the stage, it will be necessary to inform posterity, that in the characters of Mrs. Cole and Mr. Smirk, the author represented those of the celebrated Mother Douglas, and Mr. Langford, the auctioneer; and that in the conclusion, or rather epilogue to the piece, spoken by Shift, which the author performed together with the other two characters, he took off, to a great degree of exactness, the manner and even person of that noted preacher, and chief of the Methodists, Mr. George Whitefield. Indeed, so happy was the success of this piece, in one respect, that it seemed more effectually to open our eyes, those of the populace especially, in regard to the absurdities of that set of enthusiasts, than all the more serious writings that had ever been published against them.

8. *The*

8. *The Lyar*, a comedy of three acts, 8vo. 1764. This comedy was originally intended to have been performed during the summer partnership between Mr. Murphy and the author; but the run of those pieces they had before brought on, and the unexpected necessity of playing the *Wishes*, having exhausted the time limited for their representation, this was obliged to be deferred till the ensuing winter, when it was represented, for the first time, at the theatre in Covent-Garden. Its success was very indifferent; and indeed it must be confessed, that it was in itself far from equal to the generality of our author's works. Though there were here and there some strokes of humour in it, which were not unworthy of their author, and some few touches of temporary satire, yet the character of the *Lyar* had certainly neither native originality enough in it to please as a novelty, nor additional beauties sufficient either in his dress or demeanour, to excite a fresh attention to him as a new acquaintance. In short, on the whole, it was rather tedious and unentertaining, having neither enough of the *vis comica* to keep up the attention of an audience through so many acts as a farce, nor a sufficiency of incident and sentiment to engage their hearts, if considered under the denomination of a comedy, yet it has since been often acted as a farce.

9. *The Orators*, a comedy of three acts, 8vo. 1762. This piece, which met with very good success, was performed at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, in the middle of the day, during some part of the summer of 1762. Our author has thrown into the design of this piece a great variety of characters, some of which have been supposed to be drawn from real life, particularly one of a late printer of Ireland, who, with all the disadvantages of age, person, and address, and even the deficiency of a leg, was perpetually giving himself airs of the greatest importance, continually repeating stories of his wit, and boasting of being a favourite of the fair sex. Such a character is surely a genuine object of ridicule, and the stage seems to demand it as a sacrifice at the shrine of common sense.

10. *The Mayor of Garrat*, a comedy of two acts, performed at the theatre in the Haymarket in 1763, and printed in 8vo. in 1769. In this very humorous and entertaining piece, the character of Major Sturgeon, a city militia officer, is entirely new, highly wrought up, and was performed in a most capital stile by Mr. Foote himself.

11. *The Patron*, a comedy of three acts, performed at the Haymarket in 1764. The hint is borrowed

borrowed from one of Marmontel's Tales. The character of the Patron, said to be Lord Melcombe, is that of a superficial pretender to wit and learning, who, being a man of fashion and fortune, affords his countenance and protection to a set of contemptible writings, for the sake of the incense offered by them to his vanity. The character of a mere antiquarian, a favourite object of ridicule with Mr. Foote, is here introduced with great pleasantry, Mr. Rust having fallen in love with a fine young lady, because he thought the tip of her ear resembled the Princess Popœa. Sir Peter Pepperpot, a rich West India merchant, comes in likewise, with his account of barbecues and turtle feasts; and a miserable poet, with a low Moorfields bookseller, serve to complete the entertainment.

12. *The Commissary*, a comedy, acted with great success, at the Haymarket in 1765. Among other real characters drawn from life, the late celebrated Dr. Arne was ridiculed in this comedy.

13. *Prelude on opening the Theatre*, 1767.

14. *The Devil upon two Sticks*, a comedy, acted at the Haymarket in 1768, printed in 8vo. in 1778. This was one of the most successful of our author's performances; but though it abounds with wit, humour, and satire of the most pleasant

and inoffensive kind, yet it seems to have lost its existence with its parent.

15. *The Lame Lover*, a comedy, acted at the Haymarket in 1770. Though this piece was by no means inferior to any other of his writing, yet it did not meet with the deserved success. Sir Luke Limp, the Serjeant, and his son, are admirably drawn characters.

16. *The Maid of Bath*, a comedy, acted at the Haymarket in 1771, and printed in 8vo. in 1778. The ground-work of this very interesting performance is taken from a transaction which happened at Bath, in which a person of fortune was said to have treated a young lady celebrated for her musical talents in a very ungenerous manner. The delinquent is here held up to ridicule under the name of Hint, and it will be difficult to point out a character drawn with more truth and accuracy than this, especially in the second act. The parts of Lady Catherine Coldstream, Sir Christopher Cripple, and Billy Button, are all highly finished, and render this piece one of the most pleasing of all our author wrote.

17. *The Nabob*, a comedy, acted at the Haymarket in 1772, and printed in 8vo. in 1778. This piece is a severe satire on the greater part
of

of those gentlemen who have acquired wealth in the East Indies. At the time this play was produced, a general odium had been excited against the members of the East India company, which was kept alive by every art that virulence and party could suggest. Mr. Foote, ever attentive to avail himself of popular subjects, seized the present occasion to entertain the town at the expence of some individuals. The character of Sir Matthew Mite was intended for a gentleman who had risen from the low situation of a cheesemonger.

18. *Piety in Pattens*, a farce, acted at the theatre in the Haymarket in 1773; but never printed.

19. *The Bankrupt*, acted at the Haymarket in 1776. This piece, like most others written by our author, contains little else than detached scenes without any plot. It exhibits, however, some strong delineations of character, and is by no means a bad performance.

20. *The Cozeners*, a comedy of three acts, acted at the Haymarket in 1774, and printed in 8vo. in 1778. The character of Simony in this piece was designed as a vehicle for satire on the late Dr. Dodd. It may be observed, as some apology for our author's stage ridicule, that he rarely pointed

pointed it at any persons who met with public respect, or deserved to meet with it.

21. *The Capuchin*, a comedy, acted at the Haymarket in 1776, and printed in 8vo. in 1778.

22. *A Trip to Calais*, a comedy, intended for representation in 1776, at the Haymarket; but containing a character designed for a lady of quality, she had interest enough to prevent its obtaining a licence.

Mr. Foote, after having written these pieces, suffered his name to be put to a work, entitled, *The Comic Theatre*, in five volumes, 12mo. being a translation of a number of French comedies. Of these, however, we are assured, the first only, *The Young Hypocrite*, is to be attributed to him.

All Mr. Foote's works are to be ranked only among the *petites pièces* of the theatre. In the execution they are somewhat loose, negligent, and unfinished; the plans are often irregular, and the catastrophes not always conclusive; but, with all these deficiencies, they contain more strength of character, more strokes of keen satire, and more touches of temporary humour, than are to be found in the writings of any other modern dramatist. Even the language spoken by
his

his characters, incorrect as it may sometimes appear, will, on a close examination, be found entirely dramatical, as it abounds with those natural minutiae of expression, which frequently form the very basis of character, and which render it the truest mirror of the conversation of the times in which he wrote and published them.

Being on a party of pleasure, in the year 1766, with the late Duke of York, Lord Mexborough, and Sir Francis Delaval, Mr. Foote had the misfortune to break his leg, by a fall from his horse, in consequence of which he was obliged to undergo an amputation. This accident so sensibly affected the Duke, that he made a point of obtaining for Mr. Foote a patent for life, whereby he was allowed to perform, at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, from the 15th of May to the 15th of September every year.

Our author now became a greater favourite of the town than ever; his very laughable pieces, with his more laughable performances, constantly filled his house, and his receipts were some seasons almost incredible. Parsimony was never a vice to be ascribed to Mr. Foote; his hospitality and generosity were ever conspicuous; he was visited by the first nobility, and he was sometimes honoured even by royal guests.

In 1766, the Ducheſs of K——, who had long been a general topic of converſation, our wit thought would furniſh a good ſubject for a three-act piece; he ſet about it, and during the time of writing it, often mentioned it to his friends, to ſome of whom he read the chaarcter of Lady Kitty Crocodile, which was intended for her grace. We are told, that the ſatire was highly ſeaſoned, and the play one of the beſt he ever wrote. Her grace hearing of her being intended as a principal character in Foote's piece preparing for representation, applied by her friends to the Lord Chamberlain; and when the play came before his lordſhip for his approbation, it was critically ſcanned, and a permiſſion reſuſed. Mr. Foote, however, certain that no objection could be laid to it on her grace's part, ſent her the manuſcript to read; but ſhe was inexorable. Upon this, a paper war commenced between her grace and the wit, to the no ſmall entertainment of the town.

The attack made upon his character by one of his domeſtics, whom he had diſmiſſed for his miſbehaviour, is too well known to need being mentioned here. It may be ſufficient to ſay he was honourably acquitted of that charge. It is, however, believed by ſome, that the ſhock he received from it accelerated his death, particularly
the

the very active part the agents of a certain duchess took in that criminal prosecution. It is more probable, that his natural volatility of spirits would support him against all impressions from attacks of that nature.

Our author, finding his health decline, entered into an agreement with Mr. Colman for his patent of the theatre, according to which he was to receive from that gentleman 1600*l.* per annum, besides a stipulated sum whenever he chose to perform. Mr. Foote, afterwards made his appearance in two or three of his most admired characters; but being suddenly seized with a paralytic stroke one night whilst upon the stage, he was compelled to retire, and from that time the public lost their justly-admired Aristophanes. He was advised to bathe, and accordingly went down to Brighthelmstone, where he seemed to recover his former health and spirits.

A few weeks before his death he returned to London; but, with the advice of his physicians, set out with an intention to spend the winter at Paris, and in the south of France. He had got no farther than Dover, when he was suddenly attacked by another stroke of the palsy, which in a few hours terminated his existence. He died on the 21st of October, 1777, about the 56th
year

year of his age, and was privately interred in the cloisters of Westminster-abbey. He left a natural son, a minor, to whom he bequeathed most of his fortune.

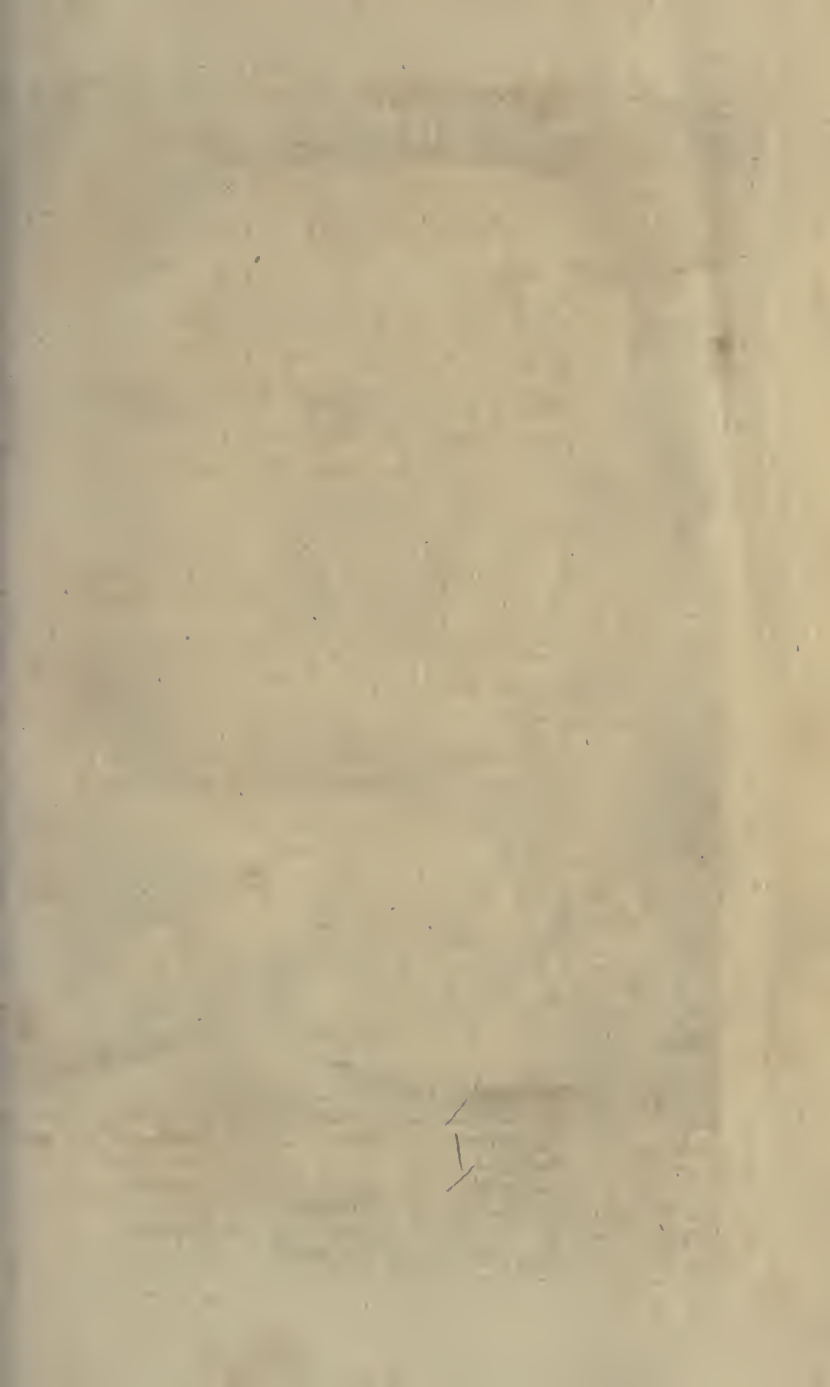
We have very good authority for saying, that the day on which Mr. Foote set out for Dover, about an hour before he went into his chaise, he walked into every room in his house, and examined, with an accuracy not usual to him, every article of furniture he had, but more particularly his pictures, of which he had a large and elegant collection. When he came to the portrait of Weston, he made a full stop, as if by some secret impulse, and rivetted his eyes upon the countenance of his old acquaintance for above ten minutes, without uttering a syllable. Then turning away, with a tear in his eye, he exclaimed, "Poor Weston." But the words had scarce dropped from his lips, when, with a tone as it were of reproach for his seeming security, he repeated, "Poor Weston! It will be very shortly, Poor Foote, or the intelligence of my spirits deceive me!"

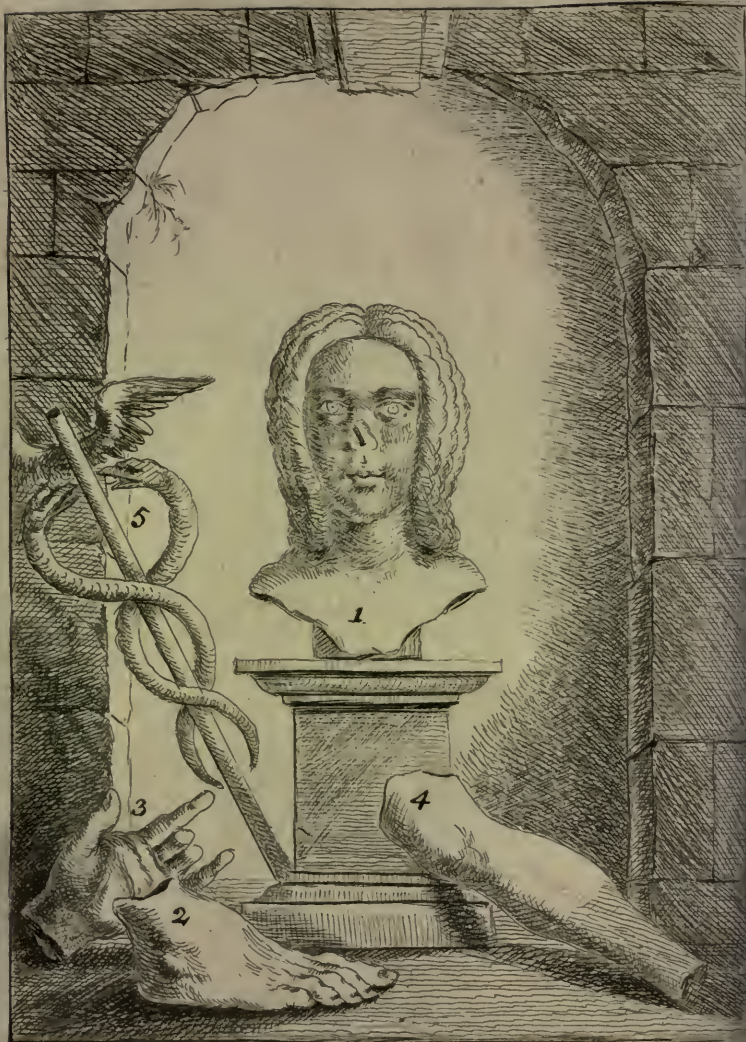
As a private man, Mr. Foote was sincere, generous, and humane. As no man ever contributed more to the entertainment of the public, so no man oftener made the minds of his companions

panions expand with mirth and good humour ; and, in the company of men of high rank and superior fortune, who courted his acquaintance, he always preserved an easy and noble independency. That he had his foibles and caprices, no one will pretend to deny ; but they were amply counterbalanced by his merit and abilities, which will transmit his name to posterity with distinguished reputation.

There are in print many smart sayings and repartees attributed to Mr. Foote ; but, as we cannot vouch for their authority, we shall not insert them here. The two following lines are among the verses that have been written on his death :

FOOTE from his earthly stage, alas ! is hurl'd ;
Death *took him off*, who *took off* all the world.





- 1 *Head from Herculaneum; whether Jupiter Tonans, or Venus of Taphos, doubted.*
 2 *The Foot, with the Toes entire, of Juno Lucina.*
 3 *The Hand of the Apollo of Delphos.*
 4 *The Calf of the left leg of the Infant Hercules.*
 5 *The Caduceus of Mercurius infernalis.*

T A S T E.

A

COMEDY,

OF TWO ACTS.

As it is Acted at the

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

By SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

*Be rich in ancient Brass, tho' not in Gold,
And keep his Lares, tho' his House be sold;
To headless Phœbe his fair Bride postpone,
Honour a Syrian Prince above his own;
Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true;
Blest in one Niger, till he knows of two.*

POPE'S Dunciad.

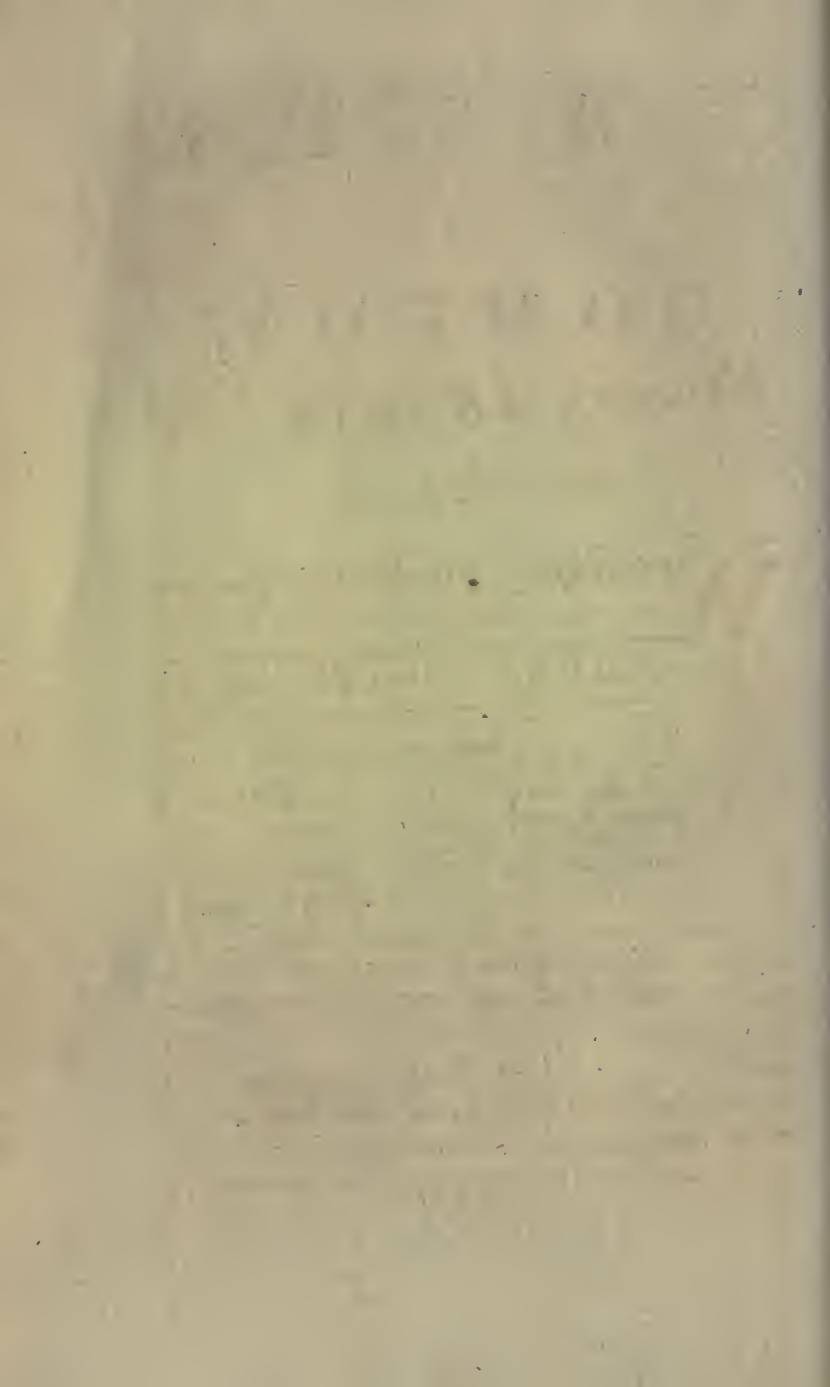
THE FIFTH EDITION.

L O N D O N

Printed for T. LOWNDES, in *Fleet-street*; and
W. NICOLL, in *St. Paul's Church Yard*.

M DCC LXXXI.

[Price One Shilling.]



T O

Francis Delaval, Esq.

S I R,

WHEN I consider the long Intimacy that has subsisted betwixt us, the Obligations I owe to your generous, disinterested Friendship, and the Protection and Encouragement I received both from you and your Brother, when Necessity listd me in the Service of the Public; there is no Man to whom with equal Propriety and Pleasure I can address the following Work. It would be paying a bad Compliment to the Town, were I to trouble you with an Apology for the Inconsiderableness of the Present. I thought it worthy their Attention, and consequently not beneath the Acceptance of my Friend. With the Aid of a Love-Plot I could have spun out the Piece to the Extent of Five Acts; but besides that I wanted to confine the Eye to the single Object of my Satire, I declare myself a

Rebel to this universal Tyrant, who, not contented with exciting all that is pitiful or terrible in human Nature, has claimed the Privilege of occasioning every thing that is ridiculous or contemptible in it ; and thus, from the abject Submission of our dramatic *Poets*, is both *Tragedy* and *Comedy* subjected to the Power of *Love*. It may be thought presumptuous in me to have dignified so short a Performance with the Name of a *Comedy* ; but when my Reasons why it cannot be called a *Farce* are considered, the Critics must indulge me with the Use of that Title ; at least till they can furnish me with a better. As the Follies and Absurdities of Men are the sole Objects of *Comedy*, so the Powers of the Imagination (Plot and Incident excepted) are in this Kind of Writing greatly restrained. No unnatural Assemblages, no Creatures of the Fancy, can procure the Protection of the *Comic Muse* ; Men and Things must appear as they are. It is employed either in debasing lofty Subjects, or in raising humble Ones. Of the two Kinds we have Examples in the *Tom Thumb* of Mr. *F*—, and a Travestie of the *Ulysses*, where *Penelope* keeps an Ale-house, *Telemachus* is a Tapster, and the *Heroe* a Recruiting Serjeant. In both these Instances you see Nature is reversed ; but as I flatter myself in the following Sheets her Steps have been trode with an undeviating Simplicity, give me leave

to hope, that though I have not attained the *Togata*, yet I have reached the *Tabernaria* of the *Romans*. I once intended to have thrown into this Address, the Contents of many of our Conversations on the Subject of *Comedy*; for in whatever Dissipations the World may suppose our Days to have been consumed, many, many Hours have been consecrated to other Subjects than generally employ the Gay and the Giddy. I hope the present Occasion will demonstrate, that Pleasure has not been always my Pursuit; and unless I am greatly mistaken, it will soon be discovered, that, joined to the acknowledged best Heart in the World, Mr. *Delaval* has a Head capable of directing it. As I am now above the Reach of common Obligations, an Acknowledgment of these Qualities, in the Person of a Man who has honoured me with his Friendship, is the sole Cause of the Trouble you now receive. Long has been our Union, may it never be divided till the fatal Stroke, that demolishes all sub-lunary Connections, shall reach One of us, which One will, I hope, be

Your obliged, and

affectionate Servant,

SAMUEL FOOTE.

P R E F A C E.

I Was always apprehensive that the Subject of the following Piece was too abstracted and singular for the Comprehension of a mix'd Assembly. Juno Lucina, Jupiter Tonans, Phidias, Praxiteles, with the other Gentlemen and Ladies of Antiquity, were, I dare say, utterly unknown to my very good Friends of the Gallery; nor, to speak the Truth, do I believe they had many Acquaintances in the other Parts of the House. But tho' I despair of gratifying the Populum Tributum of the THEATRE, yet I flatter myself the Primores Populi will find me no disagreeable Companion in the Closet, et satis magnum Theatrum mihi estis.

I was neither prompted by a lucrative, nor an ambitious Motive to this Undertaking. My Design was to serve a Man, who had ever great Merit with his Friends, and to whom, on the Score of some late Transactions, I think the Public vastly indebted. That my good Intentions for Mr. WORDSALE have proved successful, is intirely owing to the Generosity and Humanity of the Managers of Drury-Lane THEATRE; they have given him a Benefit,

and are jointly entitled to my Thanks; but as to Mr. GARRICK, I have more personal Obligations. I take this Opportunity of assuring him, that I shall ever retain the most grateful Remembrance of his Assistance, Assiduity, and kind Concern, at the Birth, Progress, and untimely End of this my last and favourite Offspring.

The Objects of my Satire were such as I thought, whether they were considered in a moral, a political, or a ridiculous Light, deserved the Notice of the Comic Muse. I was determined to brand those Goths in Science, who had prostituted the useful Study of Antiquity to trifling superficial Purposes; who had blasted the Progress of the elegant Arts amongst us, by unpardonable Frauds and absurd Prejudices; and who had corrupted the Minds and Morals of our Youth, by persuading them, that what only serves to illustrate Literature was true Learning, and active Idleness real Business. How far this End has been obtained, is now, in the following Sheets, more generally submitted to the Public,

P R O L O G U E.

Written by Mr. GARRICK,

And spoken by him in the Character of an
Auctioneer.

*BEFORE this Court, I PETER PUFF appear,
A Briton born, and bred an Auctioneer;
Who for myself, and eke a hundred others,
My useful, honest, learned bawling Brothers,
With much Humility and Fear implore ye,
To lay our present desp'rate Case before ye.—*

*'Tis said this Night a certain Wag intends
To laugh at us, our Calling, and our Friends:
If Lords and Ladies, and such dainty Folks,
Are cur'd of Auction-hunting by his Jokes!
Should this odd Doctrine spread throughout the Land,
Before you buy, be sure to understand.
Oh! think on us what various Ills will flow,
When great Ones only purchase—what they know.
Why laugh at TASTE? It is a harmless Fashion,
And quite subdues each detrimental Passion;
The Fair Ones Hearts will ne'er incline to Man,
While thus they rage for—China and Japan.
The Virtuoso, too, and Connoisseur,
Are ever decent, delicate, and pure;
The smallest Hair their looser Thoughts might hold,
Just warm when single, and when married, cold:
Their Blood at Sight of Beauty gently flows;
Their Venus must be old, and want a Nose!
No am'rous Passion with deep Knowledge thrives;
'Tis the Complaint, indeed, of all our Wives!*

'Tis

*Tis said Virtù to such a Height is grown,
 All Artists are encourag'd—— but our own.
 Be not deceiv'd, I here declare on Oath,
 I never yet sold Goods of foreign Growth:
 Ne'er sent Commissions out to Greece or Rome;
 My best Antiquities are made at Home.
 I've Romans, Greeks, Italians near at hand,
 True Britons all—and living in the Strand.
 I ne'er for Trinkets rack my Pericranium,
 They furnish out my Room from Herculaneum.
 But hush——
 Should it be known that English are employ'd,
 Our Manufacture is at once destroy'd;
 No Matter what our Countrymen deserve,
 They'll thrive as Ancients, but as Moderns starve—
 If we should fall—to you it will be owing;
 Farewell to Arts—they're going, going going;
 The fatal Hammer's in your Hand, oh Town!
 Then set Us up—and knock the POET down.*

Dramatis Personæ, 1753.

Carmine,	<i>Mr. Palmer.</i>
Puff,	<i>Mr. Yates.</i>
Brush,	<i>Mr. Cross.</i>
Novice,	<i>Mr. Blakes.</i>
<i>Lord Dupe,</i>	<i>Mr. Shuter.</i>
<i>Alderman Pentweazel,</i>	<i>Mr. Tafwell.</i>
Caleb,	<i>Mr. Costollo.</i>
Boy,	<i>Master Cross.</i>
<i>Lady Pentweazel,</i>	<i>Mr. Worfdale.</i>

T A S T E.

A

C O M E D Y.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *A Painting Room.*

Enter CARMINE, followed by the Boy.

CARMINE. **L**AY these Colours in the Window, by the Pallet. Any Visitors or Messages?

Boy. 'Squire *Felltree* has been here, and insists upon Miss *Racket*'s Pictures being immediately finish'd, and carry'd Home——As to his Wife and Children, he says, you may take your own Time.

Carm.

Carm. Well——

Boy. Here has been a Message too, from my Lady *Pen*—— I can't remember her Name, but 'tis upon the Slate. She desires to know if you will be at Home about Noon.

Carm. Fetch it.

(*Exit Boy.*

Was the Whole of our Profession confined to the mere Business of it, the Employment would be pleasing as well as profitable; but as Matters are now managed, the Art is the last Thing to be regarded. Family Connections, private Recommendations, and an easy, genteel Method of Flattering, is to supply the Delicacy of a *Guido*, the Colouring of a *Rubens*, and the Design of a *Raphael*——all their Qualities centring in one Man, without the first Requisites, would be useless; and with these, one of them is necessary.

Enter Boy with the Slate.

Carm. Let's see——Oh! Lady *Pentweazel* from *Blowbladder-street*——Admit her by all Means; and if *Puff* or *Varnish* should come, I am at Home. (*Exit Boy.*
Lady Pentweazel! ha! ha! Now here's a Proof that Avarice is not the only, or last Passion old Age is subject to——this superannuated Beldame gapes for Flattery, like
 a Nest

a Nest of unfledg'd Crows for Food; and with them, too, gulps down every Thing that's offer'd her — no Matter how coarse; well, she shall be fed; I'll make her my introductory Key to the whole Bench of *Al-dermen*.

Enter Boy with Puff.

Boy. Mr. *Puff*, Sir,

Carm. Let us be private. What have you there?

Puff. Two of *Rembrandt's* Etching by *Scrape*, in *May's Buildings*; a paltry Affair, a Poor Ten Guinea Job; however, a small Game——you know the Proverb——What became of you Yesterday?

Carm. I was detained by Sir *Positive Bubble*. How went the Pictures? The *Guido*, what did that fetch?

Puff. One hundred and thirty.

Carm. Hum! Four Guineas the Frame, Three the Painting; then we divide just One hundred and Twenty-three.

Puff. Hold——not altogether so fast——*Varnish* had Two Pieces for bidding against *Squander*; and *Brush* five, for bringing Sir *Tawdry Trifle*.

Carm. Mighty well; look ye, Mr. *Puff*, if these People are eternally quarter'd upon

us,

us, I declare off, Sir; they eat up the Profit. There's that damn'd *Brush*——but you'll find him out. I have upon his old Plan given him Copies of all the Work I executed upon his Recommendation; and what was the Consequence? He clandestinely fold the Copies, and I have all the Originals in my Lumber-Room.

Puff. Come, come, *Carmin*e, you are no great Loser by that. Ah! that Lumber-Room! that Lumber-Room out of Repair, is the best condition'd Estate in the County of *Middlesex*. Why now there's your *Susannah*; it could not have produc'd you above Twenty at most, and by the Addition of your Lumber-Room Dirt, and the salutary Application of the Spaltham Pot, it became a *Guido*, worth a Hundred and thirty Pounds; besides, in all Traffick of this Kind, there must be Combinations. — *Varnish* and *Brush* are our Jackalls, and it is but fair they should partake of the Prey. Courage, my Boy! never fear! Praise be to Folly and Fashion, there are, in this Town, *Dupes* enough to gratify the Avarice of us all.

Carm. Mr. *Puff*, you are ignorant and scurrilous, and very impertinent, Mr. *Puff*; and Mr. *Puff*, I have a strange Mind to leave you to yourselves, and then see what a Hand you would make of it — Sir, if I do now and then

then add some Tincts of Antiquity to my Pictures, I do it in Condescension to the Foible of the World; for, Sir, Age, Age, Sir, is all my Pictures want to render 'em as good Pieces as the Masters from whom they are taken; and let me tell you, Sir, he that took my *Susannah* for a *Guido*, gave no mighty Proofs of his Ignorance, Mr. *Puff*.

Puff. Why, thou Post-painter, thou Dauber, thou execrable White-washer, thou——Sirrah, have you so soon forgot the wretched State from whence I dragg'd you. The first Time I set Eyes on you, Rascal! what was your Occupation then? Scribbling, in scarce legible Letters, Coffee, Tea, and Chocolate on a Bawdy-house Window in *Goodman's Fields*.

Carm. The Meanness of my Original demonstrates the Greatness of my Genius.

Puff. Genius! Here's a Dog. Pray, how high did your Genius soar? To the daubing diabolical Angels for Alehouses, Dogs with Chains for Tanners Yards, Rounds of Beef and roasted Pigs for Porridge Island.

Carm. *Hannibal Scratchi* did the same.

Puff. From that contemptible State did not I raise you to the *Cat* and *Fiddle* in *Petticoat-lane*; the *Goose* and *Gridiron* in *Paul's Church-yard*; the first live Things you ever drew, Dog?

Carm. Pox take your Memory. Well, but, Mr. *Puff*.—you are so——

B

Puff.

Puff. Nor did I quit you then : Who, Sir-rah, recommended you to *Prim Stiff*, the Mercer upon *Ludgate-hill*; how came you to draw the *Queen* there?

(*Loud Knocks at the Door.*

Carm. Mr. *Puff*, for Heaven's sake!—dear Sir, you are so warm, we shall be blown—

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, my Lady *Pen*—

Carm. Send her to the —Show her up Stairs. Dear *Puff*—

Puff. Oh! Sir, I can be calm; I only wanted to let you see I had not forgot, tho' perhaps you may.

Carm. Sir, you are very obliging. Well, but now as all is over, if you will retreat a small Time—Lady *Pentweazel* sits for her Picture, and she's—

Puff. I have some Business at next Door; I suppose in half an Hour's Time—

Carm. I shall be at Leisure. Dear *Puff*—

Puff. Dear *Carmin*— (*Exit Puff.*

Carm. Son of a Whore—Boy, shew the Lady up Stairs.

Enter Lady Pentweazel.

Lady. Fine Pieces!—very likely Pieces! and, indeed, all alike. Hum! Lady *Fussock*—and, ha! ha! ha! Lady *Glumstead*, by all that's

that's ugly—Pray now, Mr. *Carmin*e, how do you Limners contrive to overlook the Uglineſs, and yet preſerve the Likeneſs.

Carm. The Art, Madam, may be convey'd in two Words; where Nature has been ſevere, we ſoften; where ſhe has been kind, we aggravate.

Lady. Very *ingenus*, and very kind, truly. Well, good Sir, I bring you a Subject that will demand the Whole of the firſt Part of your Skill; and, if you are at Leiſure, you may begin directly.

Carm. Your Ladyſhip is here a little ungrateful to Nature, and cruel to yourſelf; even Lady *Pentweazel*'s Enemies (if ſuch there be) muſt allow ſhe is a fine Woman.

Lady. Oh! your Servant, good Sir. Why I have had my Day, Mr. *Carmin*e; I have had my Day.

Carm. And have ſtill, Madam. The only Difference I ſhall make between what you were, and what you are, will be no more than what *Rubens* has diſtinguiſhed between *Mary de Medicis*, a Virgin and a Regent.

Lady. Mr. *Carmin*e, I vow you are a very judicious Perſon. I was always ſaid to be like that Family. When my Piece was firſt done, the Limner did me after *Venus de Medicis*, which I ſuppoſe might be one of *Mary*'s Siſters; but Things muſt change; to be fitting for my Picture at this Time of Day;

ha! ha!—but my Daughter *Sukey*, you must know, is just married to Mr. Deputy *Dripping* of *Candlewick-Ward*, and would not be said nay; so it is not so much for the Beauty, as the Similitude. Ha! ha!

Carm. True, Madam; ha! ha! but if I hit the Likeness, I must preserve the Beauty, —Will your Ladyship be seated? (*She sits.*)

Lady. I have heard, good Sir, that every Body has a more betterer and more worserer Side of the Face than the other—now which will you chuse?

Carm. The Right Side, Madam—the Left—now, if you please, the Full—Your Ladyship's Countenance is so exactly proportion'd, that I must have it all; no Feature can be spar'd.

Lady. When you come to the Eyes, Mr. *Carmine*, let me know, that I may call up a Look.

Carm. Mighty well, Madam—Your Face a little nearer to the Left, nearer me—your Head more up—Shoulders back—and Chest forward.

Lady. Bless me, Mr. *Carmine*, don't mind my Shape this Bout; for I'm only in Jumps. —Shall I send for my Tabbys?

Carm. No, Madam, we'll supply that for the present—Your Ladyship was just now mentioning a Daughter—Is she—your Face a little more towards me—Is she the sole Inhe-

Inheritor of her Mother's Beauty? Or—
have you—

Lady. That? ha! ha! ha!—why that's my youngest of all, except *Caleb*. I have had, Mr. *Carmine*, live born, and christen'd—stay—don't let me lye now---One---Two---Three---Four---Five---Then I lay fallow—but the Year after I had Twins—they came in Mr. *Pentweazel's* Sheriffalty; then *Roger*, then *Robin*, then *Reuben*—in short, I have had Twenty as fine Babes as ever trod in Shoe of Leather.

Carm. Upon my Word, Madam, your Ladyship is an admirable Member of the Commonwealth; 'tis a thousand Pities that, like the *Romans*, we have not some Honours to reward such distinguish'd Merit.

Lady. Ay, ay, Mr. *Carmine*, if Breeding amongst *Christians* was as much encouraged as amongst Dogs and Horses, we need not be making Laws to let in a Parcel of outlandish Locusts to eat us all up.

Carm. I am told, Madam, that a Bill for some such Purpose is about to pass, and that we begin now to have almost as much Regard for the Propagation of the Species, as the Preservation of the Game in these Kingdoms---Now, Madam, I am come to the Eyes---Oh! that Look, that, that, I must despair of imitating.

Lady. Oh ! oh ! good Sir, have you found out that ? Why all my Family by the Mother's Side were famous for their Eyes : I have a Great Aunt among the Beauties at *Windſor* ; ſhe has a Siſter at *Hampton-Court*, a *perdigious* fine Woman—ſhe had but one Eye, indeed, but that was a Piercer ; that one Eye got her three Huſbands—we were called the gimlet-ey'd Family. Oh ! Mr. *Carmine*, you need not mind theſe Heats in my Face ; they always diſcharge themſelves about *Chriſtmas*—my true Carnation is not ſeen in my Countenance. That's Carnation ! Here's your fleſh and Blood ! (*ſhewing her Arm.*

Carm. Delicate, indeed ! finely turn'd, and of a charming Colour !

Lady. And yet it has been employ'd enough to ſpoil the beſt Hand and Arm in the World, —Even before Marriage never idle ; none of your gallopping, goſſipping, *Ranelagh* Romps, like the forward Minxes of the preſent Age. I was always employed either in painting your *Lamſkips*, playing upon the *Haſpicols*, making Paſte, or ſomething or other—All our Family had a *Geno* ; and then I ſung ! Every Body ſaid I had a monſtrous fine Voice for Muſick.

Carm. That may be diſcern'd by your Ladyſhip's Tones in Converſation.

Lady.

Lady. Tones——you are right, Mr. *Carmine*; that was Mr. *Purcel*'s Word. Miss *Molly Grifkin*, says he (my Maiden Name) you have Tones.

Carm. As your Ladyship has preserved every Thing else so well, I dare swear you have not lost your Voice. Will you favour me with an Air?

Lady. Oh! Sir, you are so polite, that it's impossible——But I have none of your new Playhouse Songs——I can give you one that was made on myself by *Laurence Lutestring*, a Neighbour's Son.

Carm. What you please, Madam.

Lady.

*As I was a walking by the Side of a River,
I met a young Damsel so charming and clever;
Her Voice to please it could not fail,
She sung like any Nightingale.*

Fal de rol; hugh, hugh, &c.

Bless me! I have such a Cough; but there are Tones.

Carm. Inimitable ones.

Lady. But, Mr. *Carmine*, you Limners are all *ingenus* Men——you sing.

Carm. A Ballad, or so, Madam; Musick is a Sister Art; and it would be a little unnatural not to cultivate an Acquaintance there.

Lady. Why truly we ought not to be ashamed of our Relations, unless they are poor; and then, you know——

Enter Boy.

Boy. Alderman *Pentweazel* and Mr. *Puff*.

Lady. Oh! he was to call upon me; we go to the Auction. Desire him to walk up—Mr. *Pentweazel*, you must know, went this Morning to meet *Caleb*, my youngest Boy, at the *Bull and Gate*. The Child has been two Years and three Quarters at School with Dr. *Yerk*, near *Doncaster*, and comes To-day by the *York Waggon*; for it has always been my Maxum, Mr. *Carmine*, to give my Children Learning enough; for, as the old Saying is,

*When House and Land are gone and spent,
Then Learning is most excellent.*

Carm. Your Ladyship is quite right. Too much Money cannot be employed in so material an Article.

Lady. Nay, the Cost is but small; but poor Ten Pounds a Year for Head, Back, Books, Bed, and Belly; and they say the Children are all wonderful Latiners, and come up, lack-a-day, they come up as fat as Pigs. ——— Oh! here they are; Odds me! he's a Thumper. You see, Mr. *Carmine*, I breed no Starvelings. Come hither, Child. Mind your Haviours. Where's your best Bow? Turn out your Toes. One would think he had learnt to dance of his Father. I'm sure my Family were none so aukward. There
was

was my Brother *George*, a perfect Picture of a Man; he danc'd, Lud! But come, all in good Time——Hold up thy Head, *Caleb*.

Ald. Pr'ythee, sweet Honey, let the Child alone. His Master says he comes on wonderful in his Learning; and as to your Bows and your Congees, never fear, he'll learn them fast enough at Home.

Lady. Lack-a-day! well said——We now——If he does, I know who must teach him. Well, Child, and dost remember me? Hey? Who am I?

Caleb. Anon!

Lady. Dost know me?

Caleb. Yes; you be Mother.

Lady. Nay, the Boy had always a good Memory. And what hast learnt, *Caleb*, hey?

Caleb. I be got into *Æsop's Fables*, and can say all *As in præsentis* by Heart.

Lady. Upon my Word—that's more than ever thy Father could.

Ald. Nay, nay, no Time has been lost; I question'd the Lad as we came along; I ask'd him himself——

Lady. Well, well, speak when you are spoken to, Mr. Alderman. How often must I——Well, *Caleb*, and hadst a good deal of Company in the Waggon, Boy?

Caleb. O Law! Powers of Company. Mother. There was Lord *Gorman's* fat Cook, a Blackamore Drumming Man, two Actor People,

People, a Recruiting Serjeant, a Monkey, and I.

Lady. Upon my Word, a pretty Parcel.

Caleb. Yes, indeed; but the—— the fat Cook got drunk at *Coventry*, and so fell out at the Tail of the Waggon; so we left she behind. The next Day the Serjeant ran away with the Showman's Wife; the t'other two went after; so only the Monkey and I came to Town together.

Carm. Upon my Word, the young Gentleman gives a good Account of his Travels.

Lady. Ay, ay, Mr. *Carmin*e, he's all over the Blood of the *Griskins*. I warrant the Child will make his Way. Go, *Caleb*, go and look at them pretty Paintings—Now, Mr. *Carmin*e, let us see if my good Man can find me out.

Ald. Lack-a-day; well, I profess they are all so handsome, that I am puzzled to know which is thine, Chuck.

Puff. I am surprized at your Want of Discernment, Mr. Alderman; but the Possession of a Jewel destroys its Value with the Wearer; now to me it seems impossible to err; and tho' Mr. *Carmin*e is generally successful, in this Instance he is particularly happy. Where can you meet with that Mixture of Fire and Softness, but in the Eyes of Lady *Pentweazel*?

Lady. Oh, Sir!

Puff.

Puff. That Clearness and Delicacy of Complexion, with that Flow of Ruddiness and Health.

Lady. Sir! Sir! Sir!

Puff. That Fall of Shoulders, Turn of Neck, set on Head, full Chest, taper Waist, plump——

Lady. Spare me, sweet Sir! —— You see Mr. *Pentweazel*, other People can find out my Charms, tho' you overlook them—— Well, I profess, Sir, you are a Gentleman of great Discernment; and if Business should bring you into the City; for alas! what Pleasure can bring a Man of your refined Taste there?——

Puff. Oh! Ma'am!

Lady. I say, Sir, if such an Accident should happen, and *Blowbladder-street* has any Charms——

Puff. Oh! Ma'am! Ma'am! Ma'am! Ma'am!——

Lady. It is not impossible but we may receive you, tho' not equal to your Merits——

Puff. Ma'am!

Lady. Yet in such a Manner as to shew our Sense of them. Sir, I'm your very obedient.

Puff. Your Ladyship's most——

Lady. Not a Step.

Puff. Ma'am.

Lady. Sir—— Mr. Alderman, your Bow to the Gentleman. The very finest.

Puff. Ma'am!

Lady.

Lady. Sir—Your most obedient.

Puff. Your devoted. (*Ex. Ald. and Wife.*)

Carm. Ha! ha! Well said, *Puff.* What a Calamity hast thou drawn upon the Knight! Thou hast so tickled the Vanity of the Har-radan, that the poor Helpmate will experience a double Portion of her Contempt.

Puff. Rot them.

Carm. Come, *Puff.* a matrimonial Assistant to a rich Alderman is no contemptible Employment.

Puff. Ay, if it were a *Sine-cure*.

Carm. No, that you must not expect; but unless I am greatly mistaken in the Language of the Eyes, her Ladyship's were address'd to you with most persuasive Tenderness.

Puff. Well, of that hereafter——But to our Business. The Auction is about beginning; and I have promised to meet Mr. *David Dufledorpe*, Sir *Positive Bubble*, and Lord *Dupe*, to examine the Pictures, and fix on those for which they are to bid——But since we have settled the *German Plan*; so *Varnish* or *Brush* must attend them.

Carm. Oh! by all Means pursue that. You have no Conception how dear the foreign Accent is to your true Virtuoso; it announces Taste, Knowledge, Veracity, and in short, every Thing——But can you enough disguise the Turn of your Face, and Tone of your Voice? a Discovery of Mr. *Puff* in *Mynbeer Groningen* blasts us at once.

Puff.

Puff. Never fear me. I wish you may have equal Success in the Part of *Canto*.

Carm. Pho! mine's a Trifle. A Man must have very slender Abilities indeed, who can't for ten Minutes imitate a Language and Deportment that he has been Witness to for ten Years.

Puff. But you must get their Tones, their Tones; 'tis easy enough. Come, hand up here that there *Corregio*; an inimitable Piece, Gentlemen and Ladies; the very best Work of the best Master, Subject agreeable, highly finished, and well preserved;—a Seat for the Ladies;—hand it to Sir *Positive*; a going for Fifty; speak, or it's gone for Fifty: Joy to your Ladyship. Come the next; but remember, let your Bob be bushy, and your Bow low.

Carm. Enough, enough; we are Strangers to each other, you know.

Puff. Absolute. Oh! but what Pictures of yours are in the Sale?

Carm. There's my Holy Family by *Raphael*; the Marriage in *Cana* by *Reuben Rouge*; *Tom Jackson's Teniers*; and for Busts, *Taylor's* Head without a Nose from *Herculaneum*.

Puff. Are the antique Seals come Home?

Carm. No; but they will be finish'd by next Week.

Puff. You must take care of *Novice's* Collection of Medals—he'll want them by the End of the Month.

Carm.

Carm. The Coins of the first Emperors are now steeping in Copperas; and I have an *Otho*, a *Galba*, *Nero*, and two *Domitians* reaking from the Dunghill---The Rest we can have from Doctor *Mummy*; a never failing Chap, you know.

Puff. Adieu.

Carm. Yours, Sir---a troublesome Fellow, this — confounded Memory-----useful, tho' ----Rounds of Beef and roasted Pigs!---must get rid of him-----Ay, but when?-----Why when?---when I have gain'd my Point. But how, how then?----Oh, then it does not signify Two Pence.

The End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

*Enter Puff, as Monsieur Baron de Groningen,
Carmine as Canto, and Brush.*

CANTO. **C**OME, bustle, bustle. *Brush*, you introduce *Puff*. *Puff*, how are you in your *German*?

Puff. I cannot speak for *Englandt*, but I can make understand very mightily. Will that do?

Brush. To a Hair. Remember you are come hither to purchase Pictures for the Elector of *Bavaria*. *Carmine*, you must clap Lord *Dupe's* Coat of Arms on that Half Length of *Erasmus*; I have sold it him, as his Great Grandfather's third Brother, for fifty Guineas.

Canto. It shall be done---Be it my Province to establish the Baron's Reputation as a Connoisseur.--*Brush* has seen you Abroad at the Court of the reigning Prince of *Blantin*.

Puff. Yes; I was do Business mightily for Prince *Blantin*.

Brush. Your Portraits go first, *Carmine*. Novice, Sir *Positive Bubble*, *Jack Squander*, Lord *Dupe*, and *Mordecai Lazarus*, the Jew Broker, have appointed me to examine with them the History Pieces. ---Which are most likely to stick?

Canto,

Canto. Here's a List.

Brush. Hush, hide the *Erasmus*, I hear the Company on the Stairs,

(*Exit Carmine, and re-enters anon.*

Enter Lord Dupe, Bubble, Squander, &c.

Lord. Mr. *Brush*. I am your devoted Servant. You have procured my Ancestor.

Brush. It is in my Possession, my Lord; and I have the Honour to assure your Lordship, that the Family Features are very discernible; and allowing for the Difference of Dress, there's a strong Likeness between you and your Predecessor.

Lord. Sir, you have oblig'd me. All these you have mark'd in the Catalogue are Originals?

Brush. Undoubted. But my Lord, you need not depend solely on my Judgment; here's Mynheer Baron *de Groningen*, who is come hither to survey, and purchase for the Elector of *Bavaria*; an indisputable Connoisseur; his Bidding will be a Direction for your Lordship. 'Tis a thousand Pities that any of these Masters should quit *England*. They were conducted hither at an immense Expence; and if they now leave us, what will it be but a public Declaration, that all Taste and liberal Knowledge is vanish'd from amongst us?

Lord. Sir---leave the Support of the national Credit to my Care. Could you introduce me to Mynheer?---Does he speak *English*?

Brush.

Brush. Not fluently, but so as to be understood. Mynheer, Lord *Dupe*—the Patron of Arts, the *Petronius* for Taste, and for well-timed Generosity, the *Leo*—and the *Mecænas*—of the present Age, desires to know you.

Puff. Sir, you honour me very mightily. I was here of Lord *Dupes* in *Hollandt*. I was tell he was one Delatant, one Curieuse, one Precieuse of his Country.

Lord. The *Dutch* are an obliging, civilized, well-bred, pretty Kind of People. But, pray Sir, what occasions us the Honour of a Visit from you?

Puff. I was come to bid for Paints for de Elector of *Bavaria*.

Lord. Are there any here that deserve your Attention?

Puff. O! dare are good Pieces; but dare is one I likes mightily; the off Sky, and home Track is fine, and the Maister is in it.

Lord. What is the Subject?

Puff. Dat I know not; vat I minds, vat you call the Draws and the Colors.

Lord. Mr. *Canto*, what is the Subject?

Canto. It is, my Lord St. *Anthony* of *Padua* exorcising the Devil out of a Ram-Cat; it has a Companion somewhere--Oh! here, which is the same Saint in a Wilderness, reading his Breviary by the Light of a Glow-worm.

Brush. Invaluable Pictures, both! and will match your Lordship's *Corregio* in the Saloon.

C

Lord.

Lord. I'll have them. What Pictures are those, Mr. *Canto*?

Canto. They are not in the Sale; but I fancy I could procure them for your Lordship.

Lord. This, I presume, might have been a Landkip; but the Water, and the Men, and the Trees, and the Dogs, and the Ducks, and the Pigs, they are all obliterated, all gone.

Brush. An indisputable Mark of its Anti-quity; its very Merit; besides a little Varnish will fetch the Figures again.

Lord. Set it down for me—The next.

Canto. That is a *Moses* in the Bulrushes. The blended Joy and Grief in the Figure of the Sister in the Corner, the Distress and Anxiety of the Mother here, and the Beauty and Benevolence of *Pharaoh's* Daughter, are Circumstances happily imagined, and boldly express'd.

Brush. Lack-a-day, 'tis but a modern Performance; the Master is alive, and an *Englishman*--

Lord. Oh! then I would not give it House-room.

Puff. Here is a pretty Piece I find stick up here in de Corner: I was see in *Hollandt*, at *Loo*, a Piece mighty like; there was little Mices, that was nibble, nibble, nibble, upon vat you call Frumage, and little Shurels all with brush Tails ran up the Trees; and there was great Things, vat you call--Pshaw, that have long Bearts, and cry Ba.

Brush.

Brush. What, Goats?

Puff. Ay, dat was de Name.

Lord. I should think, by the Cheese and the Goats, Mynheer, yours was a *Welch* Piece, instead of a *Dutch*.

Puff. Ah, 'twas good Piece. I wish to my Heart *Lord Dupes* was have that Piece.

Enter Novice.

Novice. Where's Mr. *Brush*? My dear *Brush*, am I too late?

Brush. In pretty good Time.

Nov. May I lose my *Otho*, or be tumbled from my Phaëton the first Time I jehup my Sorrels, if I have not made more Haste than a young Surgeon to his first Labour. But the Lots, the Lots, my dear *Brush*, what are they? I'm upon the Rack of Impatience till I see them, and in a Fever of Desire till I possess them.

Brush. Mr. *Canto*, the Gentleman would be glad to see the Busts, Medals, and precious Reliques of *Greece* and ancient *Rome*.

Canto. Perhaps, Sir, we may show him something of greater Antiquity—Bring them forward---The first Lot consists of a Hand without an Arm, the first Joint of the Fore-Finger gone, supposed to be a Limb of the *Apollo Delphos*---The second, Half a Foot, with the Toes entire, of the *Juno Lucina*—The third, the *Caduceus* of the *Mercurius In-*

fernalis--The fourth, the Half of the Leg of the Infant *Hercules*--all indisputable Antiques, and of the *Memphian* Marble.

Puff. Let me see *Juno's* Half Foot. All the Toes entire?

Canto. All.

Puff. Here is a little Swelt by this Toe, that looks bad Proportion.

All. Hey, hey.

Puff. What's dat?

Canto. That! Pshaw! that! Why that's only a Corn.

All. Oh!

Puff. Corn! dat was extreme natural; dat is fine; the Maister is in it.

All. Very fine! Invaluable!

Puff. Where is de *Hercules'* Calf? Upon my Word 'tis a very large Calf; big, big, big, all de Way up, all de Way down.

Lord. I believe this *Hercules* was an *Irish* Man.

Nov. But where are your Busts? Here, here, Gentlemen; here's a Curiosity; a Medal of *Oriuna*; got for me by Doctor *Mummy*; the only one in the visible World; there may be some under Ground.

Lord. Fine, indeed! Will you permit me to taste it? It has the Relish. (*All taste.*)

Nov. The Relish! 'Zooks it cost me a hundred Guineas.

Puff. By gar, it is a dear Bit tho'.

Nov.

Nov. So you may think ; but three Times the Money should not purchase it.

Lord. Pray, Sir, whose Bust is it that dignifies this Coin?

Nov. The Empress *Oriuna*, my Lord.

Lord. And who, Sir, might she be? I don't recollect to have heard of the Lady before.

Nov. She, my Lord? Oh! she was a Kind of a What-d'ye-call'em--a Sort of a Queen, or Wife, or something or other to somebody, that liv'd a damn'd while ago---*Mummy* told me the whole Story ; but before Gad I've forgot it. But come, the Busts.

Canto. Bring forward the Head from *Herculaneum*. Now, Gentlemen, here is a Jewel.

All. Ay, ay, let's see.

Canto. 'Tis not entire, tho'.

Nov. So much the better.

Canto. Right, Sir --- the very Mutilations of this Piece are worth all the most perfect Performances of modern Artists---Now, Gentlemen, here's a Touchstone for your Taste!

All. Great! great, indeed!

Nov. Great! Amazing! Divine! Oh, let me embrace the dear dismember'd Bust! a little farther off. I'm ravish'd! I'm transported! What an Attitude! But then the Locks! How I adore the Simplicity of the Antients! How unlike the present, priggish, prick ear'd Puppets! How gracefully they fall all adown the Cheek! so decent, and so grave, and---

Who the Devil do you think it is, *Brush*? Is it a Man or a Woman?

Canto. The Connoisseurs differ. Some will have it to be the *Jupiter Tonans* of *Phidias*, and others the *Venus* of *Paphos* from *Praxiteles*; but I don't think it fierce enough for the first, nor handsome enough for the last.

Nov. Yes, handsome enough.

All. Very handsome; handsome enough.

Canto. Not quite—therefore I am inclined to join with Signor *Julio de Pampedillo*, who, in a Treatise dedicated to the King of the *Two Sicilies*, calls it the *Serapis* of the *Ægyptians*, and supposes it to have been fabricated about Eleven hundred and three Years before the Mosaic Account of the Creation.

Nov. Prodigious! and I dare swear, true.

All. Oh! true, very true.

Puff. Upon my Honour, 'tis a very fine Bust; but where is de Nose?

Nov. The Nose; what care I for the Nose? Where is de Nose? Why, Sir, if it had a Nose, I would not give Sixpence for it--How the Devil should we distinguish the Works of the Antients, if they were perfect?—The Nose, indeed! Why I don't suppose, now, but, barring the Nose, *Roubiliac* could cut as good a Head every Whit—*Brush*, who s this Man with his Nose? The Fellow should know something of something too, for he speaks broken *English*.

Brush

Brush. It is Mynheer *Groningen*, a great Connoisseur in Painting.

Nov. That may be; but as to Sculpture, I am his very humble Servant. A Man must know damn'd little of Statuary, that dislikes a Bust for want of a Nose.

Canto. Right, Sir—The Nose itself without the Head, nay, in another's Possession, would be an Estate—But here are behind, Gentlemen and Ladies, an Equestrian Statue of *Marcus Aurelius* without the Horse; and a complete Statue of the Emperor *Trajan*, with only the Head and Legs missing; both from *Herculaneum*.——This Way, Gentlemen and Ladies.

Enter Lady Pentweazel, Alderman, and Caleb.

Lady. Now, Mr. *Pentweazel*, let us have none of your *Blawbladder* Breeding. Remember you are at the Court End of the Town. This is a Quality Auction—

Ald. Where of course nothing is sold that is useful.——I am tutor'd, sweet Honey.

Lady. *Caleb*, keep behind, and don't be meddling. Sir—— (To *Brush*.)

Brush. Your Pleasure, Ma'am.

Lady. I should be glad you would inform me if there are any Lots of very fine old China. I find the Quality are grown infinitely fond of it; and I am willing to show the World, that we in the City have Taste.

Brush. 'Tis a laudable Resolution, Ma'am, and, I dare say, Mr. *Canto* can support—
Bless me, what's that?

(*Caleb throws down a China Dish.*)

Lady. That Boy, I suppose! Well, if the mischievous Brat has not broke a—and look how he stands—Sirrah, Sirrah, did I not bid you not meddle?——Leave sucking your Thumbs. What, I suppose you learnt that Trick of your Friend the Monkey in the Waggon?

Caleb. Indeed I did not go to do it, Mother.

Ald. Pr'ythee, sweet Honey, don't be so passionate. What's done can't be undone. The Loss is not great; come, come.

Brush. Mr. Alderman is in the Right. The Affair is a Trifle; but a Twenty Guinea Job.

Lady. Twenty Guineas! You should have twenty of my Teeth as——

Canto. You mean if you had them--Your Ladyship does not know the Value of that Piece of China. It is the right old Japan of the Peagreen Kind. Lady *Mandarin* offer'd me, if I could match it, Fourscore Guineas for the Pair.

Lady. A fine Piece, indeed!

Puff. 'Tis ver fine!

Caleb. Indeed, Father, I did not break it. 'Twas crack'd in the Middle, and so fell a two in my Hand.

Lady. What, was it crack'd?

Caleb. Yes indeed, Mother.

Lady. There, Gentlemen!

Lord,

Lord. Ma'am, I would willingly set you right in this Affair; you don't seem acquainted with these Kinds of Things; therefore I have the Honour to tell you, that the Crack in the Middle is a Mark of it's Antiquity, and enhances it's Value; and these Gentlemen are, I dare say, of the same Opinion.

All. Oh, intirely.

Lady. You are all of a Gang, I think. A broken Piece of China better than a whole one!

Lord. Ma'am, I never dispute with a Lady; but this Gentleman has Taste; he is a Foreigner, and so can't be thought prejudiced; refer it to him; the Day grows late, and I want the Auction to begin.

Ald. Sweet Honey, leave it to the Gentleman.

Lady. Well, Sir.

Puff. Ma'am, I love to serve de Lady. 'Tis a ver fine Piece of China. I was see such another Piece sell at *Amsterdam* for a hundred Ducats. 'Tis ver well worth twenty Guinea.

Caleb. Mother!—Father! Never stir if that Gentleman ben't the same that we see'd at the Painting Man's, that was so zivil to Mother, only he has got a black Wig on, and speaks Outlandish. I'll be fur enough if it en't a May-game.

Lady.

Lady. Hey! Let me die but the Boy's in the Right. My Dear, as I'm alive, Mr. *Puff*, that we saw at the Linner's. I told you he was a more cleverer Man than I ever saw. *Caleb* is right; some Matter of Merriment, I warrant.

Puff. I wish it was. (*Aside.*) I no understand.

Cato. So, Master *Puff*, you are caught. (*Aside.*)

Lord. This is a most unfortunate old Lady. —Ma'am, you are here under another Mistake. This is Mynheer Baron de——

Lady. Mynheer Figs-end. Can't I believe my own Eyes? What, do you think, because we live in the City, we can't see?

Nov. Fire me, my Lord, there may be more in this than we can guess. It's worth examining into. Come, Sir, if you are Mynheer, who the Devil knows you?

Puff. I was know Maister *Canto* mightily.

Nov. Mr. *Canto*, do you know this Baron?

Canto. I see the Dog will be detected, and now is my Time to be even with him for his Rounds of Beef and roasting Pigs. (*Aside.*) I can't say I ever saw the Gentleman before.

Nov. Oh, oh!

Lord. The Fellow is an Impostor; a palpable Cheat. Sir, I think you came from the *Rhine*; pray, how should you like walking into the *Thames*?

Nov. Or what think you, my Lord? The Rascal complain'd but now that the Bust wanted

wanted a Nose; suppose we were to supply the Deficiency with his?

Lord. But Justice, Mr. *Novice*.

Canto. Great Rascal, indeed, Gentlemen. If Rogues of this Stamp get once a Footing in these Assemblies, adieu to all moral Honesty. I think an Example should be made of him: But, were I to advise, he is a properer Subject for the Rabble to handle than the present Company.

All. Away with him——

Puff. Hands off. If I must suffer, it shall not be singly, Here is the obsequious Mr. *Brush*, and the very courtly Mr. *Canto*, shall be the Partners of my Distress. Know then, we all are Rogues, if the taking Advantage of the Absurdities and Follies of Mankind can be call'd Roguery. I own I have been a Cheat, and I glory in it. But what Point will you Virtuosi, you Connoisseurs, gain by the Detection? Will not the publishing of our Crimes trumpet forth your Folly?

Lord. Matchless Impudence!

Puff. My noble Lord here the *Delatanti*, the *Curieu*, the *Precieu* of this Nation, what infinite Glory will he acquire from this Story, that the *Leo*, the *Mecænas*, the *Petronius*, notwithstanding his exquisite Taste, has been drawn in to purchase, at an immense Expence, a Cart-load of—Rubbish!

Lord.

Lord. Gentlemen and Ladies—I have the Honour to take my Leave.

Puff. Your Lordship's most obedient—When shall I send you your *Corregio*, your *St. Anthony* of *Padua*, your *Ram Cat*, my good Lord?

Lord. Rascal!

(*Exit.*

Nov. This won't do, Sir.—Tho' my Lord has not Spirit enough, damn me if I quit you.

Puff. What, my sprightly Squire! Pray favour me with a Sight of your *Oriuna*.----It has the Relish; an indisputable Antique; being a *Bristol* Fathing, coin'd by a Soap-boiler to pay his Journeymen in the Scarcity of Cash, and purchased for Two Pence of a travelling Tinker by, Sir, your humble Servant, *Timothy Puff*. Ha, ha, ha!

Nov. My *Oriuna* a *Bristol* Farthing!

Puff. Most assuredly.

Nov. I'll be revenged.

(*Going.*

Puff. Stay, stay, and take your Bult, my sweet Squire; your *Serapis*. Two Heads, they say, are better than one; lay them together. But the Locks! how gracefully they fall all adown! so decent, and so--ha, ha, ha!

Nov. Confound you!

Puff. Why, Sir, if it had a Nose, I would not give Six-pence for it--Pray, how many Years before the Creation was it fabricated, Squire?

Nov. I shall live to see you hang'd, you Dog.

(*Exit.*

Puff.

Puff. Nay, but, Squire; ha, ha, ha!——
Now, Madam, to your Ladyship I come; to
whose Discernment, aided by the Sagacity of
your Son *Caleb*, I owe my Discovery.

Ald. Look you, don't think to abuse my
Lady. I am one of the——

Puff. *Quorum*--I know it, Mr. Alderman;
but I mean to serve your Worship by hum-
bling a little the Vanity of your Wife.

Lady. Come along, Chuck. I'll not stay
to hear the Rascality of the Fellow.

Puff. Oh, my Lady *Pentweazel*, correct
the Severity of that Frown, lest you should
have more of the *Medusa* than the *Medicis* in
your Face.

Lady. Saucy Jackanapes!

Puff. What, then, I have quite lost my City
Acquaintance; why, I've promised all my
Friends Tickets for my Lord Mayor's Ball,
through your Ladyship's Interest.

Lady. My Interest, indeed, for such a——

Puff. If *Blowbladder-street* has any Charms
——Sir——Ma'am——Not a Step---The finest
Gentleman! ha, ha, ha! —And what can
you say for yourself, you cowardly ill-looking
Rascal? (*to Canto.*) Desert your Friend at
the first Pinch——your Ally----your Part-
ner---No Apology, Sir---I have done with
you. From Poverty and Shame I took you;
to that I restore you. Your Crime be your
Punishment. (*Turning to the Audience.*)

Could

Could I be as secure from the Censure of this Assembly as I am safe from the Resentment of *Dupe, Novice, Squander*; from the alluring Baits of my amorous City Lady; and the dangerous Combination of my false Friend, I should be happy.

*'Tis from your Sentence I expect my Fate;
Your Voice alone my Triumph can complete.*

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THE

Englishman in Paris.

A

C O M E D Y,

I N T W O A C T S,

As it is performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*.

Written by SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq;

THE FOURTH EDITION.



L O N D O N :

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MDCCLXXXIII.

[Price One Shilling.]

Memorandum

MEMORANDUM

TO THE SECRETARY

OF THE ARMY

FOR THE RECORD

DATE

BY



FOR THE RECORD

DATE

BY

FOR THE RECORD

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Your humble Servant,

PALL-MALL,
April 21, 1753.

SAM. FOOTE.

3

P R O L O G U E,

Between Mr. MACKLIN and his WIFE.

SHE. **T**O contradict me! — Blockhead! Idiot!
Fool! Sor!

HE. But amidst these hard Names, our Dispute is
forgot.

To contradict you I know is High-Treason;
For the Will of a Wife is always her Reason.

SHE. No, Sir, for once, I'll give up my Pretension,
And submit to the Pit our Cause of Dissention.

HE. I agree; for the Pit is our natural Lord.

LADIES, ——— ———

SHE. — Hey! How come you to claim the first Word?
GENTLEMEN, my Husband and I have had a Dispute,
Where the Difference lies 'twixt a Man and a Brute;
Which we beg, whilst the Folks for the Farce are pre-
paring,

You would please to decide, and give us the Hearing.

— Hem! Hem! —

After Plutarch of Rome! and Virgil of Greece!
And Iliads, and Eniends, and Authors like these;
I boldly affirm, deny it who can,
That in Laughter consist, the true Essence of Man:
Whilst my Husband—

HE. ——— Nay, pray let me state my own Case, }
And I'll make it as clear as the Nose in your Face,
That Hissing in Man preserves the first Place. }
To begin then with Critics: — 'Tis their capital Blis,
Than to laugh—don't you find it more pleasing to hiss?
In this all agree;—Jews! Infidels! Turks!

SHE. I grant it, sweet Sir, — if you mean at your
Works.

Yet even 'gainst that I've a potent Objection;
For every Rule still has its Exception:
Tho' they hiss'd at your Farces, your Pasquin, and Stuff,
At your Tragedy jure they laugh'd hearty enough.

And

*And again, Mr. Wiseman, regard the World round,
'Tis in Mankind alone that Laughter is found;
Whilst your favourite Hissing, sage Sir, if you please,
You enjoy but in common with Serpents and Geese.*

*SHE. And arn't you ashamed — ('tis no Time to dissem-
ble,)*

O Critics ! these Creatures in this to resemble ?

*HE. Not a jot ; in this Place 'tis of singular Use,
Of bad Poets and Players to reform the Abuse.*

*In the Practice, kind Sirs ! were I fit to advise,
The Hissing like Geese I would have you despise, }
And copy the Serpent, — be subtle and wise,
But free from his Venom. — — — Well, Sirs ! what d'ye
say ?*

Is your Judgment — — —

*SHE. — — — — — Let us wait 'till the End of the
Play :*

*In the Progress of that we shall easily find,
Whether Laughing or Hissing is most to their Mind.*

HE. I'm sure they will hiss.

SHE. And I hope they'll be kind.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BUCK,	Mr. <i>Palmer.</i>
Sir JOHN BUCK,	Mr. <i>Wrighten.</i>
SUBTLE,	Mr. <i>Waldron.</i>
CLASSIC,	Mr. <i>Packer.</i>
MARQUIS,	Mr. <i>Lamasb.</i>
Dancing-Master,	Mr. <i>R. Palmer.</i>
ROGER,	Mr. <i>Griffith.</i>
Mrs. SUBTLE,	Mrs. <i>Love.</i>
LUCINDA,	Miss. <i>Collet.</i>

Servants, &c.

THE
Englishman in Paris.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Mr. SUBTLE and Mr. CLASSIC.

Mr. SUBTLE.

WELL, well, that may be; but still
I say that a *Frenchman*---

Classic. Is a Fop; it is their national
Disease; not one of the Qualities for which
you celebrate them; but owes its Origin to
a Foible; their Taste is Trifling, their Gai-
ety Grimace, and their Politeness Pride.

Mr. Sub. Hey-dey! Why what the Duce
brings you to *Paris* then?

Class. A Debt to Friendship; not but I
think a short Residence here a very neces-
sary Part in every Man of Fashion's Edu-
cation.

Mr. Sub. Where's the Use?

Class. In giving them a true Relish for
their own domestic Happiness; a proper ve-
neration for their national Liberties; a con-
tempt for Adulation; and an Honour for
the extended, generous Commerce of their
Country.

Mr. Sub. Why there, indeed, you have the preference, *Master Classic*; the Traders here are a sharp Set; cozening People; Foreigners are their Food; Civilities with a---Aye! aye! a Congee for a Crown, and a Shrug for a Shilling; devilish dear, *Master Classic*, devilish dear.

Class. To avoid their Exactions, we are, *Mr. Subtle*, recommended to your Protection.

Mr. Sub. Aye! and wisely they did who recommended you: Buy nothing but on mine or my Lady's Recommendation, and you are safe. But where was your Charge? Where was *Mr. Buck* last Night? My Lady made a Party at Cards on purpose for him; and my Ward *Lucinda* is mightily taken with him; she longs to see him again.

Class. I am afraid with the same Set his Father sent him hither to avoid; but we must endeavour to inspire him with a Taste for the Gallantries of this Court; and his Passion for the lower Amusements of ours will diminish of Course.

Mr. Sub. All the Fraternity of Men-makers are for that Purpose without; Taylors, Peruquiers, Hatters, Hosiers—Is not that *Mr. Buck's English* Servant?

Enter Roger.

Class. Oh! aye, honest *Roger*. So, the old

old Doings, *Roger*; what time did your Master come Home?

Rog. Between Five and Six, pummell'd to a Jelly: Here been two of his old Comrades follow'd un already; I count we shall ha' the whole Gang in a Se'nnight.

Class. Comrades; who?

Rog. *Dick Daylight* and *Bob Breadbasket* the Bruisers: They all went to the Shew-together, where they had the Devil to pay; belike they had been sent to *Bridewell*, hadn't a great Gentleman in a blue String come by and releas'd them.—I hear Master's Bell; do, Master *Classic*, step up and talk to'un; he's now sober, and may hearken to Reason.

Class. I attend him. Mr. *Subtle*, you won't be out of the Way.

Mr. Sub. I shall talk a little with the Tradesmen. A smoaky Fellow this *Classic*; but if *Lucinda* plays her Cards well, we have not much to fear from that Quarter: Contradiction seems to be the Life and Soul of young *Buck*.—A tolerable Expedition this, if it succeeds—Fleece the Younger!—Pshaw, that's a Thing of Course!—but by his Means to get rid of *Lucinda*, and securely pocket her Patrimony;—aye! that indeed---

Enter Mrs. Subtle.

Oh! Wife! Have you open'd the Plot? Does the Girl come into it greedily, hey?

Mrs.

Mrs. Sub. A little squeamish at first; but I have opened her Eyes. Never fear, my Dear, sooner or later Women will attend to their Interest.

Mr. Sub. Their Interest! aye, that's true; but consider, my Dear, how deeply our own Interest is concern'd, and let that quicken your Zeal.

Mr. Sub. D'ye think I am blind? But the Girl has got such whimsical Notions of Honour, and is withal so decent and modest: I wonder where the duce she got it; I am sure it was not in my House.

Mr. Sub. How does she like *Buck's* Person?

Mrs. Sub. Well enough! But prythee, Husband, leave her to my Management, and consider we have more Irons in the Fire than one. Here is the *Marquis de Soleil* to meet *Madam de Farde* to Night,—and where to put 'em, unless we can have *Buck's* Apartment—Oh! by the bye, has *Count Cog* sent you your Share out of *Mr. Puntwell's* Losings a *Thursday*?

Mr. Sub. I intend calling on him this Morning.

Mrs. Sub. Don't fail! He's a slippery Chap you know.

Mr. Sub. There's no fear. Well, but our pretty Countrywoman lays about her handsomely! Ha!—Hearts by Hundreds! Hum!

Mrs.

Mrs. Sub. Aye ! that's a noble Prize, if we could but manage her ; but she's so indiscreet, that she'll be blown before we have made half our Market. I am this Morning to give Audience on her Score, to two Counts and a foreign Minister.

Mr. Sub. Then strike whilst the Iron's hot : But they'll be here before I can talk to my People ; send 'em in prythée.

Enter Tradesmen.

Mr. Sub. So, Gentlemen ; Oh ! hush ! we are interrupted : If they ask for your Bills, you have left them at Home.

Enter Buck, Claffie, and Roger.

Buck. Ecod, I don't know how it ended, but I remember how it begun. Oh ! Master Subtle, how do'st, old Buck, hey ? Give's thy Paw ! And little *Lucy* how fares it with she ? Hum !

Mr. Sub. What has been the Matter, Squire ? Your Face seems a little in Deshabille.

Buck. A Touch of the Times, old Boy ! a small Skirmish ; after I was down tho', a Set of cowardly Sons of — ; there's *George* and I will box any five for their Sum.

Mr. Sub. But how happen'd it ? The French are generally civil to strangers.

Buck. Oh ! damn'd civil ! to fall seven or eight

eight upon three : Seven or eight ! Ecod we had the whole House upon us at last.

Mr. Sub. But what had you done ?

Buck. Done ! Why nothing at all ! But Wounds ! how the Powder flew about, and the Monfieurs scour'd.

Mr. Sub. But what Offence had either they or you committed ?

Buck. Why I was telling Domine, last Night, *Dick Daylight*, *Bob Breadbasket*, and I, were walking through one of their *Rues* I think they call them here, they are Streets in *London*; but they have such devilish out-of-the-way Names for Things, that there is no remembering them: so we see Crowds of People going into a House, and *Comedy* pasted over the Door; in we troop'd with the rest, pay'd our Cash, and sat down on the Stage: presently they had a Dance; and one of the young Women with long Hair trailing behind her, stood with her Back to a Rail just by me: Ecod what does me ! for nothing in the World but a Joke, as I hope for Mercy, but ties her Locks to the Rail; so when 'twas her Turn to figure out, fouse she flapp'd on her Back; 'twas devilish comical, but they set up such an Uproar, one whey-fac'd Son of a Bitch, that came to loose the Woman, turn'd up his Nose, and call'd me *Bête*; Ecod, I lent him a Lick in his Lanthorn Jaws, that will make him remember the Spawn of old *Marlborough*, I

war-

warrant him. Another came up to second him, but I let drive at the Mark, made the Soup-Maigre rumble in his Bread-basket, and laid him sprawling. Then in pour'd a Million of them; I was knock'd down in a trice; and what happen'd after I know no more than you. But where's *Lucy*? I'll go see her.

Class. Oh fie! Ladies are treated here with a little more Ceremony: Mr. *Subtle* too has collected these People, who are to equip you for the conversation of the Ladies.

Buck. Wounds! all these! What, Mr. *Subtle*, these are Mounseers too I suppose?

Mr. Sub. No! Squire, they are *Englishmen*. Fashion has ordain'd, that as you employ none but Foreigners at home, you must take up with your own Countrymen here.

Class. It is not in this Instance alone we are particular, Mr. *Subtle*; I have observ'd many of our pretty Gentlemen, who condescend to use entirely their native Language here, sputter nothing but bad *French* in the Side-boxes at Home.

Buck. Look you, Sir, as to you, and your Wife, and Miss *Lucy*, I like you all well enough; but the Devil a good Thing else have I seen since I lost Sight of *Dover*; the Men are all Puppies, mincing and dancing, and chattering, and grinning; the Women a Parcel of painted Dolls: their Food's fit for Hogs; and as for their Language, let them learn it that like it, I'll
none

none on't; no, nor their Frippery neither: So here you may all march to the place from whence you —— Harkee! What are you an *Englishman*?

Barber. Yes, Sir.

Buck. Domine! look here, what a Monster the Monkey has made of himself! Sirrah, if your String was long enough, I'd do your business myself, you Dog, to sink a bold *Briton* into such a sneaking, snivelling——the Rascal looks as if he had not had a Piece of Beef and Pudding in his Paunch these twenty Years; I'll be hang'd if the Rogue ha'nt been fed upon Frogs ever since he came over. Away with your Trumpery!

Class. Mr. *Buck*, a Compliance with the Customs of the Country in which we live, where neither our Religion or Morals are concern'd, is a Duty we owe ourselves.

Mr. Sub. Besides, Squire, *Lucinda* expects that you should usher her to public Places, which it would be impossible to do in that Dress.

Buck. Why not?

Mr. Sub. You'd be mobb'd.

Buck. Mobb'd! I should be glad to see that.——No! no! they ha'nt Spirit enough to mob here; but come, since these Fellows here are *English*, and it is the Fashion, try on your Fooleries.

Mr. Sub. Mr. *Dauphine*, come produce
—Upon

—Upon my Word, in an elegant Taste, Sir : this Gentleman has had the Honour----

Dauph. To work for all the Beaux Esprits of the Court. My good Fortune commenc'd by a small Alteration in a Cut of the Corner of the Sleeve for Count *Crib* ; but the Addition of a ninth Plait in the Skirt of Marshal *Tonerre*, was applauded by Madam la Duchesse *Rambouillet*, and totally establish'd the Reputation of your humble Servant.

Buck. Hold your Jaw and dispatch.

Mr. Sub. A Word with you—I don't think it impossible to get you acquainted with Madam *de Rambouillet*.

Buck. An't she a Papist?

Mr. Sub. Undoubtedly.

Buck. Then I'll ha' nothing to say to her.

Mr. Sub. Oh fie ! Who minds the Religion of a pretty Woman ? Besides, all this Country are of the same.

Buck. For that Reason I don't care how soon I get out of it : Come, let's get rid of you all as soon as we can. And what are you, hey ?

Barb. Je suis *Péruquier*, Monsieur.

Buck. Speak *English*, you Son of a Whore.

Barb. I am a *Periwig-maker*, Sir.

Buck. Then why could not you say so at first ? What are you asham'd of your Mother Tongue ? I knew this Fellow was a
Puppy

Puppy by his Pig-tail. Come, let's see your handy Work.

Barb. As I found you were in a Hurry, I have brought you, Sir, something that will do for the present: But a Peruke is a different *Ouvrage*, another Sort of a Thing here, from what it is *en Angleterre*; we must consult the Colour of the Complexion, and the *Tour de Visage*, the Form of the Face; for which end, it will be necessary to regard your Countenance in different Lights: — A little to the Right, if you please.

Buck. Why you Dog, d'ye think I'll submit to be exercised by you?

Barb. Oh mon Dieu! Monsieur, if you don't, it will be impossible to make your Wig *comme il faut*.

Buck. Sirrah, speak another *French* Word, and I'll kick you down stairs.

Barb. Gad's Curse! Would you resemble some of your Countrymen, who, at their first Importation with nine Hairs of a Side to a brawny Pair of Cheeks, look like a *Saracen's* Head! Or else their Water-gruel Jaws, sunk in a Thicket of Curls, appear, for all the World, like a Lark in a Soup-dish!

Mr. Sub. Come, Squire, submit; 'tis but for once.

Buck. Well, what must I do?

[Places him in a Chair.

Barb.

Barb. To the Right, Sir ; —now to the Left ;—now your Full ;—and now, Sir, I'll do your Business.

Mr. Sub. Look at yourself a little ; see what a Revolution this has occasion'd in your whole Figure.

Buck. Yes ! a bloody pretty Figure indeed ! But 'tis a Figure I am damnably ashamed of : I would not be seen by *Jack Wildfire* or *Dick Riot* for fifty Pounds, in this Trim, for all that.

Mr. Sub. Upon my Honour, Dress greatly improves you. Your Opinion, *Mr. Classic*.

Class. They do mighty well, Sir ; and in a little Time *Mr. Buck* will be easy in them.

Buck. Shall I ! I am glad on't, for I am damnably uneasy at present, *Mr. Subtle*. What must I do now ?

Mr. Sub. Now, Sir, if you'll call upon my Wife, you'll find *Lucinda* with her, and I'll wait on you presently.

Buck. Come along, Domine ! But harkee, *Mr. Subtle*, I'll out of my Trammels, when I hunt with the King.

Mr. Sub. Well ! Well !

Buck. I'll on with my Jemmys ; none of your black Bags and Jack Boots for me.

Mr. Sub. No ! No !

Buck. I'll shew them the Odds on't ! Old *Silver-Tail* ! I will ! Hey !

Mr. Sub. Ay ! ay !

Buck. Hedge, Stake, or Stile ! over we go !

B .

Mr.

Mr. Sub. Ay! but *Mr. Classic* waits.

Buck. But d'ye think they'll follow?

Mr. Sub. Oh no! Impossible!

Buck. Did I tell you what a Chace she carry'd me last *Christmas* Eve? We unken-
nell'd at ———.

Mr. Sub. I am busy now; at any other Time.

Buck. You'll follow us. I have sent for my Hounds and Horses.

Mr. Sub. Have you?

Buck. They shall make the Tour of *Eu-
rope* with me: And then there's *Tom At-
kins* the Huntsman, the two Whippers-in,
and little *Joey* the Groom comes with them.
Dammy, what a strange Place they'll think
this? But no Matter for that; then we shall
be Company enough of ourselves. But
you'll follow us in?

Mr. Sub. In ten Minutes!—An imper-
tinent Jackanapes! But I shall soon ha' done
with him. So, Gentlemen; well, you see
we have a good Subject to work upon.
Harkee, Dauphine, I must have more than
20 *per Cent.* out of that Suit.

Dauph. Upon my Soul, *Mr. Subtle*, I
can't.

Mr. Sub. Why I have always that upon
new.

Dauph. New! Sir! Why as I hope to be—

Mr. Sub. Come, don't lie; don't damn
yourself, *Dauphine*; don't be a Rogue; did
not

not I see at Madam *Fripon's* that Waistcoat and Sleeves upon Colonel *Crambo*?

Dauph. As to the Waistcoat and Sleeves, I own---but for the Body and Lining---may I never see——

Mr. Sub. Come, don't be a Scoundrel; five and thirty, or I've done.

Dauph. Well, if I must, I must.

Mr. Sub. Oh! *Solitaire*! I can't pay that Draft of Mr. —— these six Weeks; I want Money.

Soli. Je suis dans le même cas——Je——

Mr. Sub. What d'ye mutiny, Rascal? About your Business, or——

[*Exeunt.*

I must keep these Fellows under, or I shall have a fine Time on't; they know they can't do without me.

Enter Mrs. Subtle.

Mrs. Sub. The *Calais* Letters! my Dear.

Mr. Sub. (reads) Ah! ah! *Calais*---the *Dover* Packet arrived last Night, Loading as follows: Six Taylors, ditto Barbers; five Milliners, bound for *Paris* to study Fashions; four Citizens come to settle here for a Month by way of seeing the Country; ditto their Wives; ten *French* Valets, with nine Cooks, all from *Newgate*, where they had been sent for robbing their Masters; nine Figure-dancers, exported in *September* ragged and lean, imported well clad and in good Case;

twelve Dogs, ditto Bitches, with two Monkeys, and a Litter of Puppies, from Mother *Midnight's* in the *Haymarket* : A precious Cargo !—*Postscript*. One of the Coasters is just put in, with his Grace the Duke of —, my Lord —, and an old Gentleman, whose Name I can't learn. Gadso ! Well, my Dear, I must run, and try to secure these Customers ; there's no Time to be lost : Mean while----

Enter Classic.

So, Master *Classic*, what have you left the young Couple together ?

Class. They want your Ladyship's Presence, Madam, for a short Tour to the *Tuilleries*. I have received some Letters which I must answer immediately.

Mr. Sub. Oh ! Well ! Well ! no Ceremony ; we are all of a family you know. Servant. [*Exit*.

Class. Roger !

Enter Roger.

Rog. Anon !

Class. I have just received a Letter from your old Master ; he was landed at *Calais*, and will be this Evening at *Paris*. It is absolutely necessary that this Circumstance should be conceal'd from his Son ; for which Purpose you must wait at the *Piccardy Gate*, and deliver a Letter I shall give you, into his own Hand.

Rog.

Rog. I'll warrant you.

Class. But, *Roger*, be secret.

Rog. Oh! lud! Never you fear!

Class. So, *Mr. Subtle*, I see your Aim.

A pretty Lodging we have hit upon; the Mistress a Commode, and the Master a--- But who can this Ward be? Possibly the neglected Punk of some riotous Man of Quality, 'Tis lucky *Mr. Buck's* Father is arriv'd, or my Authority would prove but an insufficient Match for my Pupil's Obstinacy. This mad Boy! How difficult, how disagreeable a Task have I undertaken? And how general, yet how dangerous an Experiment is it to expose our Youth, in the very Fire and Fury of their Blood, to all the Follies and Extravagance of this fantastic Court? Far different was the prudent Practice of our Forefathers:

*They scorn'd to truck, for base, unmanly Arts,
 Their native Plainness, and their honest Hearts;
 Whene'er they deign'd to visit haughty France,
 'Twas arm'd with bearded Dart, and pointed Lance.
 No pompous Pageants lur'd their curious Eye,
 No Charms for them had Fops or Flattery;
 Paris they knew, their Streamers wav'd around,
 There Britons saw a British Harry crown'd.
 Far other Views attract our modern Race,
 Trulls, Toupees, Trinkets, Bags, Brocades, and Lace;
 A flaunting Form, and a fictitious Face.
 Rouse! re-assume! refuse a Gallic Reign,
 Nor let their Arts win that their Arms could never gain.*

End of the First Act.

A C T II.

Enter Mr. Classic and Roger.

ROGER.

OLD Maister's at a Coffee-house next Street, and will tarry till you send for 'un.

Class. Bye and bye, in the Dusk, bring him up the back Stairs. You must be careful that nobody sees him.

Rog. I warrant you.

Class. Let Sir *John* know, that I would wait on him myself, but I don't think it safe to quit the House an Instant.

Rog. Ay, ay. [Exit Roger.]

Class. I suppose, by this Time, Matters are pretty well settled within, and my Absence only wanted to accomplish the Scene; but I shall take Care to——— Oh! Mr. *Subtle* and his Lady.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Subtle.

Mrs. Sub. Oh! delightfully! Now, my Dearest, I hope you will no longer dispute my Abilities for forming a Female.

Mr. Sub. Never, never: How the Baggage lecr'd!

Mrs. Sub. And the Booby gap'd!

Mr. Sub. So kind, and yet so coy; so free, but then so reserv'd: Oh! she has him!

Mrs.

Mrs. Sub. Ay! ay! the Fish is hook'd ; but then safely to land him.-----Is *Classic* suspicious ?

Mr. Sub. Not that I observe ; but the Secret must soon be blaz'd.

Mrs. Sub. Therefore dispatch : I have laid a Trap to enflame his Affection.

Mr. Sub. How ?

Mrs. Sub. He shall be treated with a Display of *Lucy's* Talents ; her singing, dancing.

Mr. Sub. Pshaw ! her singing and dancing !

Mrs. Sub. Ah ! you don't know, Husband, half the Force of these Accomplishments in a fashionable Figure.

Mr. Sub. I doubt her Execution.

Mrs. Sub. You have no Reason ; she does both well enough to flatter a Fool ; especially with Love for her second : Besides, I have a Coup de Maitre, a sure Card.

Mr. Sub. What's that ?

Mrs. Sub. A Rival.

Mr. Sub. Who ?

Mrs. Sub. The Language-Master : He may be easily equipt for the Expedition ; a second-hand tawdry Suit of Cloaths will pass him on our Countryman for a Marquis ; and then, to excuse his speaking our Language so well, he may have been educated early in *England*. But hush ! the Squire approaches ; don't seem to observe him.

Enter Buck.

For my Part, I never saw any Thing so alter'd since I was born : In my Conscience, I believe she's in Love with him.

Buck. Huth ! [*Aside.*]

Mr. Sub. D'ye think so ?

Mrs. Sub. Why, where's the Wonder ? He's a pretty, good - humour'd, sprightly Fellow ; and, for the Time, such an Improvement ! Why he wears his Cloaths as easily, and moves as genteely, as if he had been at *Paris* these twenty Years.

Mr. Sub. Indeed ! How does he dance ?

Mrs. Sub. Why he has had but three Lessons from *Marseil*, and he moves already like *Dupré*. Oh ! three Months Stay here will render him a perfect Model for the *English* Court.

Mr. Sub. Gadso ! No wonder then, with these Qualities, that he has caught the Heart of my Ward ; but we must take Care that the Girl does nothing imprudent.

Mrs. Sub. Oh ! dismiss your Fears ; her Family, good Sense, and, more than all, her being educated under my Eye, render them unnecessary : Besides, *Mr. Buck* is too much a Man of Honour to ———

[*He interrupts them.*]

Buck. Damn me, if I an't.

Mrs. Sub. Bless me ! Sir ! you here ! I did not expect——

Buck.

Buck. I beg pardon ; but all that I heard was, that Mr. *Buck* was a Man of Honour. I wanted to have some Chat with you, Madam, in private.

Mr. Sub. Then I'll withdraw. You see I dare trust you alone with my Wife.

Buck. So you may safely ; I have other Game in View. Servant, Mr. *Subtle*.

Mrs. Sub. Now for a puzzling Scene ; I long to know how he'll begin. Well, Mr. *Buck*, your Commands with me, Sir.

Buck. Why, Madam,—I ah—I ah—
—but let's shut the Door: I was, Madam,
—ah ! ah ! Can't you guess what I want to talk about ?

Mrs. Sub. Not I, indeed, Sir.

Buck. Well, but try ; upon my Soul I'll tell you if you're right.

Mrs. Sub. It will be impossible for me to divine : But come, open a little.

Buck. Why, have you observ'd nothing ?

Mrs. Sub. About who ?

Buck. Why, about me !

Mrs. Sub. Yes ; you are new-dress'd, and your Cloaths become you.

Buck. Yes ! Pretty well ; but it an't that.

Mrs. Sub. What is it ?

Buck. Why, ah ! ah !----Upon my Soul, I can't bring it out.

Mrs. Sub. Nay, then it's to no Purpose to wait : Write your Mind.

Buck. No ! No ! Stop a Moment, and I will tell.

Mrs.

Mrs. Sub. Be expeditious, then.

Buck. Why, I wanted to talk about Miss Lucinda.

Mrs. Sub. What of her?

Buck. She's a bloody fine Girl; and I should be glad to——

Mrs. Sub. To——Bless me! What! Mr. Buck! And in my House! Oh! Mr. Buck, you have deceiv'd me! Little did I think, that, under the Appearance of so much Honesty, you could go to——ruin the poor Girl.

Buck. Upon my Soul you're mistaken.

Mrs. Sub. A poor Orphan too! Depriv'd in her earliest Infancy of a Father's Prudence, and a Mother's Care.

Buck. Why I tell you——

Mrs. Sub. So sweet, so lovely an Innocence; her Mind as spotless as her Person.

Buck. Hey-day!

Mrs. Sub. And me, Sir! Where had you your Thoughts of me? How dar'd you suppose that I would connive at such a——

Buck. The Woman's bewitch'd!

Mrs. Sub. I! whose untainted Reputation the blistering Tongue of Slander never blasted. Full fifteen Years, in Wedlock's sacred Bands, have I liv'd unreprouch'd; and now to——

Buck. Odds Fury! She's in Heroics!

Mrs. Sub. And this from you too, whose fair Outside and bewitching Tongue had so far

far lull'd my Fears, I dar'd have trusted all my Daughters, nay, myself too, singly, with you.

Buck. Upon my Soul! and so you might safely.

Mrs. Sub. Well, Sir, and what have you to urge in your Defence?

Buck. Oh! oh! What you are got pretty well to the End of your Line, are you? And now, if you'll be quiet a Bit, we may make a Shift to understand one another a little.

Mrs. Sub. Be quick, and ease me of my Fears.

Buck. Ease you of your Fears! I don't know how the Devil you got them. All that I wanted to say was, that Miss *Lucy* was a fine Wench; and if she was as willing as me,—

Mrs. Sub. Willing! Sir! What Demon—

Buck. If you are in your Airs again, I may as well decamp.

Mrs. Sub. I am calm; go on.

Buck. Why that if she lik'd me, as well as I lik'd her, we might, perhaps, if you lik'd it too, be married together.

Mrs. Sub. Oh! Sir! if that was indeed your Drift, I am satisfy'd. But don't indulge your Wish too much; there are numerous Obstacles; your Father's Consent, the Law of the Land,—

Buck. What Laws?

Mrs. Sub. All clandestine Marriages are void in this Country.

Buck.

THE ENGLISHMAN

Buck. Damn the Country : In *London* now, a Footman may drive to *May-Fair*, and in five Minutes be tack'd to a Countess ; but there's no Liberty here.

Mrs. Sub. Some inconsiderate Couples have indeed gone off Post to Protestant States ; but I hope my Ward will have more Prudence.

Buck. Well, well, leave that to me. D'y'e think she likes me ?

Mrs. Sub. Why, to deal candidly with you, she does.

Buck. Does she, by —

Mrs. Sub. Calm your Transports.

Buck. Well ! But how ? She did not, did she ! Hey ! Come now, tell —

Mrs. Sub. I hear her coming ; this is her Hour for Music and Dancing.

Buck. Could I not have a Peep ?

Mrs. Sub. Withdraw to this Corner.

Enter Lucinda, with Singing and Dancing-Masters.

Luc. The News, the News, Monsieur *Gamut* ; I die, if I have not the first Intelligence ! What's doing at *Versailles* ? When goes the Court to *Marli* ? Does *Rameau* write the next Opera ? What say the Critics of *Voltaire's Duc de Foix* ? Answer me all in a Breath !

Buck. A brave-spirited Girl ! She'll take a five-barr'd Gate in a Fortnight.

Gam.

Gam. The Conversation of the Court your Ladyship has engross'd, ever since you last honour'd it with your Appearance.

Luc. Oh! you Flatterer! have I! Well and what fresh Victims? But 'tis impossible; the Sunshine of a northern Beauty is too feeble to thaw the icy Heart of a *French* Courtier.

Gam. What Injustice to your own Charms and our Discernment!

Luc. Indeed! nay, I care not; if I have Fire enough to warm one *British* Bosom, rule! rule! ye *Paris* Belles! I envy not your Conquests.

Mrs. Sub. Meaning you.

Buck. Indeed!

Mrs. Sub. Certain!

Buck. Hush!

Luc. But come, a Truce to Gallantry, *Gamut*, and to the Business of the Day: Oh! I am quite enchanted with this new instrument; 'tis so languishing and so portable, and so soft and so silly: But come, for your last Lesson.

Gam. D'ye like the Words?

Luc. Oh! Charming! They are so melting, and easy, and elegant. Now for a *Coup d' Essai*.

Gam. Take Care of your Expression; let your Eyes and Address accompany the Sound and Sentiment.

Luc. But, dear *Gamut*, if I am out, don't interrupt me; correct me afterwards.

Gam.

Gam. Allons, commencés.

S O N G.

I.

*PAR un matin Lisette se leva,
Et dans un bois seulette s'en alla.*

Ta, la, la, &c.

II.

*Elle cherchoit des nids de ça de là;
Dans un buisson le Rossignol chanta.*

Ta, la, la, &c.

III.

*Tout doucement elle s'en approcha,
Savez vous bien, ce qu'elle denicha.*

Ta, la, la.

IV.

*C'étoit l'Amour, l'Amour l'attendoit la,
Le bel Oiseau dit elle que voila.*

Ta, la, la.

V.

*La pauvre enfant le prit, le caressa,
Sous son mouchoir en riant le plaça.*

Ta, la, la.

VI.

*Son petit cœur aussitot s'enflama,
Elle gemit, et ne sçait ce quelle a.*

Ta, la, la.

VII.

VII.

*Elle s'en va se plaindre à son Papa,
En lui parlant la belle soupira.*

Ta, la, la.

VIII.

*Le bon Papa qui s'en doutoit déjà,
Lui dit je sçais un remede à cela.*

Ta, la, la.

IX.

*Il prit l'Amour, les ailes lui coupa,
D'un double noeud fermement le lia.*

Ta, la, la.

X.

*Dans la volière aussitot l'enferma,
Chantez Fripon autant qu'il vous plaira.*

Ta, la, la.

XI.

*Heureusement la belle s'en tira;
Mais on n'a pas toujours ce secret. la.*

Ta, la, la.

XII.

*Jeune beauté que l'Amour guetera,
Craignez le tour qu' à Lissette il joua.*

Ta, la, la.

Gam. Bravo! Bravo!

*Buck. Bravo! Bravissimo! My Lady, what
was the Song about? [Aside to my Lady.*

Mrs. Sub. Love: 'Tis her own composing.

Buck.

Buck. What, does she make Verses then?

Mrs. Sub. Finely. I take you to be the Subject of these.

Buck. Ah! D'ye think so? Gad! I thought by her ogling 'twas the Music-man himself.

Luc. Well, Mr. *Gamut*; tolerably well, for so young a Scholar.

Gam. Inimitably, Madam! Your Ladyship's Progress will undoubtedly fix my Fortune.

Enter Servant.

Luc. Your Servant, Sir.

Ser. Madam, your Dancing-Master, Monsieur *Kitteau*.

Luc. Admit him.

Enter Kitteau.

Monsieur *Kitteau*, I can't possibly take Lesson this Morning, I am so busy; but if you please, I'll just hobble over a Minuet by way of Exercise.

Enter a Servant. [*After the Dance.*

Serv. Monsieur le Marquis de —

Luc. Admit him this Instant.

Mrs. Sub. A Lover of *Lucinda*, a Frenchman of Fashion, and vast Fortune.

Buck. Never heed; I'll soon do his Business, I'll warrant you.

Enter

IN P A R I S.

Enter Marquis.

Luc. My dear Marquis!

Marq. *Ma chere adorable!* 'Tis an Age since I saw you.

Luc. Oh! An Eternity! But 'tis your own Fault, though.

Marq. My Misfortune, *ma Princeesse!* But now I'll redeem my Error, and root for ever here.

Buck. I shall make a Shift to transplant you, I believe.

Luc. You can't conceive how your Absence has distress'd me. Demand of these Gentlemen the melancholy Mood of my Mind.

Marq. But now that I am arriv'd, we'll dance and sing, and drive care to the—Ha! Monsieur *Kitteau!* have you practis'd this Morning?

Luc. I had just given my Hand to *Kitteau* before you came.

Marq. I was in Hopes that Honour would have been reserved for me. May I flatter myself that your Ladyship will do me the Honour of venturing upon the Fatigue of another Minuet this Morning with me?

Enter Buck briskly. Takes her Hand.

Buck. Not that you know of, Monsieur.

Marq. Hey! *Diable! Quelle Bête!*

Buck. Harkee, Monsieur *Ragout*, if you repeat that word *Bête*, I shall make you

C

swallow

swallow it again, as I did last Night one of your Countrymen.

Marq. Quel Sauvage !

Buck. And another Word; as I know you can speak very good *English*, if you will: When you don't, I shall take it for granted you're abusing me, and treat you accordingly.

Marq. Cavalier enough! But you are protected here. Mademoiselle, who is this officious Gentleman? How comes he interested? Some Relation, I suppose!

Buck. No; I'm a Lover.

Marq. Oh! oh! a Rival! Eh Morbleu! a dangerous one too. Ha! ha! Well, Monsieur, what, and I suppose you presume to give Laws to this Lady; and are determin'd, out of your very great and singular Affection, to knock down every Mortal she likes, *A-la-mode d'Angleterre*; Hey! Monsieur Roast-Beef!

Buck. No; but I intend that Lady for my Wife; consider her as such, and don't chuse to have her soil'd by the impertinent Addresses of every *French Fop*, *A-la-mode de Paris*, Mounseieur Fricassly!

Marq. Fricassly!

Buck. We.

Luc. A Truce; a Truce, I beseech you, Gentlemen: It seems I am the golden Prize for which you plead; produce your Pretensions; you are the Representatives of your
respectiv

respective Countries: Begin, Marquis, for the Honour of *France*; let me hear what Advantages I am to derive from a conjugal Union with you.

Marq. Abstracted from those which I think are pretty visible; a perpetual Residence in this Paradise of Pleasures; to be the Object of universal Adoration; to say what you please, go where you will, do what you like, form Fashions, hate your Husband, and let him see it; indulge your Gallant, and let t'other know it; run in Debt, and oblige the poor Devil to pay it. He! ma Chere! There are Pleasures for you!

Luc. Bravo! Marquis! These are Allurements for a Woman of Spirit. But don't let us conclude too hastily; hear the other Side: What have you to offer, Mr. *Buck*, in Favour of *England*?

Buck. Why, Madam, for a Woman of Spirit, they give you the same Advantages in *London* as at *Paris*, with a Privilege forgot by the Marquis, an indisputable Right to cheat at Cards in Spite of Detection.

Marq. Pardon me, Sir, we have the same; but I thought this Privilege so known and universal, that 'twas needless to mention it.

Buck. You'll give up nothing, I find; but to tell you my blunt Thoughts, in a Word, if any Woman can be so abandon'd, as to rank amongst the Comforts of Matrimony, the Privilege of hating her Husband, and the

Liberty of committing every Folly and every Vice contained in your Catalogue, she may stay single for me; for damn me, if I'm a Husband fit for her Humour; that's all.

Marq. I told you, Mademoiselle!

Luc. But stay, what have you to offer as Counterbalance for these Pleasures?

Buck. Why, I have, Madam, Courage to protect you, Good-nature to indulge your Love, and Health enough to make Gallants useless, and too good a Fortune to render running in Debt necessary. Find that here if you can.

Marq. Bagatelle!

Luc. Spoke with the Sincerity of a Briton; and as I don't perceive that I shall have any Use for the fashionable Liberties you propose, you'll pardon, Marquis, my national Prejudice; here's my hand, Mr. *Buck.*

Buck. Servant, Monsieur.

Marq. Serviteur!

Buck. No Offence!

Marq. Not in the least; I am only afraid the Reputation of that Lady's Taste will suffer a little; and to shew her at once the Difference of her Choice, the Preference, which, if bestowed on me, would not fail to exasperate you, I support without murmuring; so that Favour, which would probably have provok'd my Fate, is now your Protection. *Voila la politesse Françoise*, Madam; I have the

the Honour to be—*Bon Jour, Monsieur.*
Tol de rol. *[Exit Marq.]*

Buck. The Fellow bears it well. Now if you'll give me your Hand, we'll in, and settle Matters with Mr. *Subtle*.

Luc. 'Tis now my Duty to obey.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Roger, peeping about.

Rog. The Coast is clear; Sir, Sir, you may come in now; Master *Classic*.

Enter Mr. Classic and the Father.

Class. Roger, watch at the Door. I wish, Sir *John*, I could give you a more chearful Welcome, but we have no time to lose in Ceremony; you are arrived in the critical Minute; two Hours more would have plac'd the inconsiderate Couple out of the Reach of Pursuit.

Father. How can I acknowledge your Kindness? You have preserv'd my Son; you have sav'd——

Class. I have done my Duty; but of that——

Rog. Maister and the young Woman's coming.

Class. Sir *John*, place yourself here, and be a Witness how near a Crisis is the Fate of your Family.

Enter Buck and Lucinda.

Buck. Pshaw! What signifies her? 'Tis odds whether she'd consent, from the Fear of my Father. Besides, she told me, we could never be married here; and so pack up a few Things, and we'll off in a Post-Chaise directly.

Luc. Stay, Mr. *Buck*; let me have a Moment's Reflection.—What am I about! Contriving in concert with the most profligate Couple that ever disgrac'd human Nature, to impose an indigent Orphan on the sole Representative of a wealthy and honorable Family! Is this a Character becoming my Birth and Education? What must be the Consequence? Sure Detection and Contempt, Contempt even from him, when his Passions cool.—I have resolv'd, Sir.

Buck. Madam.

Luc. As the Expedition we are upon the Point of taking is to be a lasting one, we ought not to be over-hasty in our Resolution.

Buck. Pshaw! Stuff! When a Thing's resolv'd, the sooner 'tis over the better.

Luc. But before it is absolutely resolv'd,
give

give me Leave to beg an Answer to two Questions.

Buck. Make Haste then.

Luc. What are your Thoughts of me?

Buck. Thoughts! Nay, I don't know; why that you are a sensible, civil, handsome, handy Girl, and will make a devilish good Wife. That's all I think.

Luc. But of my Rank and Fortune?

Buck. Mr. *Subtle* says they are both great; but that's no Business of mine, I was always determin'd to marry for Love.

Luc. Generously said! My Birth, I believe, won't disgrace you, but for my Fortune, your Friend, Mr. *Subtle*, I fear, has anticipated you there.

Buck. Much Good may it do him; I have enough for both. But we lose Time, and may be prevented.

Luc. By whom?

Buck. By Domine; or perhaps Father may come.

Luc. Your Father!—You think he would prevent you then.

Buck. Perhaps he would.

Luc. And why?

Buck. Nay, I don't know; but pshaw! 'zooks! this is like saying one's Catechise.

Luc. But don't you think your Father's Consent necessary?

Buck. No! Why 'tis I am to be married, and not he. But come along, old Fellows love to be obstinate; but Ecod I am as mulish as he; and to tell you the Truth, if he had propos'd me a Wife, that would have been Reason enough to make me dislike her; and I don't think I should be half so hot about marrying you, only I thought 'twould plague the old Fellow damnably. So, my pretty Partner, come along; let's have no more——

Enter Father and Claffie.

Fath. Sir, I am oblig'd to you for this Declaration, as to it I owe the entire Subjection of that paternal Weakness which has hitherto suspended the Correction your abandon'd Libertinism has long provok'd. You have forgot the Duty you owe a Father, disclaim'd my Protection, cancell'd the natural Covenant between us; 'tis Time I now should give you up to the Guidance of your own guilty Passions, and treat you as a Stranger to my Blood for ever.

Buck. I told you what would happen, if he should come; but you may thank yourself.

Fath. Equally weak as wicked, the Dupe of a raw, giddy Girl. But proceed, Sir; you have nothing farther to fear from me;
compleat

compleat your project, and add her Ruin to your own.

Buck. Sir, as to me, you may say what you please; but for the young Woman, she does not deserve it; but now she wanted me to get your consent, and told me that she had never a Penny of Portion into the Bargain.

Fath. A stale, obvious Artifice! She knew the Discovery of the Fraud must follow close on your inconsiderate Marriage, and would then plead the Merits of her prior candid Discovery. The Lady, doubtless, Sir, has other Secrets to disclose; but, as her Cunning reveal'd the first, her Policy will preserve the rest.

Luc. What Secrets?

Buck. Be quiet, I tell you; let him alone, and he'll cool of himself by and by.

Luc. Sir, I am yet the Protectress of my own Honour; in Justice to that, I must demand an Explanation. What Secrets, Sir!

Fath. Oh! Perhaps a thousand! But I am to blame to call them Secrets; the Customs of this gay Country give Sanction, and stamp Merit upon Vice; and Vanity will here proclaim what Modesty would elsewhere blush to whisper.

Luc.

Luc. Modesty!—You suspect my Virtue then!

Fath. You are a Lady; but the Fears of a Father may be permitted to neglect a little your Plan of Politeness: Therefore to be plain; from your Residence in this House, from your Connection with these People, and from the Scheme which my Presence has interrupted, I have Suspicions——of what Nature, ask yourself.

Luc. Sir, you have Reason, Appearances are against me, I confess, but when you have heard my melancholy Story, you'll own you have wrong'd me, and learn to pity her whom now you hate.

Fath. Madam, you misemploy your Time; there tell your Story, there it will be believ'd; I am too knowing in the Wiles of Women, to be soften'd by a Syren Tear, or impos'd on by an artful Tale.

Luc. But hear me, Sir, on my Knee, I beg it, nay I demand it; you have wrong'd me, and must do me Justice.

Class. I am sure, Madam, Sir *John* will be glad to find his Fears are false, but you can't blame him.

Luc. I don't, Sir, and I shall but little trespass on his patience. When you know, Sir, that I am the Orphan of an honourable and once wealthy Family, whom her Father,

ther, misguid'd by pernicious Politics, brought with him, in her earliest Infancy, to *France*, that dying here, he bequeath'd me, with the poor Remnant of our shatter'd Fortune, to the Direction of this rapacious Pair ; I am sure you'll tremble for me.

Fath. Go on !

Luc. But when you know that plunder'd of the little fortune left me, I was reluctantly compell'd to aid this Plot ; forced to comply under the Penalty of deepest Want ; without one hospitable Roof to shelter me, without one Friend to comfort or relieve me ; you must, you can't but pity me.

Fath. Proceed !

Luc. To this when you are told, that, previous to your Coming, I had determin'd never to wed your Son, at least without your Knowledge and Consent, I hope your Justice then will credit and acquit me.

Fath. Madam, your Tale is plausible and moving ; I hope 'tis true ; here come the Explainers of this Riddle.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Subtle.

Mr. Sub. Buck's Father !

Fath,

Fath. I'll take some other Time, Sir, to thank you for the last Proofs of your Friendship to my Family ; in the mean Time, be so candid as to instruct us in the Knowledge of this Lady, whom, it seems, you have chosen for the Partner of my Son.

Mr. Sub. Mr. Buck's Partner — I chose — I — I —

Fath. No Equivocation or Reserve ; your Plot's reveal'd, known to the Bottom ; who is the Lady ?

Mr. Sub. Lady, Sir,---the Lady's a Gentlewoman, Sir.

Fath. By what Means ?

Mr. Sub. By her Father and Mother.

Fath. Who were they, Sir ?

Mr. Sub. Her Mother was of — I forget her Maiden Name.

Fath. You han't forgot her Father's ?

Mr. Sub. No ! No ! No !

Fath. Tell it then.

Mr. Sub. She has told it you, I suppose.

Fath. No Matter, I must have it, Sir, from you ; here's some Mystery.

Mr. Sub. 'Twas *Worthy*.

Fath. Not the Daughter of Sir *Gilbert*.

Mr. Sub. You have it.

Fath. My poor Girl ! I indeed have wrong'd, but will redress you ; and pray, Sir, after the many pressing Letters you received from

from me, how came this Truth concealed ? but I guess your Motive. Dry up your Tears, *Lucinda*, at last you have found a Father. Hence ye degenerate, ye abandon'd Wretches, who, abusing the Confidence of your Country, unite to plunder those ye promise to protect.

Luc. Am I then justified ?

Fath. You are, your Father was my first and firmest Friend; I mourn'd his Loss; and long have sought for thee in vain, *Lucinda*.

Buck. Pray han't I some Merit in finding her ? She's mine by the Custom of the Manor.

Fath. Yours—First study to deserve her; she's mine, Sir, I have just redeem'd this valuable Treasure; and shall not trust it in a Spendthrift's Hands.

Buck. What would you have me do, Sir ?

Fath. Disclaim the Partners of your Riot, polish your Manners, reform your Pleasures, and, before you think of governing others, learn to direct yourself. And now, my beauteous Ward, we'll for the Land where first you saw the Light, and there endeavour to forget the long, long Bondage you have suffer'd here. I suppose, Sir, we shall have no Difficulty
in

in persuading you to accompany us ; it is not in *France* I am to hope for your Reformation. I have now learn'd, that he who transports a profligate Son to *Paris*, by Way of mending his Manners, only adds the Vices and Follies of that Country to those of his own.

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Miss MACKLIN.

ESCAPED from my Guardian's tyrannical Sway,
By a fortunate Voyage on a prosperous Day,
I am landed in England, and now must endeavour,
By some Means or other, to curry your Favour.

Of what Use to be freed from a Gallic Subjection,
Unless I'm secure of a British Protection?
Without Cash,---but one Friend---and he too just made,
Egad I've a Mind to set up some Trade.

Of what Sort! in the Papers I'll publish a Puff
Which won't fail to procure me Custom enough:

"That a Lady from Paris is lately arriv'd,
"Who with exquisite Art has nicely contriv'd
"The best Paint for the Face,--the best Paste for the Hands,
"A Water for Freckles, for Flushings, and Tans.
"She can teach you the melior Coeffeure for the Head,
"To lisp---amble---and simper---and put on the Red;
"To rival, to rally, to backbite, and sneer,
"Um---no; that they already know pretty well here.

"The Beaux she instructs to bow with a Grace,
"The happiest Shrug,---the newest Grimace;
"To parler François,---fib, flatter, and dance,
"Which is very near all that they teach ye in France.

"Not a Buck, nor a Blood, through the whole English
"Nation,
"But his Roughness she'll soften, his Figure she'll fashion.
"The merest John Trot in a Week you shall see
"Bien poli, bien frizé, tout à fait un Marquis."

What

EPILOGUE.

*What d'ye think of my Plan, is it form'd to your Gout ?
May I hope for Disciples in any of you ?
Shall I tell you my Thoughts, without Guile, without Art,
Though abroad I've been bred, I have Britain at Heart.
Then take this Advice, which I give for her Sake,
You'll gain nothing by any Exchange you can make ;
In a Country of Commerce, too great the Expence,
For their Baubles and Bows, to give your good Sense.*



T H E
A U T H O R;
A
C O M E D Y,
O F T W O A C T S.

As performed at the
T H E A T R E R O Y A L
I N
D R U R Y - L A N E.

Written by Mr. F O O T E.

A N E W E D I T I O N.

L O N D O N :

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[P R I C E O N E S H I L L I N G .]

THE CITY OF NEW YORK

IN SENATE

JANUARY 1878

REPORT

OF THE

COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE

IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION

PASSED BY THE SENATE

APRIL 1877

ALBANY: PUBLISHED BY THE STATE PRINTING OFFICE



P R O L O G U E,

WRITTEN and SPOKEN by Mr. FOOTE.

SEVERE their Task, who in this critic Age,
With fresh Materials furnish out the Stage!
Not that our Father's drain'd the comic Store;
Fresh Characters spring up as heretofore—
Nature with Novelty does still abound;
On every Side fresh Follies may be found.
But then the Taste of every Guest to hit,
To please at once, the Gall'ry, Box, and Pit;
Require's at least—no common Share of Wit.

Those, who adorn the Orb of higher Life,
Demand the lively Rake, or modish Wife;
Whilst they, who in a lower Circle move,
Yawn at their Wit, and slumber at their Love.
If light, low Mirth employs the comic Scene,
Such Mirth, as drives from vulgar Minds the Spleen;
The polish'd Critic damns the wretched Stuff,
And cries,—“'twill please the Gall'ries well enough.”
Such jarring Judgments who can reconcile,
Since Fops will frown, where humble Traders smile?

To dash the Poet's ineffectual Claim,
And quench his Thirst for universal Fame,
The *Grecian* Fabulist, in moral Lay,
Has thus address'd the Writers of this Day.

Once on a Time, a Son and Sire we're told,
The Stripling tender, and the Father old,

P R O L O G U E

Purchas'd a Jack-Afs at a country Fair,
 To ease their Limbs, and hawk about their Ware:
 But as the sluggish Animal was weak,
 They fear'd, if both should mount, his Back wou'd break:
 Up gets the Boy; the Father leads the Afs,
 And through the gazing Crowd attempts to pass;
 Forth from the Throng, the Grey-beards hobble out,
 And hail the Cavalcade with feeble Shout.
 " This the Respect to reverend Age you shew?
 " And this the Duty you to Parents owe?
 " He beats the Hoof, and you are set astride;
 " Sirrah? get down, and let your Father ride."
 As *Grecian* Lads were seldom void of Grace,
 The decent, duteous Youth, resign'd his Place.
 Then a fresh Murmur through the Rabble ran;
 Boys, Girls, Wives, Widows, all attack the Man.
 " Sure never was brute Beast so void of Nature!
 " Have you no Pity for the pretty Creature?
 " To your own Baby can you be unkind?
 " Here—*Suke, Bill, Betty*—put the Child behind."
 Old *Dapple* next, the Clowns Compassion claim'd;
 " 'Tis Wonderment, them Boobies ben't asham'd.
 " Two at a Time upon a poor dumb Beast!
 " They might as well have carried he at least."
 The Pair, still pliant to the partial Voice,
 Dismount and bear the Afs—Then what a Noise! ———
 Huzzas—Loud Laughs, low Gibe, and bitter Joke,
 From the yet silent Sire, these Words provoke.
 " Proceed, my Boy, nor heed their farther Call,
 " Vain his Attempt, who strives to please them all!"

EPILOGUE.

E P I L O G U E,

WRITTEN by a LADY,

And SPOKEN by Mrs. CLIVE.

WELL—thank my Stars, that I have done my Task,
And now throw off this aukward, ideot Mask.
Cou'd we suppose this Circle so refin'd,
Who seek those Pleasures that improve the Mind,
Cou'd from such vulgarisms feel Delight;
Or laugh at Characters, so unpolite?
Who come to Plays, to see, and to be seen;
Not to hear Things that shock, or give the Spleen;
Who shun an Opera, when they hear 'tis thin. }
“ Lord! do you know?” says Lady *Bell*—“ I'm told
“ That *Jacky Dapple* got so great a Cold
“ Last *Tuesday* Night—There wa'n't a Creature there;
“ Not a male Thing to hand one to one's Chair.
“ Divine *Mingotti*! what a Swell has she! }
“ O! Such a Sustituto upon B!
“ Ma'am, when she's quite in Voice she'll go to C. }
“ Lord,” says my Lady *English*—“ here's a Pother!
“ Go where she will, I'll never see another.”
Her Ladyship, half choak'd with London Air,
And brought to Town to see the fights—and stare.
“ Fine Singing that!--I'm sure it's more like screaming:
“ To me, I vow, they're all a Pack of Women!
“ Oh Barbare!--Inhumana!--Tramontane!--
“ Does not this Creature come from *Pudding-Lane*?
“ Look, look, my Lord!--She goggles!--Ha, ha, pray be
quiet;
“ Dear Lady *Bell*, for shame! You'll make a Riot.
“ Why will they mix with us to make this Rout?
“ Bring in a Bill, my Lord, to keep 'em out.
“ We'll have a Taste Act, faith!--”---my Lord replied;
“ And shut out all, that are not qualified.”
Thus Ridicule is bounded like a Ball, }
Struck by the Great, then answer'd by the Small;
While we, at Times, return it to you all.
A skilful Hand will ne'er your Rage provoke;
For though it hits you, you'll applaud the Stroke;
Let it but only glance, you'll never frown;
Nay, you'll forgive, tho't knocks your Neighbour down.

Dramatis Personæ.

At DRURY-LANE, 1782.

Governor Cape,

Mr. WRIGHTEN.

Young Cape,

Mr. AIKIN.

Sprightly,

Mr. R. PALMER.

Cadwallader,

Mr. BANNISTER.

Poet,

Mr. WALDRON.

Vamp,

Mr. MOODY.

Printer's Devil,

Mr. BURTON.

Robin,

Mr. CHAPLIN.

Mrs. Cadwallader,

Mrs. WRIGHTEN,

Miss Arabella,

Mrs. SHARP.

T H E
A U T H O R;
A
C O M E D Y.

A C T I.

Governor CAPE, and ROBIN.

Governor. **A**ND he believes me dead, *Robin?*
Rob. Most certainly.

Gov. You have given him no Intimation that his Fortunes might mend.

Rob. Not a distant Hint.

Gov. How did he receive the News?

Rob. Calmly enough: When I told him that his Hopes from abroad were at an End, that the Friend of his deceased Father thought he had done enough in putting it in his Power to earn his own Livelihood, he replied 'twas no more than he had long expected; charged me with his warmest Acknowledgments to his conceal'd Benefactor; thanked me for my Care, sigh'd and left me.

Gov. And how has he lived since?

Rob. Poorly, but honestly: To his Pen he owes all his Subsistence. I am sure my Heart bleeds for him: Consider, Sir, to what Temptations you expose him.

Gov. The severer his Trials, the greater his Triumph. Shall the Fruits of my honest Industry, the Purchase of many Perils, be lavish'd on a lazy luxurious Booby, who has no other Merit than being born five-and-twenty Years after me? No, no, *Robin*; him, and a Profusion of Debts were all that the Extravagance of his Mother left me.

Rob. You loved her, Sir.

Gov. Fondly.—nay, foolishly, or Necessity had not compell'd me to seek for Shelter in another Climate. 'Tis true, Fortune has been favourable to my Labours, and when *George* convinces me that he inherits my Spirit, he shall share my Property; not else.

Rob. Consider, Sir, he has not your Opportunities.

Gov. Nor had I his Education.

Rob. As the World goes, the worst you cou'd have given him. Lack-a-day, Learning, Learning, Sir, is no Commodity for this Market; nothing makes Money here, Sir, but Money; or some certain fashionable Qualities that you would not wish your Son to possess.

Gov. Learning useless? Impossible!—Where are the *Oxfords*, the *Halifaxes*, the great Protectors and Patrons of the liberal Arts?

Rob. Patron!—The Word has lost its Use; a Guinea Subscription at the Request of a Lady, whose

whose Chambermaid is acquainted with the Author, may be now and then pick'd up——Protectors!—Why I dare believe there's more Money laid out upon *Islington* Turnpike in a Month, than upon all the learned Men in *Great Britain* in seven Years.

Gov. And yet the Press groans with their Productions. How do they all exist?

Rob. In Garrets, Sir; as, if you will step to your Son's Apartment in the next Street, you will see.

Gov. But what Apology shall we make for the Visit?

Rob.——That you want the Aid of his Profession; a well penn'd Address now, from the Subjects of your late Government, with your gracious Reply, to put into the News-papers.

Gov. Aye; is that Part of his Practice?—Well, lead on, *Robin*.

Scene draws and discovers Young CAPE with the Printer's DEVIL.

Cape. Prythee go about thy business—Vaniſh, dear Devil.

Devil. Maſter bid me not come without the Proof; he ſays as how there are two other Answers ready for the Preſs, and if your's don't come out a *Saturday* 'twon't pay for the Paper; but you are always ſo lazy: I have more Plague with you—There's Mr. *Guzzle*, the Tranſlator, never keeps me a Minute—unleſs the poor Gentleman happens to be fuddled.

Cape.

Cape. Why, you little footy, sniv'ling, diabolical Puppy, is it not sufficient to be plagu'd with the Stupidity of your absurd Master, but I must be pester'd with your Impertinence?

Devil. Impertinence!—Marry, come up, I keep as good Company as your Worship every Day in the Year—There's Master *Clench*, in *Little Britain*, does not think it beneath him to take Part of a Pot of Porter with me, tho' he has wrote two Volumes of Lives in Quarto, and has a Folio a coming out in Numbers.

Cape. Harky', Sirrah, if you don't quit the Room this instant, I'll shew you a shorter Way into the Street than the Stairs.

Devil. I shall save you the Trouble—Give me the *French* Book that you took the Story from for the last Journal.

Cape. Take it——(*throws it at him.*)

Devil. What, d'ye think it belongs to the Circulating Library, or that it is one of your own Performances, that you——

Cape. You shall have a larger—(*Exit Devil.* 'Sdeath! a pretty Situation I am in! And are these the Fruits I am to reap from a long, laborious and expensive——

Re-enter DEVIL.

Devil. I had like to have forgot, here's your Week's Pay for the News-paper, five and five-pence, which with the two-and-a-penny, Master pass'd his Word for to Mrs. *Suds*, your Washer-woman, makes the three half Crowns.

Cape. Lay it on the Table.

Devil. Here's a Man on the Stairs wants you;
by

by the Sheepishness of his Looks, and the Shabbiness of his Dress, he's either a Pick-pocket, or Poet—Here, walk in, Mr. *What-d'ye-call-um*, the Gentleman's at Home.

(*Surveys the Figure, laughs, and exit.*)

Enter Poet.

Poet. Your name, I presume, is *Cape*.

Cape. You have hit it, Sir.

Poet. Sir, I beg Pardon ; you are a Gentleman that write ?

Cape. Sometimes.

Poet. Why, Sir, my Case, in a Word, is this ; I, like you, have long been a Retainer of the Muses, as you may see by their Livery.

Cape. They have not discarded you, I hope.

Poet. No, Sir, but their upper Servants, the Booksellers, have.—I printed a Collection of Jest's upon my own Account, and they have ever since refused to employ me ; you, Sir, I hear, are in their Graces : Now I have brought you, Sir, three Imitations of *Juvenal* in Prose ; *Tully's* Oration for *Milo*, in blank Verse ; two Essays on the *British* Herring Fishery, with a large Collection of Rebusses ; which, if you will dispose of to them, in your own Name, we'll divide the Profits.

Cape. I am really, Sir, sorry for your Distress, but I have a larger Cargo of my own manufacturing than they chuse to engage in.

Poet. That's pity ; you have nothing in the compiling or index Way, that you wou'd intrust to the Care of another ?

Cape. Nothing.

Poet. I'll do it at half Price.

Cape.

Cape. I'm concern'd it is not in my Power at present to be useful to you ; but if this Trifle—

Poet. Sir, your Servant. Shall I leave you any of my——

Cape. By no Means.

Poet. An Essay, or an Ode ?

Cape. Not a Line.

Poet. Your very obedient.— (*Exit Poet.*

Cape. Poor Fellow ! and how far am I removed from his Condition ? *Virgil* had his *Pollio* ; *Horace* his *Mecænas* ; *Martial* his *Pliny* : My Protectors are *Title-page*, the Publisher ; *Vamp*, the Bookseller ; and *Index*, the Printer, A most noble Triumvirate ; and the Rascals are as proscriptive and arbitrary, as the famous *Roman* one, into the Bargain.

Enter SPRIGHTLY.

Spri. What ! in Soliloquy, *George* ? Reciting some of the Pleasantries, I suppose, in your new Piece.

Cape. My Disposition has, at present, very little of the *Vis Comica*.

Spri. What's the Matter ?

Cape. Survey that Mass of Wealth upon the Table ; all my own, and earn'd in little more than a Week.

Spri. Why, 'tis an inexhaustible Mine !

Cape. Ay, and delivered to me, too, with all the soft Civility of *Billingsgate*, by a Printer's prime Minister, call'd a *Devil*.

Spri. I met the Imp upon the Stairs ; but I thought these Midwives to the Muses, were the Idolizers of you, their favourite Sons.

Cape.

Cape. Our Tyrants, *Tom.* Had I indeed a posthumous Piece of Infidelity, or an amorous Novel, decorated with luscious Copper-plates, the Slaves would be civil enough.

Spri. Why don't you publish your own Works?

Cape. What! and paper my Room with 'em? No, no, that will never do; there are Secrets in all Trades; ours is one great Mystery, but the Explanation wou'd be too tedious at present.

Spri. Then why don't you divert your Attention to some other Object?

Cape. That Subject was employing my Thoughts.

Spri. How have you resolved?

Cape. I have, I think, at present, two Strings to my Bow; if my Comedy succeeds, it buys me a Commission; if my Mistress, my *Laura*, proves kind, I am settled for Life; but if both my Cords snap, adieu to the Quill, and welcome the Musket.

Spri. Heroically determined!—But *à propos*—how proceeds your honourable Passion?

Cape. But slowly—I believe I have a Friend in her Heart, but a most potent Enemy in her Head: You know, I am poor, and she is prudent. With regard to her Fortune too, I believe her Brother's Consent essentially necessary—But you promised to make me acquainted with him.

Spri. I expect him here every Instant. He may, *George*, be useful to you in more than one Capacity; if your Comedy is not crouded, he is a Character, I can tell you, that will make no contemptible Figure in it.

Cape.

Cape. His Sister gave me a Sketch of him last Summer.

Spri. A Sketch can never convey him. His Peculiarities require infinite Labour and high Finishing.

Cape. Give me the Out-lines.

Spri. He is a Compound of Contrarieties ; Pride and Meanness ; Folly and Archness : At the same Time that he wou'd take the Wall of a Prince of the Blood, he would not scruple eating a fry'd Sausage at the *Mews-Gate*. There is a Minuteness, now and then, in his Descriptions ; and some whimsical, unaccountable Turns in his Conversation, that are entertaining enough : But the Extravagance and Oddity of his Manner, and the Boast of his Birth, compleat his Character,

Cape. But how will a Person of his Pride and Pedigree, relish the Humility of this Apartment ?

Spri. Oh, he is prepar'd—You are, *George*, tho' prodigiously learn'd and ingenious, an abstracted Being, odd and whimsical ; the Case with all you great Genius's : You love the snug, the Chimney-corner of Life ; and retire to this obscure Nook, merely to avoid the Importunity of the Great.

Cape. Your Servant——But what Attraction can a Character of this Kind have for Mr. *Cadwallader* ?

Spri. Infinite ! next to a Peer, he honours a Poet : And modestly imputes his not making a Figure in the learned World himself to the Neglect of his Education—hush ! he's on the Stairs——on with your Cap, and open your Book. Remember great Dignity and Absence.

Enter

Enter VAMP.

Cape. Oh, no ; 'tis Mr. *Vamp* : Your Commands, good Sir ?

Vamp. I have a Word, Master *Cape*, for your private Ear.

Cape. You may communicate ; this Gentleman is a Friend.

Vamp. An Author ?

Cape. Voluminous.

Vamp. In what Way ?

Cape. Universal.

Vamp. Bless me ! he's very young, and exceedingly well rigg'd ; what, a good Subscription, I reckon.

Cape. Not a Month from *Leyden* ; an admirable Theologist ! he study'd it in *Germany* ; if you should want such a Thing now, as ten or a dozen Manuscript Sermons, by a deceas'd Clergyman, I believe he can supply you.

Vamp. No.

Cape. Warranted Originals.

Vamp. No, no, I don't deal in the Sermon Way, now ; I lost Money by the last I printed, for all 'twas wrote by a Methodist ; but, I believe, Sir, if they be'nt long, and have a good deal of Latin in 'em, I can get you a Chap.

Spri. For what, Sir ?

Vamp. The Manuscript Sermons you have wrote, and want to dispose of.

Spri. Sermons that I have wrote ?

Vamp. Ay, ay ; Master *Cape* has been telling me—

Spri. He has ; I am mightily oblig'd to him.

Vamp. Nay, nay, don't be afraid ; I'll keep Council ;

Council; old *Vamp* had not kept a Shop so long at the Turnstile, if he did not know how to be secret; why, in the Year Forty-five, when I was in the treasonable Way, I never squeak'd; I never gave up but one Author in my Life, and he was dying of a Consumption, so it never came to a Trial.

Spri. Indeed!

Vamp. Never——look here (*Shews the Side of his Head*) crop'd close!—bare as a Board!—and for nothing in the World but an innocent Book of Bawdy, as I hope for Mercy: Oh! the Laws are very hard, very severe upon us.

Spri. You have given me, Sir, so positive a Proof of your Secresy that you may rely upon my Communication.

Vamp. You will be safe——but gadso, we must mind Business, tho'; here, Master *Cape*, you must provide me with three taking Titles for these Pamphlets, and if you can think of a pat Latin Motto for the largest——

Cape. They shall be done.

Vamp. Do so, do so. Books are like Women, Master *Cape*; to strike, they must be well-dress'd; fine Feathers make fine Birds; a good Paper, an elegant Type, a handsome Motto, and a catching Title, has drove many a dull Treatise thro' three Editions——Did you know *Harry Handy*?

Spri. Not that I recollect.

Vamp. He was a pretty Fellow; he had his Latin, *ad anguem*, as they say; he would have turn'd you a Fable of *Dryden's*, or an Epistle of *Pope's* into Latin Verse in a twinkling; except

Peter

Peter Hasty the Voyage-writer, he was as great a Loss to the Trade as any within my Memory.

Cape. What carry'd him off?

Vamp. A Halter; hang'd for clipping and coining, Master *Cape*; I thought there was something the Matter by his not coming to our Shop for a Month or two: He was a pretty Fellow!

Spri. Were you a great Loser by his Death?

Vamp. I can't say:—as he had taken to another Course of Living, his Execution made a Noise; it sold me seven Hundred of his Translations, besides his last dying Speech and Confession; I got it; he was mindful of his Friends in his last Moments: He was a pretty Fellow!

Cape. You have no farther Commands, Mr. *Vamp*?

Vamp. Not at present; about the Spring I'll deal with you, if we can agree for a Couple of Volumes in Octavo.

Spri. Upon what Subject?

Vamp. I leave that to him; Master *Cape* knows what will do, tho' Novels are a pretty light Summer reading, and do very well at *Tunbridge*, *Bristol*, and the other watering Places: No bad Commodity for the *West-India* Trade neither; let 'em be Novels, Master *Cape*.

Cape. You shall be certainly supply'd.

Vamp. I doubt not; pray how does *Index* go on with your Journal?

Cape. He does not complain.

Vamp. Ah, I knew the Time—but you have over-stock'd the Market. *Titlepage* and I had once lik'd to have engag'd in a Paper. We had got a young Cantab for the Essays; a pretty Historian from *Aberdeen*; and an Attorney's

Clerk for the true Intelligence; but I don't know how, it drop'd for Want of a Politician.

Cape. If in that Capacity I can be of any—

Vamp. No, thank you, Master *Cape*; in half a Year's Time, I have a Grandson of my own that will come in; he's now in training as a Waiter at the *Cocoa-Tree* Coffee-house; I intend giving him the Run of *Jonathan's* for three Months to understand Trade and the Funds; and then I'll start him——no, no, you have enough on your Hands; stick to your Business: and d'ye hear, 'ware clipping and coining; remember *Harry Handy*; he was a pretty Fellow!

(*Exit.*)

Spri. And I'm sure thou art a most extraordinary Fellow! But prythee, *George*, what cou'd provoke thee to make me a Writer of Sermons?

Cape. You seem'd desirous of being acquainted with our Business, and I knew old *Vamp* wou'd let you more into the Secret in five Minutes, than I cou'd in as many Hours.

(*Knocking below, loud.*)

Spri. *Cape*, to your Post; here they are e'faith, a Coachful! Let's see, Mr. and Mrs. *Cadwallader*, and your Flame, the Sister, as I live.

(*Cadwallader without*)

Pray, by the Bye, han't you a Poet above?

(*Without.*) Higher up.

Cad. Egad, I wonder what makes your Poets have such an Aversion to middle Floors—they are always to be found in the Extremities; in Garrets, or Cellars——

Enter

Enter Mr. and Mrs. CADWALLADER and
ARABELLA.

Cad. Ah! Sprightly!

Spri. Hush!

Cad. Hey, what's the Matter?

Spri. Hard at it; untwisting some knotty
Point; totally absorb'd!

Cad. Gadso! what, that's he! *Beck, Bell*,
there he is, egad, as great a Poet, and as inge-
nious a——what's he about?——*Hebrew?*

Spri. Weaving the whole *Æneid* into a Tra-
gedy: I have been here this half Hour, but he
has not mark'd me yet.

Cad. Cou'd not I take a Peep?

Spri. An Earthquake wou'd not rouse him.

Cad. He seems in a damn'd Passion.

Cape. The Belt of *Pallas*! nor Prayers, nor
Tears, nor supplicating Gods shall save thee
now.

Cad. Hey! Zounds, what the Devil? who?

Cape. ——*Pallas! te hoc vulnere, Pallas*
Immolat, & pœniam scelerato ex sanguine sumit.

Cad. Damn your Palace; I wish I was well
out of your Garret.

Cape. Sir, I beg ten thousand Pardons: La-
dies, your most devoted. You will excuse me,
Sir, but being just on the Catastrophe of my
Tragedy, I am afraid the poetic Furor may have
betray'd me into some Indecency.

Spri. Oh, Mr. *Cadwallader* is too great a
Genius himself, not to allow for these intem-
perate Sallies of a heated Imagination.

Cad. Genius! Look ye hear, Mr. *What's-*
your-name?

Cape. Cape.

Cad. Cape! True; tho' by the Bye here, hey! You live devilish high; but perhaps you may chuse that for Exercise, hey! *Sprightly!* Genius! Look'e here, *Mr. Cape*, I had as pretty natural Parts, as fine Talents!—but between you and I, I had a damn'd Fool of a Guardian, an ignorant, illiterate, ecod——he cou'd as soon pay the national Debt as write his own Name, and so was resolv'd to make his Ward no wiser than himself, I think.

Spri. Oh! fye, *Mr. Cadwallader*, you don't do yourself Justice.

Cape. Indeed, Sir, we must contradict you, we can't suffer this Defamation. I have more than once heard *Mr. Cadwallader's* literary Acquisitions loudly talk'd of.

Cad. Have you?——no, no, it can't be, hey! tho' let me tell you, last Winter, before I had the Measles, I cou'd have made as good a Speech upon any Subject, in *Italian, French, German*——but I am all unhing'd; all——Oh! Lord, *Mr. Cape*, this is *Becky*; my dear *Becky*, Child, this is a great Poet——ah, but she does not know what that is——a little foolish or so, but of a very good Family——here *Becky*, Child, won't you ask *Mr. Cape* to come and see you?

Mrs. Cad. As *Dicky* says, I shall be glad to see you at our House, Sir.

Cape. I have too great a Regard for my own Happiness, Ma'am, to miss so certain an Opportunity of creating it.

Mrs. Cad. Hey! What?

Cape. My Inclinations, as well as my Duty, I say, will compel me to obey your kind Injunctions.

Mrs. Cad.

Mrs. Cad. What does he say, our *Bell*?

Arab. Oh, that he can have no greater Pleasure than waiting on you.

Mrs. Cad. I'm sure that's more his Goodness than my Desert; but when you be'nt better engag'd we shou'd be glad of your Company of an Evening to make one with our *Dicky*, Sister *Bell*, and I, at Whisk and Swabbers.

Cad. Hey, ecod do, *Cape*, come and look at her Grotto and Shells and see what she has got—well, he'll come, *Beck*,—ecod do, and she'll come to the third Night of your Tragedy, hey! won't you, *Beck*?—is'nt she a fine Girl? hey, you; humour her a little, do;—hey, *Beck*; he says you are as fine a Woman as ever he—ecod who knows but he may make a Copy of Verses on you?—there, go, and have a little Chat with her, talk any Nonsense to her, no Matter what; she's a damn'd Fool, and won't know the Difference—there, go, *Beck*—well, *Sprightly*, hey! what are you and *Bell* like to come together? Oh, ecod, they tell me, Mr. *Sprightly*, that you have frequently Lords and Viscounts and Earls, that take a Dinner with you; now I shou'd look upon it as a very particular Favour, if you would invite me at the same Time, hey! will you?

Spri. You may depend on it.

Cad. Will you? Gad, that's kind; for between you and I, Mr. *Sprightly*, I am of as antient a Family as the best of them, and People of Fashion shou'd know one another, you know.

Spri. By all manner of Means.

Cad. Hey! should not they so? When you have any Lord, or Baron, nay egad, if it be but a Baronet, or a Member of Parliament, I shou'd take it as a Favour.

Spri. You will do them honour; they must all have heard of the Antiquity of your House.

Cad. Antiquity! hey! *Beck*, where's my Pedigree?

Mrs. Cad. Why at Home, lock'd up in the Butler's Pantry.

Cad. In the Pantry! What the Devil, how often have I bid you never to come out without it?

Mrs. Cad. Lord! What signifies carrying such a lumb'ring Thing about?

Cad. Signifies! you are a Fool, *Beck*, why suppose we should have any Disputes when we are abroad, about Precedence? how the Devil shall we be able to settle it? But you shall see it at Home. Oh *Becky*, come hither, we will refer our Dispute to—— (*They go apart.*)

Arab. Well, Sir, your Friend has prevail'd; you are acquainted with my Brother; but what Use you propose——

Cape. The Pleasure of a more frequent Admission to you.

Arab. That all?

Cape. Who knows but a strict intimacy with Mr. *Cadwallader* may in Time incline him to favour my Hopes?

Arab. A sandy Foundation! Cou'd he be prevail'd upon to forgive your Want of Fortune; the Obscurity, or at least Uncertainty, of your Birth, will prove an unsurmountable Bar.

Cad.

Cad. Hold, hold, hold, *Beck*; zounds! you are so——

Spri. Well, but hear him out, Ma'am.

Cape. Consider we have but an Instant. What Project? What Advice?

Arab. O fye! You would be asham'd to receive Succour from a weak Woman! Poetry is your Profession, you know; so that Plots, Contrivances, and all the Powers of Imagination, are more peculiarly your Province.

Cape. Is this a Season to rally?

Cad. Hold, hold, hold; ask Mr. *Cape*.

Arab. To be serious then; if you have any Point to gain with my Brother, your Application must be made to his better Part.

Cape. I understand you; plough with the Heifer.

Arab. A delicate Allusion, on my Word; but take this Hint—Amongst her Passions, Admiration, or rather Adoration, is the principal.

Cape. Oh; that is her Foible?

Arab. One of them; against that Fort you must plant your Batteries—But here they are.

Mrs. Cad. I tell you, you are a nonsense Man, and I won't agree to any such Thing: Why what signifies a Parliament Man? You make such a Rout indeed.

Cad. Hold, *Becky*, my Dear, don't be in a Passion now, hold; let us reason the Thing a little, my Dear.

Mrs. Cad. I tell you I won't; what's the Man an Oase? I won't reason, I hate reason, and so there's an End on't.

Cad. Why then you are obstinate ecod, perverse, hey! But my Dear, now, *Becky*, that's a

good Girl: Hey! come, hold, hold——Egad, we'll refer it to Mr. *Cape*.

Mrs. Cad. Defer it to who you will, it will signify nothing.

Cape. Bless me, what's the Matter, Madam? Sure, Mr. *Cadwallader*, you must have been to blame; no inconsiderable Matter cou'd have ruffled the natural Softness of that tender and delicate Mind.

Arab. Pretty well commenced.

Mrs. Cad. Why he's always a Fool, I think; he wants to send our little *Dicky* to School, and make him a Parliament Man.

Cape. How old is Master, Ma'am?

Mrs. Cad. Three Years and a Quarter, come Lady-day.

Cape. The Intention is rather early.

Cad. Hey! early, hold, hold; but *Becky*, mistakes the Thing, egad I'll tell you the whole Affair.

Mrs. Cad. You had better hold your chattering, so you had.

Cad. Nay, prythee, my Dear; Mr. *Sprightly*, do, stop her Mouth, hold, hold; the Matter, Mr. *Cape*, is this. Have you ever seen my *Dicky*?

Cape. Never.

Cad. No? Hold, hold, egad he's a fine, a sensible Child; I tell *Becky* he's like her, to keep her in Humour; but between you and I he has more Sense already, than all her Family put together. Hey! *Becky*! is not *Dicky* the Picture of you? He's a sweet Child! Now, Mr. *Cape*, you must know, I want to put little *Dicky* to School; now between—hey! you, hold, you, hold, the great Use of a School is, hey! egad,
for

for Children to make Acquaintances, that may hereafter be useful to them; for between you and I, as to what they learn there, does not signify Two-pence.

Cape. Not a Farthing.

Cad. Does it, hey? Now this is our Dispute, whether poor little *Dicky*, he's a sweet Boy, shall go to Mr. *Quæ-Genius's* at *Edgware*, and make an Acquaintance with my young Lord *Knap*, the eldest Son of the Earl of *Frize*, or to Doctor *Ticklepitcher's* at *Barnet*, to form a Friendship with young *Stocks*, the rich Broker's only Child.

Cape. And for which does the Lady determine?

Cad. Why I have told her the Case; says I, *Becky*, my Dear; who knows, if *Dicky* goes to *Quæ-Genius's*, but my Lord *Knap* may take such a Fancy to him, that upon the Death of his Father, and he comes to be Earl of *Frize*, he may make poor little *Dicky* a Member of Parliament? Hey! *Cape*?

Mrs. Cad. Ay, but then if *Dicky* goes to *Ticklepitcher's* who can tell but young *Stocks*, when he comes to his Fortune, may lend him Money if he wants it?

Cad. And if he does not want it, he won't take after his Father, hey! Well, what's your Opinion, Master *Cape*?

Cape. Why Sir, I can't but join with the Lady, Money is the main Article; it is that that makes the Mare to go.

Cad. Hey! egad, and the Alderman too, you; so *Dicky* may be a Member, and a Fig for my Lord: Well, *Becky*, be quiet, he shall stick to *Stocks*.

Mrs.

Mrs. Cad. Ay let'n; I was fure as how I was right.

Cad. Well, hush *Becky*. Mr. *Cape*, will you eat a Bit with us to-day, hey! will you?

Cape. You command me.

Cad. That's kind; why then *Becky* and *Bell* shall step and order the Cook to tofs up a little, nice—Hey! will you, *Becky*? Do, and I'll bring *Cape*.

Mrs. Cad. Ay, with all my Heart. Well, Mr. *What-d'ye-call'um*, the Poet; ecod the Man's well enough—Your Servant.

Cape. I am a little too much in Dishabille, to offer your Ladyship my Hand to your Coach.

Cad. Pshaw! never mind, I'll do it—Here you have Company coming.

(Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Cad. and Arab.)

Enter GOVERNOR and ROBIN.

Cape. Ah, Master *Robin*!

Robin. Why, you have a great Levee this Morning, Sir.

Cape. Ay *Robin*, there's no obscuring extraordinary Talents.

Rob. True, Sir; and this Friend of mine begs to claim the Benefit of them.

Cape. Any Friend of yours: But how can I be serviceable to him?

Rob. Why, Sir, he is lately return'd from a profitable Government; and, as you know the unsatisfied Mind of Man, no sooner is one Object possess'd, but another starts up to——

Cape. A Truce to moralizing, dear *Robin*, to the Matter; I am a little busy.

Rob.

Rob. In a Word then, this Gentleman, having a good deal of Wealth, is desirous of a little Honour.

Cape. How can I confer it?

Rob. Your Pen may.

Cape. I don't understand you.

Rob. Why touch him up a handsome complimentary Address from his Colony, by Way of praising the Prudence of his Administration, his Justice, Valour, Benevolence, and——

Cape. I am sorry 'tis impossible for me now to misunderstand you. The Obligations I owe you, *Robin*, nothing can cancel; otherwise, this wou'd prove our last Interview.——Your Friend, Sir, has been a little mistaken, in recommending me as a Person fit for your Purpose. Letters have been always my Passion; and indeed are now my Profession; but tho' I am the Servant of the Public, I am not the Prostitute of Particulars: As my Pen has never been ting'd with Gall, to gratify popular Resentment, or private Pique, so it shall never sacrifice its Integrity to flatter Pride, impose Falshood, or palliate Guilt. Your Merit may be great, but let those, Sir, be the Heralds of your Worth, who are better acquainted with it.

Gov. Young Man, I like your Principles and Spirit; your manly Refusal gives me more Pleasure, than any Honors your Papers cou'd have procured me.

Spri. Now this Business is dispatch'd, let us return to our own Affairs——You dine at *Cadwallader's*?

Cape. I do.

Spri.

Spri. Wou'd it not be convenient to you, to have him out of the Way?

Cape. Extremely.

Spri. I have a Project, that I think will prevail.

Cape. Of what kind?

Spri. Bordering upon the Dramatic; but the Time is so pressing, I shall be at a loss to procure Performers. Let's see—*Robin* is a sure Card——A Principal may easily be met with, but where the Duce can I get an Interpreter?

Rob. Offer yourself, Sir; it will give you an Opportunity of more closely inspecting the Conduct of your Son.

Gov. True. Sir, tho' a Scheme of this Sort may ill suit with my Character and Time of Life, yet from a private Interest I take in that Gentleman's Affairs, if the Means are honourable——

Spri. Innocent upon my Credit.

Gov. Why then, Sir, I have no Objection, if you think me equal to the Task——

Spri. Most happily fitted for it. I shou'd not have taken the Liberty—but hush! He's return'd.

Enter CADWALLADER.

Spri. My dear Friend! the luckiest Circumstance!

Cad. Hey! how? Stay, hey!

Spri. You see that Gentleman?

Cad. Well, hey!

Spri. Do you know who he is?

Cad. Not I.

Spri. He is Interpreter to Prince *Potowowsky*.

Cad. *Wowsky*? Who the Devil is he?

Spri.

Spri. Why the *Tartarian* Prince, that's come over Ambassador from the Cham of the *Cal-mucks*.

Cad. Indeed !

Spri. His Highness has just sent me an Invitation to dine with him ; now every body that dines with a *Tartarian* Lord, has a Right to carry with him what the *Latins* call'd his *Umbra* ; in their Language it is *Jablanousky*.

Cad. *Jablanousky* ! well ?

Spri. Now if you will go in that Capacity, I shall be glad of the Honour.

Cad. Hey ! why wou'd you carry me to dine with his Royal Highness ?

Spri. With Pleasure.

Cad. My dear Friend, I shall take it as the greatest Favour, the greatest Obligation—I shall never be able to return it.

Spri. Don't mention it.

Cad. Hey ! but hold, hold, how the Devil shall I get off with the Poet ? You know I have ask'd him to Dinner.

Spri. Oh, the Occasion will be Apology sufficient ; besides, there will be the Ladies to receive him.

Cad. My dear Mr. *Cape*, I beg ten thousand Pardons, but here your Friend is invited to Dinner with Prince——what the Devil is his Name ?——

Spri. *Potowowski*.

Cad. True ; now, Sir, eod he has been so kind as to offer to carry me as his *Jablanousky*, wou'd you be so good to excuse—

Cape. By all means ; not a Word, I beg.

Cad.

Cad. That is exceeding kind; I'll come to you after Dinner; hey! stay, but is there any Ceremony to be used with his Highness?

Spri. You dine upon Carpets, cross-legg'd.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, cross-legg'd, Zounds! that's odd, well, well, you shall teach me.

Spri. And his Highness is particularly pleased with those amongst his Guests that do honour to his country Soup.

Cad. Oh! let me alone for that; but should not I dress?

Spri. No, there's no Occasion for it.

Cad. Dear Friend, forgive me; nothing should take me from you, but being a *Hobblin Wisky*. Well, I'll go and study to fit cross-legg'd, 'till you call me.

Spri. Do so.

Cad. His Highness *Potowowsky*! This is the luckiest Accident! (Exit.

Cape. Hah! hah! hah! but how will you conduct your Enterprize?

Spri. We'll carry him to your Friend *Robin's*; dress up one of the under Actors in a ridiculous Habit; this Gentleman shall talk a little Gibberish with him. I'll compose a Soup of some nauseous Ingredients; let me alone to manage. But do you chuse, Sir, the Part we have assign'd?

Gov. As it seems to be but a harmless Piece of Mirth, I have no objection.

Spri. Well then let us about it; come, Sir.

Cape. Mr. *Sprightly*!

Spri. What's the Matter?

Cape. Wou'd it not be right to be a little spruce, a little smart upon this Occasion?

Spri.

Spri. No doubt; drefs, drefs, Man; no Time is to be loft.

Cape. Well, but *Jack*, I cannot fay that at prefent I——

Spri. Prythee explain. What would you fay?

Cape. Why then, I cannot fay, that I have any other Garments at Home.

Spri. Oh, I underftand you, is that all? Here, here, take my——

Cape. Dear *Sprightly*, I am quite afhamed, and forry.

Spri. That's not fo obliging, *George*; what, forry to give me the greateft Pleasure that—— But I have no time for Speeches; I muft run to get ready my Soup. Come, Gentlemen.

Rob. Did you obferve, Sir?

Gov. Moft feelingly! But it will foon be over.

Rob. Courage, Sir; Times perhaps may change.

Cape. A poor Proſpect, *Robin*! But this Scheme of Life at leaſt muſt be changed; for what Spirit, with the leaſt Spark of Generoſity, can ſupport a Life of eternal Obligation, and diſagreeable Drudgery? Inclination not conſulted, Genius cramp'd, and Talents miſapply'd.

What Proſpect have thoſe Authors to be read,
Whoſe daily Writings earn their daily Bread?

(*Exeunt.*)

End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II.

A C T II.

Young CAPE and Mrs. CADWALLADER
at Cards.

Mrs. } YOU want four, and I two, and
Cad. } my Deal: Now, Knave noddy
—no, Hearts be Trumps.

Cape. I beg.

Mrs. Cad. Will you stock 'em?

Cape. Go on, if you please, Madam.

Mrs. Cad. Hearts again—One, two, three;
one, two,—hang 'em, they won't slip, three.
Diamonds—the two: Have your higher than
the Queen?

Cape. No, Madam.

Mrs. Cad. Then there's highest—and lowest,
by Gosh. Games are even; you are to deal.

Cape. Pshaw, hang Cards; there are other
Amusements better suited to a tête-a tête, than
any the four Aces can afford us.

Mrs. Cad. What Pastimes be they?—We
ben't enough for Hunt the Whistle, nor Blind-
Man's Buff: but I'll call our *Bell*, and *Robin*
the Butler. *Dicky* will be here an Bye.

Cape. Hold a Minute. I have a Game to
propose, where the Presence of a third Person,
especially Mr. *Cadwallader's*, wou'd totally ruin
the Sport.

Mrs. Cad. Ay, what can that be?

Cape. Can't you guess?

Mrs. Cad. Not I; Questions and Commands,
mayhap.

Cape.

Cape. Not absolutely that——some little Resemblance ; for I am to request, and you are to command.

Mrs. Cad. Oh daisy ! that's charming, I never play'd at that in all my born Days ; come, begin then.

Cape. Can you love me ?

Mrs. Cad. Love you ! But is it in jest or earnest ?

Cape. That is as you please to determine.

Mrs. Cad. But mayn't I ask you Questions too ?

Cape. Doubtless.

Mrs. Cad. Why then do you love Me ?

Cape. With all my Soul.

Mrs. Cad. Upon your Sayso.

Cape. Upon my Sayso.

Mrs. Cad. I'm glad on't with all my Heart. This is the rarest Pastime !

Cape. But you have not answer'd my Question.

Mrs. Cad. Hey ? that's true. Why I believe there's no Love lost.

Cape. So ; our Game will soon be over ; I shall be up at a Deal. - I wish I mayn't be engag'd to play deeper here than I intended tho'.

(*Aside.*)

Mrs. Cad. Well, now 'tis your Turn.

Cape. True ; aye ; but, zooks you are too hasty ; the Pleasure of this Play, like Hunting, does not consist in immediately chopping the Prey.

Mrs. Cad. No ! How then ?

Cape. Why first I am to start you, then run you a little in View, then lose you, then un-

D

ravel

ravel all the Tricks and Doubles you make to escape me.

*You fly o'er Hedge and Stile,
I pursue for many a Mile,
You grow tir'd at last and quat,
Then I catch you, and all that.*

Mrs. Cad. Dear me, there's a deal on't! I shall never be able to hold out long; I had rather be taken in View.

Cape. I believe you.

Mrs. Cad. Well, come, begin and start me, that I may come the sooner to quattling—Hush! here's Sister; what the Deuce brought her? *Bell* will be for learning this Game too, but don't you teach her for your Life, *Mr. Poet*.

Enter ARABELLA.

Arab. Your Mantua-maker, with your new Sack, Sister.

Mrs. Cad. Is that all? She might have stay'd I think.

Arab. What? You were better engaged? But don't be angry, I am sorry I interrupted you.

Mrs. Cad. Hey! Now will I be hang'd if she be'n't jealous of *Mr. Poet*; but I'll listen, and see the End on't, I'm resolv'd. (*Aside and Exit.*)

Arab. Are you concern'd at the Interruption too?

Cape. It was a very seasonable one, I promise you; had you stay'd a little longer, I don't know what might have been the Consequence.

Arab. No Danger to your Person, I hope.

Cape.

Cape. Some little Attacks upon it.

Arab. Which were as feebly resisted.

Cape. Why, consider, my dear *Bell*; tho' your Sister is a Fool, she is a fine Woman, and Flesh is frail.

Arab. Dear *Bell*! And Flesh is frail! We are grown strangely familiar, I think.

Cape. Heydey! In what Corner sits the Wind now?

Arab. Where it may possibly blow strong enough to upset your Hopes.

Cape. That a Breeze of your Breath can do.

Arab. Affected!

Cape. You are obliging Madam; but pray, what is the Meaning of all this?

Arab. Ask your own guilty Conscience.

Cape. Were I inclined to flatter myself, this little Passion wou'd be no bad Presage.

Arab. You may prove a false Prophet.

Cape. Let me die, if I know what to—But to descend to a little common Sense; what Part of my Conduct——

Arab. Look'e, Mr. *Cape*, all Explanations are unnecessary: I have been lucky enough to discover your Disposition before it is too late; and so you know there's no Occasion—but however, I'll not be any impediment to you; my Sister will be back immediately; I suppose my Presence will only—But consider, Sir, I have a Brother's Honour——

Cape. Which is as safe from me, as if it was lock'd up in your Brother's Closet: But surely, Madam, you are a little capricious, here; have I done any thing but obey your Directions?

Arab. That was founded upon a Supposition that——but no matter.

Cape. That what?

Arab. Why, I was weak enough to believe, what you was wicked enough to protest——

Cape. That I loved you; and what Reason have I given you to doubt it?

Arab. A pretty Situation I found you in at my Entrance.

Cape. An assumed Warmth, for the better concealing the Fraud.

Mrs. Cad. What's that? (*Aside, listening.*

Cape. Surely if you doubted my Constancy, you must have a better Opinion of my Understanding.

Mrs. Cad. Mighty well. (*Aside.*

Cape. What an Idiot, a Driveller! no Consideration upon Earth, but my paving the Way to the Possession of you, could have prevail'd upon me to support her Folly a Minute.

Enter Mrs. CADWALLADER.

Mrs. Cad. Soh! Mr. Poet, you are a pretty Gentleman, indeed; ecod, I'm glad I have caught you. I'm not such a Fool as you think for, Man; but here will be *Dicky* presently, he shall hear of your Tricks, he shall: I'll let him know what a pretty Person he has got in his House.

Cape. There's no parrying this; had not I better decamp.

Arab. And leave me to the Mercy of the Enemy: My Brother's Temper is so odd, there's no knowing in what Light he'll see this.

Mrs. Cad.

Mrs. Cad. Oh, he's below, I hear him. Now we shall hear what he'll say to you, Madam.

Enter CADWALLADER, GOVERNOR, SPRIGHTLY and ROBIN.

Cad. No, pray walk in, Mr. *Interpreter*, between you and I, I like his Royal Highness mightily; he's a polite, pretty, well-bred Gentleman—but damn his Soup.

Gov. Why, Sir, you eat as if you lik'd it.

Cad. Lik'd it! hey, egad, I would not eat another Mess to be his Master's prime Minister; as bitter as Gall, and as black as my Hat; and there have I been sitting these two Hours with my legs under me 'till they are both as dead as a Herring.

Cape. Your Dinner displeas'd you?

Cad. Displeas'd! hey! Look'e, Mr. *Sprightly*, I'm mightily obliged to you for the Honour; but hold, hold, you shall never persuade me to be a *Hobblin'wisky* again, if the great Cham of the *Calmucks* were to come over himself. Hey! and what a damn'd Language has he got? Whee, haw, haw! but you speak it very fluently.

Gov. I was long resident in the Country.

Cad. May be so, but he seems to speak it better; you have a foreign kind of an Accent, you don't sound it through the Nose so well as he. Hey! well *Becky*, what, and how have you entertain'd Mr. *Cape*?

Mrs. Cad. Oh! here have been fine Doings since you have been gone.

Cape. So, now comes on the Storm.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, what has been the Matter?

Mrs. Cad. Matter! why the Devil is in the Poet, I think.

Cad. The Devil! hold,

Mrs. Cad. Why here he has been making Love to me like bewitch'd.

Cad. How, which Way?

Mrs. Cad. Why some on't was out of his Poetry, I think.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, egad I believe he's a little mad; this Morning he took me for King *Turnus*, you; now who can tell, but this Afternoon he may take you for Queen *Dido*?

Mrs. Cad. And there he told me I was to run, and to double, and quat, and there he was to catch me, and all that.

Cad. Hold, hold, catch you? Mr. *Cape*, I take it very unkindly; it was, d'ye see, a very unfriendly Thing to make Love to *Becky* in my Absence.

Cape. But, Sir.

Cad. And it was the more ungenerous, Mr. *Cape*, to take this Advantage, as you know she is but a foolish Woman.

Mrs. Cad. Ay, me; who am but a foolish Woman.

Cape. But hear me.

Cad. A poor ignorant, illiterate, poor *Becky*! And for a Man of your Parts to attack——

Cape. There's no——

Cad. Hold, hold, ecod it is just as if the *Grand Signor*, at the Head of his Janisaries, was to kick a Chimney-sweeper,

Mrs.

Mrs. Cad. Hey! what's that you say, *Dicky*; what, be I like a Chimney-sweeper?

Cad. Hey! hold, hold. Zounds! no, *Beck*; hey! no: That's only by Way of Simile, to let him see I understand your Tropes, and Figures, as well as himself, egad! and therefore——

Spri. Nay, but Mr. *Cadwallader*——

Cad. Don't mention it, Mr. *Sprightly*; he is the first Poet I ever had in my House, except the Bellman for a Christmas-box.

Spri. Good Sir.

Cad. And hold, hold; I am resolved he shall be the last.

Spri. I have but one Way to silence him.

Cad. And let me tell you——

Spri. Nay, Sir, if I must tell him; he owes his Reception here to my Recommendation; any abuse of your Goodness, any Breach of Hospitality here, he is answerable to me for.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, so he is, ecod; at him; give it him home.

Spri. Ungrateful Monster! and is this your Return for the open, generous Treatment——

Mrs. Cad. As good fry'd Cow-heel, with a roast Fowl and Sauages, as ever came to a Table.

Cad. Hush, *Beck*, hush!——

Spri. And cou'd you find no other Object, but Mr. *Cadwallader*; a Man, perhaps, possess'd of a Genius superior to your own——

Cad. If I had had a University Education——

Spri. And of a Family as old as the Creation.

Cad. Older; *Beck*, fetch the Pedigree.

Spri. Thus far relates to this Gentleman; but now, Sir, what Apology can you make me, who was your Passport, your Security?

Cad. Zounds, none ; fight him.

Spri. Fight him ?

Cad. Ay, do ; I'd fight him myself, if I had not had the Measles last Winter ; but stay till I get out of the Room.

Spri. No, he's sure of a Protection here, the Presence of the Ladies.

Cad. Pshaw, Pox ! they belong to the Family, never mind them.

Spri. Well, Sir, are you dumb ? No Excuse ? No Palliation ?

Cad. Ay, no Palliation ?

Mrs. Cad. Ay, no Tribulation ? It's a Shame, so it is.

Cape. When I have leave to speak——

Cad. Speak ! what the Devil can you say ?

Cape. Nay, Sir——

Spri. Let's hear him, Mr. *Cadwallader*, however.

Cad. Hold, hold ; come, begin then.

Cape. And first to you Mr. *Sprightly*, as you seem most interested ; pray does this Charge correspond with any other Action of my Life, since I have had the honour to know you ?—

Spri. Indeed, I can't say that I recollect, but still as the Scholiasts says — *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus.*

Cad. Hold, hold, what's that ?

Spri. Why, that is as much as to say, this is bad enough.

Mrs. Cad. By Gosh ! and so it is.

Cad. Ecod, and so it is : Speak a little more *Latin* to him ; if I had been bred at the University, you shou'd have it both Sides of your Ears.

Cape.

Cape. A little Patience, Gentlemen ; now, to you ; you were pleased yourself to drop a few Hints of your Lady's Weakness ; might not she take too seriously, what was meant as a mere Matter of Merriment ?

Cad. Hey ! hold, hold.

Spri. A paltry Excuse ; can any Woman be such a Fool as not to know when a Man has a Design upon her Person ?

Cad. Answer that Mr. *Cape*, hey ! Answer that.

Cape. I can only answer for the Innocency of my own Intentions ; may not your Lady, apprehensive of my becoming too great a Favourite, contrive this Charge with a View of destroying the Connexion——

Spri. Connexion !

Cad. Hey ! hold, hold, Connexion.

Spri. There's something in that——

Cad. Hey ! is there ? Hold, hold, hey ! egad, he is right——You're right, Mr. *Cape* ; hold, *Becky*, my Dear, how the Devil cou'd you be so wicked, hey ! Child ; ecod, hold, hold, how could you have the Wickedness to attempt to destroy the Connexion ?

Mrs. Cad. I don't know what you say.

Cad. D'ye hear ? You are an Incendiary, but you have miss'd your Point ; the Connexion shall be only the stronger : My dear Friend, I beg ten thousand Pardons, I was too hasty ; but ecod, *Becky's* to blame.

Cape. The Return of your Favour has effaced every other Impression.

Cad. There's a good-natured Creature!

Cape.

Cape. But if you have the least Doubts remaining, this Lady, your Sister, I believe, will do me the Justice to own——

Mrs. Cad. Ay, ask my Fellow, if I be a Thief.

Cad. What the Devil is *Becky* at now?

Mrs. Cad. She's as bad as he.

Cad. Bad as he? Hey! how; what the Devil, she did not make Love to you too? Stop, hey! hold, hold, hold.

Mrs. Cad. Why no, Foolish, but you are always running on with your Riggmonrowles, and won't stay to hear a Body's Story out.

Cad. Well, *Beck*, come let's have it.

Mrs. Cad. Be quiet then; why, as I was telling you, first he made Love to me, and wanted me to be a Hare.

Cad. A Hare! hold, ecod, that was whimsical; a Hare! hey! oh ecod, that might be because he thought you a little hair-brain'd already: *Becky*, a damn'd good Story. Well, *Beck*, go on, let's have it out.

Mrs. Cad. No, I won't tell you no more, so I won't.

Cad. Nay, prythee, *Beck*.

Mrs. Cad. Hold your Tongue then: And so there he was going on with his Nonsense, and so in come our *Bell*; and so——

Cad. Hold, hold, *Becky*; damn your So's; go on, Child, but leave out your So's; its a low——hold, hold, vulgar——but go on.

Mrs. Cad. Why how can I go on, when you stop me every Minute? Well, and then our *Bell* came in and interrupted him, and
me-

methought she looked very frumpish and jealous.

Cad. Well.

Mrs. Cad. And so I went out and listen'd.

Cad. So, what you staid and listen'd?

Mrs. Cad. No; I tell you upon my staying, she went out; no——upon my going out, she staid.

Cad. This is a damn'd blind Story, but go on, *Beck*.

Mrs. Cad. And then at first she scolded him roundly for making Love to me; and then he said as how she advised him to it; and then she said no; and then he said——

Cad. Hold, hold; we shall never understand all these He's and She's; this may all be very true, *Beck*, but, hold, hold; as I hope to be saved, thou art the worst Teller of a Story——

Mrs. Cad. Well, I have but a Word more; and then he said as how I was a great Fool.

Cad. Not much mistaken in that. (*Aside.*)

Mrs. Cad. And that he wou'd not have stay'd with Me a Minute, but to pave the Way to the Possession of She.

Cad. Well, *Beck*, well?

Mrs. Cad. And so——that's all.

Cad. Make Love to Her, in Order to get Possession of You?

Mrs. Cad. Love to Me, in order to get She.

Cad. Hey! Oh, now I begin to understand. Hey! What's this true, *Bell*? Hey! Hold, hold, hold; ecod, I begin to smoke, hey! Mr. *Cape*?

Cape. How shall I act?

Rob. Own it, Sir, I have a Reason.

Cad.

Cad. Well, what say you, Mr. *Cape*? Let's have it, without Equivocation; or, hold, hold, hold, mental Reservation. Guilty, or not?

Cape. Of what, Sir?

Cad. Of what? Hold, hold, of making Love to *Bell*.

Cape. Guilty.

Cad. Hey! how? Hold, Zounds! No, what not with an Intention to marry her?

Cape. With the Lady's Approbation, and your kind Consent.

Cad. Hold, hold, what my Consent to marry You?

Cape. Ay, Sir.

Cad. Hold, hold, hold, what our *Bell*? To mix the Blood of the *Cadwalladers* with the Puddle of a Poet?

Cape. Sir?

Cad. A petty, paltry, ragged, rhiming——

Spri. But Mr.——

Cad. A scribbling, hold, hold, hold——
Garretteer? that has no more Cloaths than Backs, no more Heads than Hats, and no Shoes to his Feet.

Spri. Nay, but——

Cad. The Offspring of a Dunghill! Born in a Cellar, hold, hold, and living in a Garret; a Fungus, a Mushroom.

Cape. Sir, my Family——

Cad. Your Family! Hold, hold, hold, *Peter*, fetch the Pedigree; I'll shew you——Your Family! a little obscure——hold, hold, I don't believe you ever had a Grandfather.

Enter

Enter PETER with the Pedigree.

There it is ; there ; *Peter*, help me to stretch it out : There's seven Yards more of Lineals, besides three of Collaterals, that I expect next *Monday* from the Herald's Office ; d'ye see, Mr. *Sprightly* ?

Spri. Prodigious !

Cad. Nay, but look'e, there's *Welch* Princes, and Ambassadors, and Kings of *Scotland*, and Members of Parliament : Hold, hold, ecod, I no more mind an Earl or a Lord in my Pedigree, hold, hold, than *Kouli Khan* wou'd a Serjeant in the Train'd Bands.

Spri. An amazing Descent !

Cad. Hey, is it not ? And for this low, lousy Son of a Shoe-maker, to talk of Families—hold, hold, get out of my House.

Rob. Now is your Time, Sir.

Cad. Mr. *Sprightly*, turn him out.

Gov. Stop, Sir, I have a Secret to disclose, that may make you alter your Intentions.

Cad. Hold, hold : how, Mr. *Interpreter* ?

Gov. You are now to regard that young Man in a very different Light, and consider him as my Son.

Cape. Your Son, Sir ?

Gov. In a Moment, *George*, the Mysteries shall be explain'd.

Cad. Your Son ? Hold, hold ; and what then ?

Gov. Then ! Why then he is no longer the Scribbler, the Mushroom you have described, but of Birth and Fortune equal to your own.

Cad.

Cad. What! the Son of an Interpreter equal to Me! A Fellow that trudges about, teaching of Languages to foreign Counts!

Gov. A Teacher of Languages!

Cad. Stay; ecod, a Runner to Monfieurs and Marquiffes!

Spri. You are mistaken, Sir.

Cad. A Jack-pudding! that takes Fillips on the Nose for Six-pence a Piece! Hold, hold, ecod, give me Eighteen-pennyworth, and Change for half a Crown.

Gov. Stop, when you are well.

Cad. A Spunger at other Men's Tables! that has Jallopp put into his Beer, and his Face black'd at Christmas for the Diversion of Children!

Gov. I can hold no longer. 'Sdeath, Sir; who is it you dare treat in this Manner?

Cad. Hey! Zounds, Mr. *Sprightly*, lay hold of him.

Spri. Calm your Choler: Indeed, Mr. *Cadwallader*, nothing cou'd excuse your Behaviour to this Gentleman, but your mistaking his Person.

Cad. Hold, hold. Is not he Interpreter to—

Spri. No.

Cad. Why did not you tell——

Spri. That was a Mistake. This Gentleman is the Prince's Friend; and, by a long Residence in the Monarch's Country, is perfect Master of the Language.

Cad. But who the Devil is he then?

Spri. He is Mr. *Cape*, Sir; a Man of unblemish'd Honour, capital Fortune, and late Governor of one of our most considerable Settlements.

Cad.

Cad. Governor ! Hold, hold, and how came you Father to——hey !——

Gov. By marrying his Mother.

Cape. But how am I to regard this ?

Gov. As a solemn Truth ; that foreign Friend, to whom you owe your Education, was no other than myself ; I had my Reasons, perhaps capricious ones, for concealing this ; but now they cease, and I am proud to own my Son.

Cape. Sir ; it is not for me (*kneeling.*) but if Gratitude, Duty filial——

Gov. Rise, my Boy ; I have ventured far to fix thy Fortune, *George* ; but to find thee worthy of it, more than o'erpays my Toil ; the Rest of my Story shall be reserved till we are alone.

Cad. Hey ! Hold, hold, hold ; ecod, a good sensible old Fellow this ; but, hark'e, *Sprightly*, I have made a damn'd Blunder here : Hold, hold, Mr. *Governor*, I ask ten thousand Pardons ; but who the Devil cou'd have thought that the Interpreter to Prince *Potowowsky*——

Gov. Oh, Sir you have in your Power sufficient Means to atone for the Injuries done us both.

Cad. Hold, how ?

Gov. By bestowing your Sister, with, I flatter myself, no great Violence to her Inclinations, here.

Cad. What, marry *Bell* ? Hey ! Hold, hold ; Zounds, *Bell*, take him, do ; 'ecod, he is a good likely——hey ! Will you ?

Arab.

Arab. I shan't disobey you, Sir.

Cad. Shan't you? That's right. Who the Devil knows but he may come to be a Governor himself; hey! Hold, hold; come here then, give me your Hands both; (*Joins their Hands.*) There, there, the Business is done: And now, Brother Governor——

Gov. And now, Brother *Cadwallader*.

Cad. Hey, *Beck!* Here's something new for my Pedigree; we'll pop in the Governor to-morrow.

Mrs. Cad. Hark'e, Mr. Governor, can you give me a black Boy and a Monkey?

Cad. Hey! Ay, ay, you shall have a black Boy, and a Monkey, and a Parrot too, *Beck.*

Spri. Dear *George*, I am a little late in my Congratulations; but——

Gov. Which if he is in acknowledging your disinterested Friendship, I shall be sorry I ever own'd him. Now, *Robin*, my Cares are over, and my Wishes full; and if *George* remains as untainted by Affluence, as he has been untampted by Distress, I have given the Poor a Protector, his Country an Advocate, and the World a Friend.

(*Exeunt Omnes.*)

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P R O L O G U E.

S P O K E N

By Mr. F O O T E.

*O*F all the passions that possess mankind,
The love of novelty rules most the mind,
In search of this, from realm to realm we roam,
Our fleets come fraught with every folly home.
From Lybia's deserts hostile brutes advance,
And dancing dogs in droves skip here from France,
From Latian lands gigantic forms appear,
Striking our British breasts with awe and fear,
As once the Lilliputions——Gulliver,
Not only objects that affect the sight,
In foreign arts and artists we delight,
Near to that spot where Charles bestrides a horse,
In humble prose the place is Charing Cross;
Close by the margin of a kennel's side,
A dirty dismal entry opens wide,
There with hoarse voice, check shirt, and callous hand,
Duff's Indian English trader takes his stand,
Surveys each passenger with curious eyes,
And rustic Roger falls an easy prize;
Here's China porcelain that Chelsea yields,
And India handkerchiefs from Spitalfields.
With Turkey carpets that from Wilton came,
And Spanish tucks and blades from Birmingham,
Factors are forced to favour this deceit,
And English goods are smuggled thro' the street.
The rude to polish, and the fair to please,
The hero of to-night has cross'd the seas,

*Tho' to be born a Briton be his crime,
He's manufactured in another clime.
'Tis Buck begs leave once more to come before ye, -
The little subject of a former story,
How chang'd, how fashion'd, whether brute or beau,
We trust the following scenes will fully shew.
For them and him we your indulgence crave,
'Tis ours still to sin on, and yours to save.*

EPILOGUE.

E P I L O G U E.

S P O K E N

By Mrs. BELLAMY.

*A*MONG the arts to make a piece go down,
And fix the fickle favour of the town.

An Epilogue is deem'd the surest way
To atone for all the errors of the play;
Thus when pathetic strains have made you cry,
In trips the Comic Muse, and wipes your eye,
With equal reason, when she has made you laugh,
Melpomene should send you sniveling off:
But our Bard, unequal to the task,

Rejects the dagger, and retains the mask:
Fain would he send you chearful home to-night,
And harmless mirth by honest means excite;
Scorning with luscious phrase or double sense,
To raise a laughter at the fair's expence.

What method shall we choose your taste to hit?

Will no one lend our Bard a little wit?

Thank ye, kind souls, I'll take it from the pit.

The piece concluded, and the curtain down,

Up starts that fatal phalanx, call'd The Town:

In full assembly weighs our author's fate,

And Surly thus commences the debate:

Pray, among friends, does not this poisoning scene

The sacred rights of Tragedy profane?

If Farce may mimic thus her awful bowl:

Oh fie, all wrong, stark naught, upon my soul!

Then Buck cries, Billy, can it be in nature?

Not the least likeness in a single feature.

*My Lord, Lord love him, 'tis a precious piece ;
 Let's come on Friday night and have a bifs.
 To this a peruquier assents with joy,
 Parcequ'il affronte les François, oui, ma foi.
 In such distress what can the poet do ?
 Where seek for shelter when those foes pursue ?
 He dares demand protection, first, from you.*

}

Dramatis Personæ.

At COVENT-GARDEN.

BUCK	Mr. Foote.
CRAB	Mr. Sparks.
LORD JOHN	Mr. White.
MACRUTHEN	Mr. Shuter.
RACKET	Mr. Cushing.
TALLYHOE	Mr. Castallo.
LATITAT	Mr. Dunstall.
SERGEON	Mr. Wignel.
LUCINDA	Mrs. Bellamy.

La Jonquil, La Loire, Bearnois, and Servants.

T H E
E N G L I S H M A N
RETURNED FROM PARIS.

A C T I.

Crab discovered reading.

AND I do constitute my very good friend, Giles Crab, esq. of St. Martin in the Fields, executor to this my will; and do appoint him guardian to my ward Lucinda; and do submit to his direction, the management of all my affairs, till the return of my son from his travels; whom I do intreat my said executor in consideration of our ancient friendship, to advise, to counsel, &c. &c.

John Buck.

A good, pretty legacy! Let's see, I find myself heir, by this generous devise of my very good friend, to ten actions at common law, nine suits in chancery, the conduct of a boy, bred a booby at home, and finished a fop abroad; together with the direction of a marriageable, and therefore an unmanageable wench; and all this to an old fellow of sixty-six, who heartily hates business, is tired of the world, and despises every thing in it. Why how the devil came I to merit——

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mr. *Latitat*, of *Staple's Inn*.

Crab. So, here begin my plagues. Shew the hound in.

Enter Latitat, with a bag, &c.

Lat. I would, Mr. *Crab*, have attended your summons immediately, but I was obliged to sign judgment in error at the Common Pleas; sue out of the Exchequer a writ of *quæ minus*, and surrender in *banco regis* the defendant, before the return of the *sci fa*, to discharge the bail.

Crab. Prithce, man, none of thy unintelligible law jargon to me; but tell me in the language of common sense, and thy country, what I am to do.

Lat. Why, Mr. *Crab*, as you are already possessed of a *probat*, and letters of administration *de bonis* are granted, you may sue, or, be sued; I hold it sound doctrine for no executor to discharge debts, without a receipt upon record: this can be obtained by no means but by an action. Now actions, sir, are of various kinds, there are special actions, actions on the case, or *assumpsit's*, actions of trover, actions of *clausum fregit*, actions of battery, actions of——

Crab. Hey, the devil, where's the fellow running now?—But kark'ee, *Latitat*, why I thought all our law proceedings were directed to be in *English*.

Lat. True, Mr. *Crab*.

Crab. And what do you call all this stuff, ha!

Lat. *English*.

Crab. The devil you do.

Lat. Vernacular, upon my honour, Mr. *Crab*. For as Lord *Coke* describes the common law, to be the perfection——

Crab.

Crab. So, here's a fresh deluge of impertinence. A truce to thy authorities, I beg; and as I find it will be impossible to understand thee without an interpreter, if you will meet me at five, at Mr. *Brief's* chambers, why, if you have any thing to say, he will translate it for me.

Lat. Mr. *Brief*, sir, and translate, sir!—Sir, I would have you to know, that no practitioner in *Westminster Hall*, gives clearer——

Crab. Sir, I believe it; for which reason I have referred you to a man who never goes into *Westminster Hall*.

Lat. A bad proof of his practice, Mr. *Crab*.

Crab. A good one of his principles, Mr. *Latitat*.

Lat. Why, sir, do you think that a lawyer——

Crab. Zounds, sir, I never thought about a lawyer. The law is an oracular idol, you are the explanatory ministers; nor should any of my own private concerns have made me bow to your beaſtly *Baal*. I had rather lose a cause, than contest it. And had not this old, doating dunce, Sir *John Buck*, plagued me with the management of his money, and the care of his booby boy, *Bedlam* should sooner have had me, than the bar.

Lat. *Bedlam*, the bar! Since, sir, I am provoked, I don't know what your choice may be, or what your friends may choose for you; I wish I was your *prochain ami*: but I am under some doubts as to the sanity of the testator, otherwise he could not have chosen for his executor, under the sanction of the law, a person who despises the law. And the law, give me leave to tell you, Mr. *Crab*, is the bulwark, the fence, the protection, the *sine qua non*, the *ne plus ultra*——

Crab. Mercy, good fix and eight-pence.

Lat.

Lat. The defence and offence, the by which, and the whereby, the statute common and customary, or as *Plowden* classically and elegantly expresses it, 'tis

*Mos commune vetus mores, consulta senatus,
Hæc tria jus statuunt terra Britannia tibi.*

Crab. Zounds, fir, among all your laws, are there none to protect a man in his own house?

Lat. Sir, a man's house is his *castellum*, his castle; and so tender is the law of any infringement of that sacred right, that any attempt to invade it by force, fraud, or violence, clandestinely, or *vi et armis*, is not only deemed *felonius* but *burglarius*. Now, fir, a burglary may be committed either upon the dwelling, or out-house.

Crab. O laud! O laud!

Enter Servant.

Ser. Your clerk, fir——The parties, he says, are all in waiting at your chambers.

Lat. I come. I will but just explain to Mr. *Crab*, the nature of a burglary, as it has been described by a late statute.

Crab. Zounds, fir, I have not the least curiosity.

Lat. Sir, but every gentleman should know——

Crab. I won't know. Besides, your clients——

Lat. O, they may stay. I shan't take up five minutes, fir——A burglary——

Crab. Not an instant.

Lat. By the common law.——

Crab. I'll not hear a word.

Lat. It was but a *clausum fregit*.

Crab. Dear fir, be gone.

Lat. But by the late acts of par ——

Crab.

Crab. Help, you dog. Zounds, fir, get out of my house.

Serv. Your clients, fir——

Crab. Push him out [*the lawyer talking all the while*] So, ho! Hark'ee, rascal, if you suffer that fellow to enter my doors again, I'll strip and discard you the very minute.—[*Exit Serv.*]—This is but the beginning of my torments. But that I expect the young whelp from abroad, every instant, I'd fly for it myself and quit the kingdom at once.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My young master's travelling tutor, fir, just arrived.

Crab. Oh, then I suppose, the blockhead of a baronet is close at his heels. Shew him in. This bear-leader, I reckon now, is either the clumsy curate of the knight's own parish church, or some needy highlander, the out-cast of his country, who, with the pride of a *German* baron, the poverty of a *French* marquis, the address of a *Swiss* soldier, and the learning of an academy usher, is to give our heir apparent politeness, taste, literature; a perfect knowledge of the world, and of himself.

Enter Macruthen.

Mac. Maister *Crab*, I am your devoted servant.

Crab. Oh, a *British* child, by the mefs.—Well, where's your charge?

Mac. O, the young baronet is o'the road. I was mighty afraid he had o'er ta'en me; for between *Canterbury* and *Rocheſter*, I was ſtopt, and robb'd by a highwayman.

Crab. Robb'd! what the devil could he rob you of?

Mac.

Mac. In gude troth, not a mighty booty. *Buchanan's* history, *Lauder* against *Melton*, and two pound of high-dried *Glasgow*.

Crab. A travelling equipage. Well, and what's become of your cub? Where have you left him?

Mac. Main you Sir *Charles*? I left him at *Calais*, with another young nobleman, returning from his travels. But why caw ye him cub, Maister *Crab*? In gude troth there's a meeghty alteration.

Crab. Yes, yes, I have a shrewd guefs at his improvements.

Mac. He's quite a phenomenon.

Crab. Oh, a comet, I dare swear, but not an unusual one at *Paris*. The *Faux-bourg* of *St. Germain's*, swarms with such, to the no small amusement of our very good friends the *French*.

Mac. Oh, the *French* were mighty fond of him.

Crab. But as to the language, I suppose he's a perfect master of that.

Mac. He can caw for aught that he need, but he is na quite maister of the accent.

Crab. A most astonishing progress!

Mac. Suspend your judgement awhile, and you'll find him all you wish, allowing for the fallies of juvenility; and must take the vanity to myself of being, in a great measure, the author.

Crab. Oh, if he be but a faithful copy of the admirable original, he must be a finished piece.

Mac. You are pleased to compliment.

Crab. Not a whit. Well, and what—I suppose you, and your—what's your name?

Mac. *Macruthen*, at your service.

Crab. *Macruthen*! Hum! You and your pupil agreed very well?

Mac. Perfectly. The young gentleman is of an amiable disposition.

Crab.

Crab. Oh, ay : And it would be wrong to sour his temper. You knew your duty better, I hope, than to contradict him.

Mac. It was na for me, Maister *Crab*.

Crab. Oh, by no means, Master *Macruthen* ; all your business was to keep him out of 'frays ; to take care, for the sake of his health, that his wine was genuine, and his mistresses as they should be. You pimp'd for him I suppose ?

Mac. Pimp for him ! D'ye mean to affront—

Crab. To suppose the contrary would be the affront, Mr. Tutor. What, man, you know the world. 'Tis not by contradiction, but by compliance, that men make their fortunes. And was it for you to thwart the humour of a lad upon the threshold of ten thousand pounds a year ?

Mac. Why, to be sure great allowances must be made.

Crab. No doubt, no doubt.

Mac. I see, Maister *Crab*, you know mankind. you are Sir *John Buck's* executor.

Crab. True.

Mac. I have a little thought that may be useful to us both.

Crab. As how ?

Mac. Could na we contrive to make a hond o'the young baronet ?

Crab. Explain.

Mac. Why you, by the will, have the care o'the cash : and I caw make a shift to manage the lad.

Crab. Oh, I conceive you. And so between us both, we may contrive to ease him of that inheritance which he knows not how properly to employ ; and apply it to our own use. You do know how.

Mac.

Mac. Ye ha hit it.

Crab. Why what a superlative rascal art thou, thou inhospitable villain! Under the roof, and in the presence, of thy benefactor's representative, with almost his ill-bestowed bread in thy mouth, art thou plotting the perdition of his only child! And, from what part of my life didst thou derive a hope of my compliance, with such a hellish scheme?

Mac. Maister *Crab*, I am of a nation——

Crab. Of known honour and integrity; I allow it. The kingdom you have quitted, in consigning the care of its monarch, for ages, to your predecessors, in preference to its proper subjects, has given you a brilliant panegyric, that no other people can parallel.

Mac. Why, to be sure——

Crab. And one happiness it is, that though national glory can beam a brightness on particulars, the crimes of individuals can never reflect a disgrace upon their country. Thy apology but aggravates thy guilt.

Mac. Why, Maister *Crab*, I——

Crab. Guilt and confusion choak thy utterance. Avoid my sight. Vanish!—[*Exit Mac.*]—A fine fellow this, to protect the person, inform the inexperience, direct and moderate the desires of an unbridled boy! But can it be strange, whilst the parent negligently accepts a superficial recommendation to so important a trust, that the person whose wants perhaps, more than his abilities make desirous of it, should consider the youth as a kind of property, and not consider what to make him, but what to make of him; and thus prudently lay a foundation for his future sordid hopes, by a criminal compliance with the lad's present

present prevailing passions? But vice and folly rule the world.—Without, there!—[*Enter Serv.*]
 —Rascal, where d’you run, blockhead? Bid the girl come hither.—Fresh instances, every moment, fortify my abhorrence, my detestation of mankind. This turn may be term’d misanthropy; and imputed to chagrin and disappointment. But it can only be by those fools, who, through softness or ignorance, regard the faults of others, like their own, through the wrong end of the perspective.

Enter Lucinda.

So, what, I suppose your spirits are all afloat. You have heard your fellow’s coming.

Luc. If you had your usual discernment, sir, you would distinguish, in my countenance, an expression very different from that of joy.

Crab. Oh, what, I suppose your monkey has broke his chain, or your parrot died in moulting.

Luc. A person less censorious than Mr. *Crab*, might assign a more generous motive for my distress.

Crab. Distress! a pretty, poetical phrase. What motive canst thou have for distress? Has not Sir *John Buck*’s death assured thy fortune? and art not thou——

Luc. By that very means, a helpless, unprotected orphan.

Crab. Pho’, prithee, wench, none of thy romantic cant to me. What, I know the sex: the objects of every woman’s wish are property and power. The first you have, and the second you won’t be long without; for here’s a puppy riding post to put on your chains.

Luc.

Luc. It would appear affectation not to understand you. And, to deal freely, it was upon that subject I wish'd to engage you.

Crab. Your information was needless; I knew it.

Luc. Nay, but why so severe? I did flatter myself that the very warm recommendation of your deceased friend, would have abated a little of that rigour.

Crab. No wheedling, *Lucy*. Age and contempt have long shut these gates against flattery and dissimulation. You have no sex for me. Without preface, speak your purpose.

Luc. What then, in a word, is your advice with regard to my marrying *Sir Charles Buck*?

Crab. And do you seriously want my advice?

Luc. Most sincerely.

Crab. Then you are a blockhead. Why where could you mend yourself? Is not he a fool, a fortune, and in love?—Look'ee, girl.—[*Enter Servant*].—Who sent for you, sir?

Ser. Sir, my young master's post-chaise is broke down, at the corner of the street, by a coal-cart. His clothes are all dirt, and he swears like a trooper.

Crab. Ay! Why then carry his chaise to the coach-maker's, his coat to a scowerer's, and him before a justice. — Prithee why dost trouble me? I suppose you would not meet your gallant.

Luc. Do you think I should?

Crab. No, retire. And if this application for my advice, is not a copy of your countenance, a mask; if you are obedient, I may yet set you right.

Luc.

Luc. I shall, with pleasure, follow your directions. [Exit.

Crab. Yes, so long as they correspond with your own inclination. Now we shall see what *Paris* has done for this puppy. But here he comes; light as the cork in his heels, or the feather in his hat.

Enter Buck, Lord John, La Loire, Bearnois, and Macruthen.

Buck. Not a word, *mi Lor, jernie*, it is not to be supported! — after being *rompu tout vif*, disjointed by that execrable *pavé*, to be tumbled into a kennel, by a filthy *charbonnier*; a dirty retailer of sea-coal, *morbleu!*

Ld. J. An accident that might have happened any where, *Sir Charles*.

Buck. And then the hideous hootings of that *caille*, that murderous mob, with the barbarous—*Monfieur* in the mud, huzza! Ah, *païs sauvage, barbare, inhospitable!* ah, ah, *qu'est ce que nous avons?* Who?

Mac. That is *Maister Crab*, your father's executor.

Buck. Ha, ha. *Serviteur très humble, monsieur. Eh bien!* What! is he dumb? *Mac*, my *Lor*, *mort de ma vie*, the veritable *Jack-Roast-beef* of the *French comedy*. Ha, ha, how do you do, *Monfieur-Jack-Roast-beef*, ha, ha?

Crab. Prithee take a turn or two round the room.

Buck. A turn or two! *Volontiers. Eh bien!* Well, have you, in your life, seen any thing so, ha, ha, hey!

Crab. Never. I hope you had not many spectators of your tumble.

B

Buck.

Buck. *Pourquoi ?* Why so ?

Crab. Because I would not have the public curiosity forestalled. I can't but think, in a country so fond of strange fights, if you were kept up a little, you would bring a great deal of money.

Buck. I don't know, my dear, what my person would produce in this country, but the counterpart of your very grotesque figure has been extremely beneficial to the comedians from whence I came. *N'est ce pas vrai, mi Lor ?* Ha, ha.

Ld. J. The resemblance does not strike me. Perhaps I may seem singular; but the particular customs of particular countries, I own, never appeared to me, as proper objects of ridicule.

Buck. Why so ?

Ld. J. Because in this case it is impossible to have a rule for your judgement. The forms and customs which climate, constitution and government have given to our kingdom can never be transplanted with advantage to another, founded on different principles. And thus, though the habits and manners of different countries may be directly opposite, yet, in my humble conception, they may be strictly, because naturally, right.

Crab. Why there are some glimmerings of common-sense about this young thing. Harkee, child, by what accident did you stumble upon this blockhead?—[to Buck]—I suppose the line of your understanding is too short to fathom the depth of your companion's reasoning.

Buck. My dear. [gapes.]

Crab. I say, you can draw no conclusion from the above premises.

Buck. Who I ? Damn your premises, and conclusions too. But this I conclude from what I have seen, my dear, that the *French* are the first people

people in the universe ; that, in the arts of living, they do or ought to give laws to the whole world, and that whosoever would either eat, drink, dress, dance, fight, sing, or even sneeze, *avec elegance*, must go to *Paris*, to learn it. This is my creed.

Crab. And these precious principles you are come here to propagate.

Buck. *C'est vrai, Monsieur Crab* : and with the aid of these brother missionaries, I have no doubt of making a great many proselytes. And now for a detail of their qualities. *Bearnois, avancez.* This is an officer of my household, unknown to this country.

Crab. And what may he be ?—I'll humour the puppy.

Buck. This is my Swiss Porter. *Tenez vous droit, Bearnois.* There's a fierce figure to guard the gate of an hotel.

Crab. What, do you suppose we have no porters ?

Buck. Yes, you have dunces that open doors ; a drudgery that this fellow does by deputy. But for intrepidity in denying a disagreeable visiter ; for politeness in introducing a mistress, acuteness in discerning, and constancy in excluding a dun, a greater genius never came from the *Cantons*.

Crab. Astonishing qualities !

Buck. *Retirez, Bearnois.* But here's a *bijou*, here's a jewel indeed ! *Venez ici, mon cher La Loire.* *Comment trouvez vous ce Paris ici ?*

La L. *Très bien.*

Buck. Very well. Civil creature ! This, *Monsieur Crab*, is my cook *La Loire*, and for *hors d'oeuvres, entre rotis, ragoûts, entremets*, and the disposition of a desert, *Paris* never saw his parallel.

Crab. His wages, I suppose, are proportioned to his merit.

Buck. A bagatelle, a trifle. Abroad but a bare two hundred. Upon his cheerful compliance, in coming hither into exile with me, I have indeed doubled his stipend.

Crab. You could do no less.

Buck. And now, sir, to compleat my equipage, *regardez Monsieur La Jonquil*, my first *valet de chambre*, excellent in every thing: but *pour l'accommodage*, for decorating the head, inimitable. In one word, *La Jonquil* shall, for fifty to five, knot, twist, tye, frize, cut, curl, or comb with any *garçon perruquier*, from the land's end, to the Orkneys.

Crab. Why, what an infinite fund of public spirit must you have, to drain your purse, mortify your inclination, and expose your person, for the mere improvement of your countrymen?

Buck. Oh, I am a very Roman for that. But at present I had another reason for returning.

Crab. Ay, what can that be?

Buck. Why I find there is a likelihood of some little fracas between us. But, upon my soul, we must be very brutal to quarrel with the dear, agreeable creatures, for a trifle.

Crab. They have your affections then.

Buck. *De tout mon cœur.* From the infinite civility shewn to us, in *France*, and their friendly professions in favour of our country, they can never intend us an injury.

Crab. Oh, you have hit their humour to a hair. But I can have no longer patience with the puppy. Civility and friendship, you booby! Yes, their civility at *Paris*, has not left you a guinea in your pocket, nor would their friendship to
your

your nation leave it a foot of land in the universe.

Buck. Lord *John*, this is a strange old fellow. Take my word for it, my dear, you mistake this thing egregiously. But all you *English* are constitutionally sullen.—November fogs, with salt boil'd beef, are most cursed recipes for good-humour, or a quick apprehension. *Paris* is the place. 'Tis there men laugh, love; and live! *Vive l'amour! Sans amour, et sans ses desirs, un cœur est bien moins heureux qu'il ne pense.*

Crab. Now would not any soul suppose that this yelping hound had a real relish for the country he has quitted?

Buck. A mighty unnatural supposition, truly.

Crab. Foppery and affectation all.

Buck. And you really think *Paris* a kind of purgatory, ha, my dear?

Crab. To thee the most solitary spot upon earth, my dear.—Familiar puppy!

Buck. Whimsical enough. But come, *pour passer le tems*, let us, old *Diogenes*, enter into a little debate. Mi *Loſ*, and you, *Macruthen*, determine the dispute between that source of delights, *ce paradis de plaisir*, and this cave of care, this seat of scurvy and the spleen.

Mac. Let us heed them weel, my Lord. Master *Crab* has met with his match.

Buck. And first for the great pleasure of life, the pleasure of the table; ah, *quelle difference!* The ease, the wit, the wine, the *badinage*, the *perci-flage*, the *double entendre*, the *chançons à boire*. Oh, what delicious moments have I pass'd *chez madame la duchesse de Barbouliac*.

Crab. Your mistress, I suppose.

Buck. Who, I! *Fi donc!* How is it possible

for a woman of her rank, to have a *penchant* for me? Hey, *Mac*.

Mac. Sir *Charles* is too much a man of honour to blab. But, to say truth, the whole city of *Paris* thought as much.

Crab. A precious fellow this!

Buck. *Taisez vous, Mac*. But we lose the point in view. Now, *Monsieur Crab*, let me conduct you to what you call an entertainment. And first, the melancholy mistress is fixed in her chair, where, by the bye, she is condemned to do more drudgery than a dray-horse. Next proceeds the master, to marshal the guests, in which as much caution is necessary, as at a coronation, with, "My lady, sit here," and, "Sir *Thomas*, sit there," till the length of the ceremony, with the length of the grace, have destroyed all apprehensions of the meat burning your mouths.

Mac. Bravo, bravo! Did I na' say Sir *Charles* was a phenomenon?

Crab. Peace, puppy.

Buck. Then, in solemn silence, they proceed to demolish the substantials, with, perhaps, an occasional interruption, of, "Here's to you, friends," "Hob or nob," "Your love and mine." Pork succeeds to beef, pies to puddings: the cloth is removed: madam, drenched with a bumper, drops a curtesy, and departs; leaving the jovial host, with his sprightly companions, to tobacco, port, and politics. *Voilà un repas à la mode d'Angleterre, Monsieur Crab*.

Crab. It is a thousand pities that your father is not a living witness of these prodigious improvements.

Buck. *C'est vrai*. But *à propos*, he is dead, as you say, and you are——

Crab.

Crab. Against my inclination, his executor.

Buck. *Peut être* ; well, and ———

Crab. Oh, my task will soon determine. One article, indeed, I am strictly enjoined to see performed ; your marriage with your old acquaintance *Lucinda*.

Buck. *Ha, ha, la petite Lucinde ! & comment.*—

Crab. Prithee, peace, and hear me. She is bequeathed conditionally, that if you refuse to marry her, twenty thousand pounds ; and if she rejects you, which I suppose she will have the wisdom to do, only five.

Buck. Reject me ! Very probable, hey, *Mac* ! But could we not have an *entrevue* ?

Crab. Who's there ? Let *Lucinda* know we expect her.

Mac. Had na' ye better, Sir *Charles*, equip yourself in a more suitable garb, upon a first visit to your mistress ?

Crab. Oh, such a figure and address can derive no advantage from dress.

Buck. Serviteur. But, however, *Mac*'s hint may not be so *mal à propos*. *Allons, Jonquil, je m'en vais m'habiller.* Mi *Lor*, shall I trespass upon your patience ? My toilet is but the work of ten minutes. *Mac*, dispose of my domestics *à leur aise*, and then attend me with my portfeuille, and read, while I dress, those remarks I made in my last voyage from *Fontainebleau* to *Compeigne*.

Serviteur, Messieurs ;

Car le bon vin

Du matin

Sortant du tonneau,

Vaut bien mieux que

Le Latin

De toute la Sorbonne.

[Exit.

Crab.

Crab. This is the most consummate coxcomb ! I told the fool of a father, what a puppy *Paris* would produce him ; but travel is the word, and the consequence, an importation of every foreign folly : and thus the plain persons and principles of old *England*, are so confounded and jumbled with the excrementitious growth of every climate, that we have lost all our ancient characteristic, and are become a bundle of contradictions ; a piece of patch-work ; a mere harlequin's coat.

Ld. J. Do you suppose then, sir, that no good may be obtained ———

Crab. Why, prithee, what have you gained ?

Ld. J. I should be sorry my acquisitions were to determine the debate. But do you think, sir, the shaking off some native qualities, and the being made more sensible, from comparison of certain national and constitutional advantages, objects unworthy the attention ?

Crab. You shew the favourable side, young man : but how frequently are substituted for national prepossessions, always harmless, and often happy, guilty and unnatural prejudices !—Unnatural !—For the wretch who is weak and wicked enough to despise his country, sins against the most laudable laws of nature ; he is a traitor to the community, where providence has placed him ; and should be denied those social benefits he has rendered himself unworthy to partake. But sententious lectures are ill calculated for your time of life.

Ld. J. I differ from you here, Mr. *Crab*. Principles that call for perpetual practice, cannot be too soon received. I sincerely thank you, sir, for this communication, and should be happy to have always near me so moral a monitor.

Crab.

Crab. You are indebted to *France* for her flattery. But I leave you with a lady, where it will be better employed.

Enter Lucinda.

Crab. This young man waits here, till your puppy is powdered. You may ask him after your *French* acquaintance. I know nothing of him; but he does not seem to be altogether so great a fool as your fellow. [*Exit.*

Luc. I'm afraid, sir, you have had but a disagreeable tête-à-tête.

Ld. F. Just the contrary, madam. By good sense, tinged with singularity, we are entertained as well as improved. For a lady, indeed, Mr. *Crab's* manners are rather too rough.

Luc. Not a jot; I am familiarized to 'em, I know his integrity, and can never be disobliged by his sincerity.

Ld. F. This declaration is a little particular, from a lady who must have received her first impressions in a place remarkable for its delicacy to the fair-sex. But good sense can conquer even early habits.

Luc. This compliment I can lay no claim to. The former part of my life procured me but very little indulgence. The pittance of knowledge I possess, was taught me by a very severe mistress, adversity. But you, sir, are too well acquainted with Sir *Charles Buck*, not to have known my situation.

Ld. F. I have heard your story, madam, before I had the honour of seeing you. It was affecting; you'll pardon the declaration; it now becomes interesting. However, it is impossible I should

should not congratulate you on the near approach of the happy catastrophe.

Luc. Events that depend upon the will of another, a thousand unforeseen accidents may interrupt.

Ld. J. Could I hope, madam, your present critical condition would acquit me of temerity, I should take the liberty to presume, if the suit of *Sir Charles* be rejected—

Enter Crab.

Crab. So, Youngster! what I suppose you are already practising one of your foreign lessons. Perverting the affections of a friend's mistress, or debauching his wife, are mere peccadilloes, in modern morality. But at present you are my care. That way conducts you to your fellow-traveller.—[*Exit. Ld. J.*—I would speak with you in the library. [*Exit.*

Luc. I shall attend you, sir. Never was so unhappy an interruption. What could my lord mean? But be it what it will, it ought not, it cannot concern me. Gratitude and duty demand my compliance with the dying wish of my benefactor, my friend, my father. But am I then to sacrifice all my future peace? But reason not, rash girl; obedience is thy province.

*Tho' hard the task, be it my part to prove
That sometimes duty can give laws to love.*

[*Exit.*

A C T

A C T II.

Buck *at his Toilet, attended by three Valets de
Chambre and Macruthen.*

Mac. **N**Otwithstanding aw his plain dealing,
I doubt whether Maister Crab is so
honest a man.

Buck. Prithee, Mac, name not the monster.
If I may be permitted a quotation from one of
their paltry poets,

Who is knight of the shire represents 'em all.

Did ever mortal see such *mirroirs*, such looking-
glass as they have here too! One might as well
address oneself, for information, to a bucket of
water. *La Fonquill, mettez vous le rouge, assez.*
Eh bien, Mac, miserable! Hey!

Mac. It's very becoming.

Buck. Aye, it will do for this place; I really
could have forgiven my father's living a year or
two longer, rather than be compelled to return
to this—[Enter Ld. John]—My dear Lord, *je*
demande mille pardons, but the terrible fracas in my
chaise has so *gâtéed* and disordered my hair, that
it required an age to adjust it.

Ld. J. No apology, Sir Charles, I have been
entertained very agreeably.

Buck. Who have you had, my dear Lord, to
entertain you?

Ld. J. The very individual lady that's soon to
make you a happy husband.

Buck.

Buck. A happy who? husband! What two very opposite ideas confounded *ensemble*! In my conscience, I believe there's contagion in the clime, and my Lor is infected. But pray, my dear Lor, by what accident have you discovered, that I was upon the point of becoming that happy—Oh, *un mari! Diable?*

Ld. J. The lady's beauty and merit, your inclinations, and your father's injunctions, made me conjecture that.

Buck. And can't you suppose that the lady's beauty may be possess'd, her merit rewarded, and my inclinations gratified, without an absolute obedience to that fatherly injunction?

Ld. J. It does not occur to me.

Buck. No, I believe not, my Lor. Those kind of talents are not given to every body. *Donnez moi mon manchon.* And now you shall see me manage the lady.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Young Squire Racket, and Sir Toby Tallyhoe, who call themselves your honour's old acquaintances.

Buck. Oh the brutes! By what accident could they discover my arrival! My dear, dear Lor, aid me to escape this Embarras.

Racket and Tallyhoe without.

Hoic a boy, hoic a boy.

Buck. Let me die if I do not believe the *Hottentots* have brought a whole hundred of hounds with them. But they say, forms keep fools at a distance. I'll receive 'em *en cérémonie*.

Enter

Enter Racket and Tallyhoe.

Tally. Hey boy, hoix, my little *Buck*.

Buck. *Monfieur le Chevalier, votre très humble serviteur.*

Tally. Hey.

Buck. *Monfieur Racket, je fuis charmé de vous voir.*

Rack. Anon what !

Buck. *Ne m'entendez vous ? Don't you understand French ?*

Rack. Know *French* ! No, nor you neither, I think, *Sir Toby*, foregad I believe the papiftes ha bewitch'd him in foreign parts.

Tally. Bewitch'd and transformed him too. Let me periff, *Racket*, if I don't think he's like one of the folks we ufed to read of at fchool, in *Ovid's Metamorphis* ; and that they have turned him into a beaft.

Rack. A beaft ! No, a bird, you fool. Lookee, *Sir Toby*, by the Lord *Harry*, here are his wings.

Tally. Hey ! ecod and fo they are, ha, ha. I reckon, *Racket*, he came over with the wood-cocks.

Buck. *Voilà des véritables Anglois.* The ruftic rude ruffians !

Rack. Let us fee what the devil he has put upon his pole, *Sir Toby*.

Tally. Aye.

Buck. Do, dear Savage, keep your diftance.

Tally. Nay, fore George we will have a scrutiny.

Rack. Aye, aye, a scrutiny.

Buck. *En grace. La Jonquil*, my Lor, protect me from thefe pyrates.

Ld. J.

Ld. J. A little compassion, I beg, gentlemen. Consider, Sir *Charles* is on a visit to his bride.

Tally. Bride! Zounds, he's fitter for a band-box. *Racket*, hocks the heels.

Rack. I have 'em, knight. Foregad he is the very reverse of a bantam cock; his comb's on his feet, and his feathers on his head. Who have we got here! What are these fellows, pastry-cooks?

Enter Crab.

Crab. And is this one of your newly acquired accomplishments, letting your mistress languish for a——but you have company, I see.

Buck. O, yes, I have been inexpressibly happy. These gentlemen are kind enough to treat me, upon my arrival, with what I believe they call in this country, a rout.—My dear Lor, if you don't favour my flight. But see if the toads a'n't tumbling my toilet.

Ld. J. Now's your time, steal off; I'll cover your retreat.

Buck. Mac, let *La Fonquil* follow to re-settle my *cheveux*.—*Je vous remercie mille, mille fois, mon cher* my Lor.

Rack. Hola, Sir *Toby*, stole away!

Buck. *O mon Dieu.*

Tally. Poh, rot him, let him alone. He'll never do for our purpose. You must know we intend to kick up a riot, to-night, at the play-house, and we wanted him of the party; but that sop would swoon at the sight of a cudgel.

Ld. J. Pray, sir, what is your cause of contention?

Tally. Cause of contention, hey, faith, I know nothing of the matter. *Racket*, what is it we are angry about?

Racket.

Racket. Angry about ! Why you know we are to demolish the dancers.

Tally. True, true, I had forgot. Will you make one ?

Ld. J. I beg to be excused.

Rack. May hap you are a friend to the *French*.

Ld. J. Not I, indeed sir. But if the occasion will permit me a pun, tho' I am far from being a well-wisher to their arms, I have no objection to the being entertained by their legs.

Tally. Aye ! Why then if you'll come to-night, you'll split your sides with laughing, for I'll be rot if we don't make them caper higher, and run faster, than ever they have done since the battle of *Blenheim*. Come along, *Racket*. [*Exit.*

Ld. J. Was there ever such a contrast ?

Crab. Not so remote as you imagine ; they are scions from the same stock, set in different soils. The first shrub, you see, flowers most prodigally, but matures nothing ; the last slip, tho' stunted, bears a little fruit ; crabbed, 'tis true, but still the growth of the clime. Come, you'll follow your friend. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lucinda, with a Servant.

Luc. When Mr. *Crab*, or Sir *Charles*, enquire for me ; you will conduct them hither — [*Exit. Serv.*] — How I long for an end to this important interview ! Not that I have any great expectations from the issue ; but still, in my circumstances, a state of suspense is, of all situations, the most disagreeable. But hush, they come.

Enter

Enter Sir Charles, Macruthen, Ld. John, and Crab.

Buck. Mac, announce me.

Mac. Madam, Sir Charles Buck craves the honour of kissing your hand.

Buck. *Très humble se viteur. Et comment se porte Mademoiselle.* I am ravished to see thee, *ma chere petite Lucinde.*—*Eh bien, ma reine!* Why you look divinely, child. But, *mon enfant*, they have dres'd you most diabolically. Why, what a *coiffeuse* must you have, and, *oh mon Dieu*, a total absence of rouge. But, perhaps, you are out. I had a cargo from *Deffreny* the day of my departure; shall I have the honour to supply you?

Luc. You are obliging, sir, but I confess myself a convert to the chaste customs of this country, and, with a commercial people, you known, sir Charles, all artifice——

Buck. Artifice! You mistake the point, *ma chere.* A proper proportion of red, is an indispensable part of your dress; and, in my private opinion, a woman might as well appear, in public, without powder, or a petticoat.

Crab. And, in my private opinion, a woman, who puts on the first, would make very little difficulty in pulling of the last.

Buck. Oh, Monsieur Crab's judgment must be decisive in dress. Well, and what amusements, what spectacles, what parties, what contrivances, to conquer father time, that foe to the fair? I fancy one must *ennuier considerablement* in your London here.

Luc. Oh, we are in no distress for diversions. We have an opera.

Buck.

Buck. Italien, I suppose, pitoiable, shocking, affommant ! Oh, there is no supporting their hi, hi, hi, hi. Ah, mon Dieu ! Ah, chassé brillant soleil,

Brillant soleil,

A-t-on jamais veu ton pareil ?

There's music and melody.

Luc. What a fop !

Buck. But proceed, ma princesse.

Luc. Oh, then we have plays.

Buck. That I deny, child.

Luc. No plays !

Buck. No.

Luc. The assertion is a little whimsical.

Buck. Aye that may be ; you have here dramatic things, farcical in their composition, and ridiculous in their representation.

Luc. Sir, I own myself unequal to the controversy ; but, surely Shakspeare—My Lord, this subject calls upon you for its defence.

Crab. I know from what fountain this fool has drawn his remarks ; the author of the Chinese Orphan, in the preface to which Mr. Voltaire calls the principal works of Shakspeare monstrous farces.

Ld. J. Mr. Crab is right, madam. Mr. Voltaire has stigmatized with a very unjust and a very invidious appellation the principal works of that great master of the passions ; and his apparent motive renders him the more inexcusable.

Luc. What could it be, my Lord ?

Ld. J. The preventing his countrymen from becoming acquainted with our author ; that he might be at liberty to pilfer from him, with the greater security.

Luc. Ungenerous, indeed !

Buck. Palpable defamation.

C

Luc,

Luc. And as to the exhibition, I have been taught to believe, that for a natural pathetic, and a spirited expression, no people upon earth——

Buck. You are imposed upon, child; the *Lequesne*, the *Lanoue*, the *Grandval*, the *Dumenil*, the *Gaussen*, what dignity, what action! But, à propos, I have myself wrote a tragedy in *French*.

Luc. Indeed!

Buck. *En vérité*, upon *Voltaire's* plan.

Crab. That must be a precious piece of work.

Buck. It is now in repetition at the *French* comedy. *Grandval* and *La Gaussen* perform the principal parts. Oh, what an *eclat*! What a burst will it make in the parterre, when the king of *Ananamaboe* refuses the person of the princess of *Cochineal*!

Luc. Do you remember the passage?

Buck. Entire; and I believe I can convey it in their manner.

Luc. That will be delightful.

Buck. And first the king.

*Ma chere princess, je vous aime, c'est vrai ;
De ma femme vous portez les charmants attraits.
Mais ce n'est pas honnête pour un homme tel que moi,
De tromper ma femme, ou de rompre ma foi.*

Luc. Inimitable!

Buck. Now the princess; she is, as you may suppose, in extreme distress.

Luc. No doubt.

Buck. *Mon grand roy, mon cher adorable,
Ayez pitie de moi ; je suis inconsolable.*

[Then he turns his back upon her, at which she in a fury]

Monstre

*Monstre, ingrat, affreux, horrible, funeste,
Oh que je vous aime, ah que je vous deteste!*

[Then he]

*Pensez vous, madame, à me donner la loi,
Votre haine, votre amour, sont les mêmes choses
à moi.*

Luc. Bravo!

Ld. J. Bravo, bravo!

Buck. Aye, there's passion and poetry, and reason and rhyme. Oh how I detest blood, and blank verse! There is something so soft, so musical, and so natural, in the rich rhimes of the theatre François!

Ld. J. I did not know Sir Charles was so totally devoted to the belles lettres.

*Buck. Oh, entirely. 'Tis the ton, the taste, I am every night at the Caffé * Procope, and had not I had the misfortune to be born in this curst country, I make no doubt but you would have seen my name among the foremost of the French academy.*

Crab. I should think you might easily get over that difficulty, if you will be but so obliging, as publicly to renounce us. I dare engage not one of your countrymen shall contradict, or claim you.

Buck. No!—Impossible. From the barbarity of my education, I must ever be taken for an Anglois.

Crab. Never.

Buck. En verité?

Crab. En verité.

Buck. You flatter me.

* A coffee-house opposite the French comedy, where the wits assemble every evening.

Crab. But common justice.

Mac. Nay, maister *Crab* is in the right, for I have often heard the French themselves say, Is it possible that gentleman can be *British*?

Buck. Obliging creatures! And you concur with them.

Crab. Entirely.

Luc. Entirely.

Ld. J. Entirely.

Buck. How happy you make me!

Crab. Egrégious puppy! But we lose time. A truce to this trumpery. You have read your father's will.

Buck. No; I read no *English*. When *Mac* has turned it into *French*, I may run over the items.

Crab. I have told you the part that concerns the girl. And as your declaration upon it will discharge me, I leave you to what you will call an *éclaircissement*. Come, my Lord.

Buck. Nay, but Monsieur *Crab*, my Lor, *Mac*.

Crab. Along with us. [Exit.

Buck. A comfortable scrape I am in! What the deuce am I to do? In the language of the place, I am to make love, I suppose. A pretty employment!

Luc. I fancy my hero is a little puzzled with his part. But, now for it.

Buck. A queer creature, that *Crab*, *ma petite*. But, *à propos*, How d'ye like my Lord.

Luc. He seems to have good sense and good breeding.

Buck. *Pas trop*. But don't you think he has something of a foreign kind of air about him?

Luc. Foreign?

Buck. Aye, something so *English* in his manner.

Luc.

Luc. Foreign, and *English*! I don't comprehend you.

Buck. Why that is, he has not the ease, the *je ne sçai quoi*, the *bon ton*.—In a word, he does not resemble me now.

Luc. Not in the least.

Buck. Ah, I thought so. He is to be pitied, poor devil, he can't help it. But, *entre nous*, *ma chere*, the fellow has a fortune.

Luc. How does that concern me, Sir Charles?

Buck. Why, *je pense*, *ma reine*, that your eyes have done execution there.

Luc. My eyes execution!

Buck. Aye, child, is there any thing so extraordinary in that? *Ma foi*, I thought by the vivacity of his praise, that he had already summoned the garrison to surrender.

Luc. To carry on the allusion, I believe my Lord is too good a commander, to commence a fruitless siege. He could not but know the condition of the town.

Buck. Condition! Explain, *ma chere*.

Luc. I was in hopes your interview with Mr. Crab had made that unnecessary.

Buck. Oh, aye, I do recollect something of a ridiculous article about marriage, in a will. But what a plot against the peace of two poor people! Well, the malice of some men is amazing! Not contented with doing all the mischief they can in their life, they are for intailing their malevolence, like their estates, to latest posterity.

Luc. Your contempt of me, Sir Charles, I receive as a compliment. But the infinite obligations I owe to the man, who had the misfortune to call you son, compel me to insist, that in my
C 3 presence,

presence, at least, no indignity be offered to his memory.

Buck. Heydey ! What, in heroics, *ma reine !*

Luc. Ungrateful, unfilial wretch ! so soon to trample on his ashes, whose fond heart, the greatest load of his last hours were his fears for thy future welfare.

Buck. *Ma foi, elle est folle,* she is mad, *sans doute.*

Luc. But I am to blame. Can he who breaks through one sacred relation, regard another ? Can the monster who is corrupt enough to condemn the place of his birth, reverence those who gave him being ?——impossible.

Buck. Ah, a pretty monologue, a fine soliloquy this, child.

Luc. Contemptible. But I am cool,

Buck. I am mighty glad of it. Now we shall understand one another, I hope.

Luc. We do understand one another. You have already been kind enough to refuse me. Nothing is wanting but a formal rejection under your hand, and so concludes our acquaintance.

Buck. *Vous allez trop vite,* you are too quick, *ma chere.* If I recollect, the consequence of this rejection is my paying you twenty thousand pounds.

Luc. True.

Buck. Now that have not I the least inclination to do.

Luc. No, sir ? Why you own that marriage—

Buck. Is my aversion. I'll give you that under my hand, if you please ; but I have a prodigious love for the *Louis*'.

Luc. Oh, we'll soon settle that dispute ; the law——

Buck.

Buck. But, hold, *ma reine*. I don't find that my provident father has precisely determined the time of this comfortable conjunction. So, tho' I am condemned, the day of execution is not fixed.

Luc. Sir !

Buck. I say, my soul, there goes no more to your dying a maid, than my living a batchelor.

Luc. O, sir, I shall find a remedy.

Buck. But now suppose, *ma belle*, I have found one to your hand ?

Luc. As how ? Name one.

Buck. I'll name two. And first, *mon enfant* ; tho' I have an irresistible antipathy to the conjugal knot, yet I am by no means blind to your personal charms ; in the possession of which, if you please to place me, not only the aforesaid twenty thousand pounds, but the whole *terre* of your devoted shall fall at your——

Luc. Grant me patience.

Buck. Indeed you want it, my dear. But if you flounce, I fly.

Luc. Quick, sir, your other. For this is——

Buck. I grant, not quite so fashionable as my other. It is then, in a word, that you would let this lubberly lord make you a lady, and appoint me his assistant, his private friend, his *cicisbei*. And as we are to be joint partakers of your person, let us be equal sharers in your fortune, *ma belle*.

Luc. Thou mean, abject, mercenary thing ! Thy mistress ! Gracious heaven ! Universal empire should not bribe me to be thy bride. And what apology, what excuse could a woman of the least sense or spirit make, for so unnatural a connection !

Buck. Fort bien !

Luc. Where are thy attractions? Canst thou be weak enough to suppose thy frippery dress, thy affectation, thy grimace, could influence beyond the borders of a brothel?

Buck. Très bien !

Luc. And what are thy improvements? Thy air is a copy from thy barber: For thy dress, thou art indebted to thy taylor. Thou hast lost thy native language, and brought home none in exchange for it.

Buck. Extrêmement bien !

Luc. Had not thy vanity so soon exposed thy villainy, I might, in reverence to that name, to which thou art a disgrace, have taken a wretched chance with thee for life.

Buck. I am obliged to you for that. And a pretty pacific partner I should have had. Why, look'ee child, you have been, to be sure, very eloquent, and upon the whole, not unentertaining: tho' by the bye, you have forgot, in your catalogue, one of my foreign acquisitions; *c'est-à-dire*, that I can, with a most intrepid *sang froid*, without a single emotion, support all this storm of female fury. But, *adieu, ma belle*. And when a cool hour of reflection has made you sensible of the propriety of my proposals, I shall expect the honour of a card.

Luc. Be gone for ever.

Buck. Pour jamais ! Foregad she would make an admirable actress. If I once get her to *Paris*, she shall play a part in my piece. *[Exit.]*

Luc. I am ashamed, this thing has had the power to move me thus. Who waits there? Dear Mr. *Crab* —

Enter

Enter Lord John and Crab.

Ld. J. We have been unwillingly, madam, silent witnesses to this shameful scene. I blush that a creature, who wears the outward mark of humanity, should be in his morals so much below.—

Crab. Prithee why didst thou not call thy maids, and toss the booby in a blanket?

Ld. J. If I might be permitted, madam, to conclude what I intended saying, when interrupted by Mr. *Crab*—

Luc. My lord, don't think me guilty of affectation. I believe, I guess at your generous design; but my temper is really so ruffled, besides I am meditating a piece of female revenge on this coxcomb.

Ld. J. Dear madam, can I assist?

Luc. Only by desiring my maid to bring hither the tea.—My lord, I am confounded at the liberty, but—

Ld. J. No apology. You honour me, madam.

Crab. And prithee, wench, what is thy scheme?

Luc. Oh, a very harmless one, I promise you.

Crab. Zounds, I am sorry for it. I long to see the puppy severely punished, methinks.

Luc. Sir *Charles*, I fancy, can't be yet got out of the house. Will you desire him to step hither?

Crab. I'll bring him.

Luc. No, I wish to have him alone.

Crab. Why then I'll send him. [Exit.

Enter

Enter Lettice.

Luc. Place these things on the table, a chair on each side: very well. Do you keep within call. But hark, he is here. Leave me, *Lettice*.
[*Exit Lettice.*

Enter Buck.

Buck. So, so, I thought she would come to; but, I confess not altogether so soon. *Eh bien, ma belle*, see me ready to receive your commands.

Luc. Pray be seated, Sir *Charles*. I am afraid the natural warmth of my temper might have hurried me into some expressions not altogether so suitable.

Buck. Ah *bagatelle*. Name it not.

Luc. *Voulez-vous du thé, monsieur?*

Buck. *Volontiers*. This tea is a pretty innocent kind of *beverage*; I wonder the *French* don't take it. I have some thoughts of giving it a fashion next winter.

Luc. That will be very obliging. It is of extreme service to the ladies this side the water you know.

Buck. True, it promotes parties, and infuses a kind of spirit of conversation, and that—

Luc. *En voulez-vous encore?*

Buck. *Je vous rends mille graces*.—But what has occasioned me, *ma reine*, the honour of your mesage by Mr. *Crab*?

Luc. The favours I have received from your family, Sir *Charles*, I thought, demanded from me, at my quitting your house, a more decent, and ceremonious *adieu*, than our last interview would admit of.

Buck.

Buck. Is that all, *ma chere*? I thought your flinty heart had, at last relented. Well, *ma reine*, *adieu*.

Luc. Can you then leave me?

Buck. The fates will have it so.

Luc. Go then, perfidious traitor, be gone; I have this consolation, however, that If I cannot legally possess you, no other woman shall.

Buck. Hey, how, what?

Luc. And tho' the pleasure of living with you is denied me, in our deaths, at least, we shall soon be united.

Buck. Soon be united in death? When, child?

Luc. Within this hour.

Buck. Which way?

Luc. The fatal draught's already at my heart. I feel it here; it runs thro' every pore. Pangs, pangs unutterable! The tea we drank, urged by despair and love—Oh!

Buck. Well!

Luc. I poison'd.

Buck. The devil!

Luc. And as my generous heart would have shared all with you, I gave you half.

Buck. Oh, curse your generosity!

Luc. Indulge me in the cold comfort of a last embrace.

Buck. Embrace! O confound you! But it mayn't be too late. *Macruthen, Jonquil!* physicians, apothecaries, oil and antidotes. Oh! *je meurs, je meurs.* Ah, la diable! [Exit.

Enter Lord John and Crab.

Crab. A brave wench. I could kiss thee for this contrivance.

Ld. J.

Ld. J. He really deserves it all.

Crab. Deserves it! Hang him. But the sensible resentment of this girl has almost reconciled me to the world again. But stay, let us see—Can't we make a further use of the puppy's punishment? I suppose, we may very safely depend on your contempt of him?

Luc. Most securely.

Crab. And this young thing here, has been breathing passions and protestations. But I'll take care, my girl sha'nt go a beggar to any man's bed. We must have this twenty thousand pound, Lucy.

Ld. J. I regard it not. Let me be happy, and let him be——

Crab. Plsha, don't scorch me with thy flames. Reserve your raptures; or, if they must have vent, retire into that room, whilst I go plague the puppy. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Buck, Macruthen, Jonquil, Bearnois, La Loire, Physician, Surgeon. Buck *in a Cap and Night Gown.*

Surg. This copious phlebotomy will abate the inflammation, and if the six blisters on your head and back rise, why there may be hopes.

Buck. Cold comfort. I burn, I burn, I burn—Ah, there's a shoot. And now, again, I freeze.

Mac. Aye, they are symptoms of a strong poison.

Buck. Oh, I am on the rack.

Mac. Oh, if it be got to the vitals, a fig for aw antidotes.

Enter Crab.

Crab. Where is this miserable devil? What's he alive still?

Mac.

Mac. In gude troth, and that's aw.

Buck. Oh!

Crab. So you have made a pretty piece of work on't, young man!

Buck. O what could provoke me to return from *Paris*?

Crab. Had you never been there, this could not have happened.

Enter Racket and Tallyhoe.

Rack. Where is he?—He's dead man, his eyes are fix'd already.

Buck. Oh!

Tally. Who poison'd him, *Racket*?

Rack. Gad I don't know. His *French* cook, I reckon.

Crab. Were there a possibility of thy reformation, I have yet a secret to restore thee.

Buck. Oh give it, give it.

Crab. Not so fast. It must be on good conditions.

Buck. Name 'em. Take my estate, my—save but my life, take all.

Crab. First then renounce thy right to that lady, whose just resentment has drawn this punishment upon thee; and, in which she is an unhappy partaker.

Buck. I renounce her from my soul.

Crab. To this declaration you are witnesses. Next, your tawdry trappings, your foreign foppery, your washes, paints, pomades, must blaze before your door.

Buck. What, all?

Crab. All; not a rag shall be reserved. The execution of this part of your sentence shall be assigned to your old friends here.

Buck.

Buck. Well, take 'em.

Tally. Huzza, come *Racket*, let's rummage.

[*Exeunt Racket and Tallyhoe.*]

Crab. And, lastly, I'll have these exotic attendants, these instruments of your luxury, these panders to your pride, pack'd in the first cart, and sent post to the place from whence they came.

Buck. Spare me but *La Jonquil*.

Crab. Not an instant. The importation of these puppies makes a part of the politics of your old friends, the *French*; unable to resist you, whilst you retain your ancient roughness, they have recourse to these minions, who would first, by unmanly means, sap and soften all your native spirit, and then deliver you an easy prey to their employers.

Buck. Since then it must be so, *adieu La Jonquil*. [Exeunt *Jonquil and Bearnois*.]

Crab. And now to the remedy. Come forth, *Lucinda*.

Enter Lucinda and Lord John.

Buck. Hey, why did not she swallow the poison?

Crab. No; nor you neither, you blockhead.

Buck. Why, did not I leave you in pangs?

Buc. Aye, put on. The tea was innocent, upon my honour, Sir *Charles*. But you allow me to be an excellent actress.

Buck. Oh, curse your talents!

Crab. This fellow's public renunciation, has put your person and fortune in your own power: and if you were sincere in your declaration of being directed by me, bestow it there.

Luc. As a proof of my sincerity, my Lord, receive it.

Ld. J.

Ld. J. With more transport, than Sir *Charles* the news of his safety.

Luc. to Buck. You are not, at present, in a condition to take possession of your post.

Buck. What ?

Luc. Oh, you recollect; my Lord's private friend; his assistant you know.

Buck. Oh, ho !

Mac. But, Sir *Charles*, as I find the affair of the poison was but a joke, had na'ye better withdraw, and tack off your blisters ?

Crab. No, let 'em stick. He wants 'em. And now concludes my care. But before we close the scene, receive, young man, this last advice from the old friend of your father : As it is your happiness to be born a *Briton*, let it be your boast ; know that the blessings of liberty are your birth-right, which while you preserve, other nations may envy or fear, but can never conquer or condemn you. Believe, that *French* fashions are as ill-suited to the genius, as their politics are pernicious to the peace of your native land.

*A convert to these sacred truths, you'll find,
That poison for your punishment design'd
Will prove a wholesome medicine to your mind.*

[Exeunt omnes.

F I N I S.

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C O M E D Y,

I N
T W O A C T S,

As it is performed

At the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

Written by S A M U E L F O O T E, Esq.

——— *sed habet comædia tanto*

Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus.

Hor.

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P R E F A C E.

AS this is the last opportunity I shall have of addressing the public this year, I think it my duty to return them my warmest acknowledgements for their favourable reception of the following little piece.

The three principal characters I met with in a summer's expedition; they are neither vamped from antiquated plays, pilfered from French farces, nor the baseless beings of the poet's brain. I have given them in their plain natural habit; they wanted no dramatic finishing; nor can I claim any other merit than grouping them together and browning them into action. The justice, done them there by the performers, has been too strongly distinguished by the town to render any thing from me necessary; I could only wish that the managers of the theatres would employ Mr. Castallo, whose peculiar naïveté and strict propriety would greatly become many characters on our stage.

S. Foote.

P R O L O G U E,

Written and spoken by Mr. FOOTE.

*HAPPY my muse, had she first turn'd her art,
From humour's dangerous path, to touch the heart.
They, who in all the bluster of blank verse
The mournful tales of love and war rehearse,
Are sure the critics censure to escape;
You hiss not heroes now, you only — gape!
Nor (strangers quite to heroes, kings, and queens)
Dare you intrude your judgement on their scenes.
A different lot the comic muse attends,
She is oblig'd to treat you with your friends;
Must search the court, the forum, and the city,
Mark out the dull, the gallant, and the witty,
Youth's wild profusion, th'avarice of age,
Nay, bring the pit itself upon the stage.
First to the bar she turns her various face;
Hem! my lord, I am council in this case,
And if so be your lordship should think fit,
Why, to be sure, my client must submit;
For why? because — Then off she trips again,
And, to the sons of commerce, shifts her scene:
There, whilst the griping sire, with moping care,
Defrauds the world himself t'enrich his heir,
The pious boy, his father's toil rewarding,
For thousands throws a main at Covent-Garden!
These are the portraits we're oblig'd to shew;
You are all judges if they're like or no:
Here should we fail, some other shape we'll try,
And grace our future scenes with novelty.*

PROLOGUE

v

*I have a plan to treat you with burletta,
That cannot miss your taste, mia spiletta :
But, should the following piece your mirth excite,
From Nature's volume we'll persist to write ;
Your partial favour bade us first proceed,
Then spare th'offender since you urg'd the deed.*

A 3

DRA-

Dramatis Personæ.

Hartop	—— —	Mr. <i>Foote</i> .
Sir Gregory Gazette	—	Mr. <i>Yates</i> .
Jenkins	— —	Mr. <i>Blakes</i> .
Timothy	——	Mr. <i>Castallo</i> .
Robin	—— —	Mr. <i>Clough</i> .
Jenny	—— —	Miss <i>Minors</i> .
Miss Penelope Trifle	—	Mrs. <i>Cross</i> .
Miss Sukey Trifle	——	Miss <i>Mills</i> .

T H E

THE
KNIGHTS.

A C T I.

SCENE, *a Room.*

HARTOP and JENKINS *discovered.*

Jenk. I Should not choose to marry into such a family.

Hart. Choice, dear Dick, is very little concerned in the matter; and, to convince you that love is not the minister of my counsels, know that I never saw but once the object of my present purpose, and that too at a time, and in a circumstance, not very likely to stamp a favourable impression. What think you of a raw boarding-school-girl at Lincoln-Minster, with a mind unpolished, a figure uninformed, and a set of features tainted with the colours of her unwholesome food?

Jenk. No very engaging object indeed, Hartop.

Hart. Your thoughts now were mine then; but some connections I have since had with her father

have given birth to my present design upon her. You are no stranger to the situation of my circumstances: my neighbourhood to Sir Penurious Trifle was a sufficient motive for his advancing what money I wanted by way of mortgage; the hard terms he imposed upon me, and the little regard I have paid to œconomy, has made it necessary for me to attempt by some scheme the re-establishment of my fortune: this young lady's simplicity, not to call it ignorance, presented her at once as a proper subject for my purpose.

Jenk. Success to you, Jack, with all my soul! a fellow of your spirit and vivacity mankind ought to support for the sake of themselves; for, whatever Seneca and the other moral writers may have suggested in contempt of riches, it is plain their maxims were not calculated for the world as it now stands; in days of yore indeed, when virtue was called wisdom, and vice folly, such principles might have been encouraged; but, as the present subjects of our inquiry are, not what man is, but what he has, as to be rich is to be wise and virtuous, and to be poor ignorant and vicious, I heartily applaud your plan!

Hart. Your observation is but too just! and is it not, Dick, a little unaccountable, that we, who condescend so servilely to copy the follies and foibles of our polite neighbours, should be so totally averse to an imitation of their virtues? In France, Has he wealth? is an interrogation never put till they are disappointed in their inquiries after the birth and wisdom of a fashionable fellow: but here, How much a year? — Two thousand. — The devil! In what country? — Berkshire. — Indeed! God bless us!

us! a happy dog! — How the deuce come I to be interested in a man's fortune unless I am his steward or his tailor? Indeed knowledge and genius are worth examining into; by those my understanding may be improved, or my imagination gratified; but why such a man's being able to eat ortolans, and drink French wine, is to recommend him to my esteem, is what I cannot readily conceive.

Jenk. This complaint may with justice be made of all imitations; the ridiculous side is ever the object imitated. But a truce to moralising and to our business. Prithee, in the first place, how can you gain admittance to your mistress? and, in the second, is the girl independent of her father? his consent, I suppose, you have no thoughts of obtaining.

Hart. Some farther proposals concerning my estate, such as an increase of the mortgage or an absolute sale, is a sufficient pretence for a visit; and, as to cash, twenty to my knowledge! independent too, you rogue! and, besides, an only child, you know! and then, when things are done they can't be undone, and 'tis well its no worse, and a hundred such pretty proverbs, will, its great odds, reconcile the old fellow at last. Besides, my papa in posse has a foible, which, if I condescend to humour, I have his soul, my dear.

Jenk. Prithee, now you are in spirits, give me a portrait of Sir Penurious; though he is my neighbour, yet he is so domestic an animal that I know no more of him than the common country conversation, that he is a thrifty, wary, man.

Hart. The very abstract of penury! Sir John Cutler, with his transmigrated stockings, was but a
type

type of him. For instance, the barber has the growth of his and his daughters's head once a year for shaving the knight once a fortnight; his shoes are made with the leather of a coach of his grandfather's, built in the year 1; his male servant is footman, groom, carter, coachman, and tailor; his maid employs her leisure hours in plain-work for the neighbours, which Sir Penurious takes care, as her labour is for his emolument, shall be as many as possible, by joining with his daughter in scouring the rooms; making the beds, &c. thus much for his moral character. Then, as to his intellectual, he is a mere *carte blanche*; the last man he is with must afford him matter for the next he goes to; but a story is his idol, throw him in that and he swallows it; no matter what, raw or roasted, savoury or insipid, down it goes, and up again to the first person he meets: it is upon this basis I found my favour with the knight, having acquired patience enough to hear his stories, and equipped myself with a quantity sufficient to furnish him; his manner is indeed peculiar, and for once or twice entertaining enough. I'll give you a specimen; ——— Is not that an equipage?

Jenk. Hey! yes, faith! and the owner an acquaintance of mine; Sir Gregory Gazette, by Jupiter! and his son Tim with him. Now I can match your knight. He must come this way to the parlour. We'll have a scene; but take your cue, he is a country politician.

SIR GREGORY, *entering, and Waiter.*

Sir Greg. What, neither the Gloucester Journal, nor the Worcester Courant, nor the Northampton Mercury,

Mercury, nor the Chester ——? Mr. Jenkins, I am your humble servant; a strange town this, Mr. Jenkins, no news stirring, no papers taken in! Is that gentleman a stranger, Mr. Jenkins? Pray, sir, not to be too bold, don't you come from London?

Hart. But last night.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! that's wonderful! ——
Mr. Jenkins, introduce me.

Jenk. Mr. Hartop, Sir Gregory Gazette.

Sir Greg. Sir, I am proud to —— Well, sir, and what news? You come from —— Pray, sir, are you a parliament-man?

Hart. Not I indeed, sir.

Sir Greg. Good lack! may be belong to the law?

Hart. Nor that.

Sir Greg. Oh, then in some of the offices; the treasury or the exchequer?

Hart. Neither, sir.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! that's wonderful! Well, but, Mr. —— Pray what name did Mr. Jenkins, Ha—— Ha——

Hart. Hartop.

Sir Greg. Ay, true! what, not of the Hartops of Boston?

Hart. No.

Sir Greg. May be not. There is, Mr. Hartop, one thing that I envy you Londoners in much; — quires of news-papers! — Now I reckon you read a matter of eight sheets every day?

Hart. Not one.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! then, may be, you are about court; and so, being at the fountain-head,
know

know what is in the papers before they are printed.

Hart. I never trouble my head about them. — An old fool! [*Aside.*]

Sir Greg. Good lord! Your friend, Mr. Jenkins, is very close.

Jenk. Why, Sir Gregory, Mr. Hartop is much in the secrets above; and it becomes a man so trusted to be wary, you know.

Sir Greg. May be so, may be so. Wonderful! ay, ay; a great man no doubt.

Jenk. But I'll give him a better insight into your character, and that will induce him to throw off his reserve.

Sir Greg. May be so; do, do; ay, ay!

Jenk. Prithee, Jack, don't be so crusty, indulge the knight's humour a little; besides, if I guess right, it may be necessary for the conduct of your design to contract a pretty strict intimacy here.

[*Aside.*]

Hart. Well, do as you will. [*Aside.*]

Jenk. Sir Gregory, Mr. Hartop's ignorance of your character made him a little shy in his replies, but you will now find him more communicative; and, in your ear, — he is a treasure; he is in all the mysteries of government; at the bottom of every thing.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! a treasure! ay, ay, may be so.

Jenk. And, that you may have him to yourself, I'll go in search of your son.

Sir Greg. Do so, do so; Tim is without, just come from his uncle Tregegle's at Mavagezy in Cornwall;

Cornwall; Tim is an honest lad: do so, do so. [*Exit Jenk.*] Well, Mr. Hartop, and so we have a peace; lack-a-day! long looked for come at last. But pray, Mr. Hartop, how many news-papers may you have printed in a week?

Hart. About a hundred and fifty, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! and all full, I reckon; full as an egg; nothing but news! well, well, I shall go to London one of these days. A hundred and fifty; wonderful! and, pray now, which do you reckon the best?

Hart. Oh, Sir Gregory, they are as various in their excellencies as their uses; if you are inclined to blacken, by a couple of lines, the reputation of a neighbour, whose character neither your nor his whole life can possibly restore, you may do it for two shillings in one paper; if you are displaced, or disappointed of a place, a triplet against the ministry will be always well received at the head of another; and then, as a paper of morning amusement, you have the Fool.

Sir Greg. The Fool! good lack! and pray who and what may that same Fool be?

Hart. Why, Sir Gregory, the author has artfully assumed that habit, like the royal jesters of old, to level his satire with more security to himself and severity to others.

Sir Greg. May be so, may be so! the Fool! ha, ha, ha! well enough! a queer dog, and no fool, I warrant you! Killigrew, ah, I have heard my grandfather talk much of that same Killigrew, and no fool! But what is all this to news, Mr. Hartop? Who gives us the best account of the king of Spain, and the queen of Hungary, and those great folks?

folks? Come now, you could give us a little news if you would; come now! — snug! — nobody by! — good now do; come, ever so little!

Hart. Why, as you so largely contribute to the support of the government, it is but fair you should know what they are about. — We are at present in a treaty with the pope!

Sir Greg. With the pope! Wonderful! Good now, good now! how, how?

Hart. We are to yield him up a large tract of the Terra Incognita, together with both the Needles, Scilly-rocks, and the Lizard-point, on condition that the pretender has the government of Laputa, and the bishop of Greenland succeeds to St. Peter's chair; he being, you know, a protestant, when possessed of the pontificals, issues out a bull, commanding all catholics to be of his religion; they, deeming the pope infallible, follow his directions, and then, Sir Gregory, we are all of one mind.

Sir Greg. Good lack, good lack! rare news, rare news, rare news! ten millions of thanks, Mr. Hartop! But might not I just hint this to Mr. Soakum, our vicar? 'twould rejoice his heart.

Hart. O fie, by no means.

Sir Greg. Only a line! — a little hint! — do now.

Hart. Well, sir, it is difficult for me to refuse you any thing.

Sir Greg. Ten thousand thanks! Now! the pope! Wonderful! I'll minute it down; — both the Needles?

Hart. Ay, both.

Sir Greg. Good now, I'll minute it; — the Lizard-point, — both the Needles, — Scilly-rocks, — bishop

—— bishop of Greenland, —— St. Peter's chair.
 —— Why then, when this is finished, we may
 chance to attack the great Turk, and have holy wars
 again, Mr. Hartop?

Hart. That's part of the scheme.

Sir Greg. Ah! good now! you see I have a head!
 politics have been my study many a day. Ah, if I
 had been in London to improve by the news-pa-
 pers! —— They tell me Doctor Drybones is to suc-
 ceed to the bishopric of —— [Whispers.]

Hart. No; Doctor —— [Whispers.]

Sir Greg. Indeed! I was told by my landlord at
 Rofs, that it was between him and the dean of ——
 [Whispers.]

Hart. To my knowledge ——

Sir Greg. Nay, you know best, to be sure. If
 it should —— Hush! here's Mr. Jenkins and son
 Tim. Mum! — Mr. Jenkins does not know any
 thing about the treaty with the pope?

Hart. Not a word.

Sir Greg. Mum!

Enter TIMOTHY and JENKINS.

Jenk. Master Timothy is almost grown out of
 knowledge, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! ay, ay, ill
 weeds grow apace. Son Tim, Mr. Hartop: a great
 man, child! Mr. Hartop, son Tim.

Hart. Sir, I shall be always glad to know every
 branch that springs from so valuable a trunk as Sir
 Gregory Gazette.

Sir Greg. May be so! Wonderful! Ay, ay!

Hart.

Hart. Sir, I am glad to see you in Herefordshire : have you been long from Cornwall ?

Tim. Ay, fir; a matter of four weeks or a month, more or less.

Sir Greg. Well said, Tim ! ay, ay, ask Tim any questions, he can answer for himself. Tim, tell Mr. Hartop all the news about the elections, and the tinnors, and the tides, and the roads, and the pilchers : I want a few words with my master Jenkins.

Hart. You have been so long absent from your native country that you have almost forgot it.

Tim. Yes sure ; I ha' been at uncle Tregegle's a matter of twelve or a dozen year, more or less.

Hart. Then I reckon you were quite impatient to see your papa and mamma ?

Tim. No sure, not I. Father sent for me to uncle ; sure Mavagezy is a choice place ! and I could a'stay'd there all my born days, more or less.

Hart. Pray, fir, what were your amusements.

Tim. Nan ? what do you say ?

Hart. How did you divert yourself ?

Tim. Oh, we ha' pastimes enow there : we ha' bull-baiting, and cock-fighting, and fishing, and hunting, and hurling, and wrestling.

Hart. The two last are sports for which that country is very remarkable : in those, I presume, you are very expert ?

Tim. Nan ? what ?

Hart. I say you are a good wrestler ?

Tim. Oh ! yes sure, I can wrestle well enow : but we don't wrestle after your fashion ; we ha' no tripping ; fath and soul ! we all go upon close hugs
or

or the flying mare. Will you try a fall, master? I wan't hurt you, fath and foul.

Hart. We had as good not venture though. — But have you left in Cornwall nothing that you regret the loss of more than hurling and wrestling?

Tim. Nan? what?

Hart. No favourite she?

Tim. Arra, I coupled Favourite and Jowler together, and sure they tugg'd it all the way up. Part with Favourite! no I thank you for nothing: you must know I nursed Favourite myself; uncle's huntsman was going to mill-pond to drown all Music's puppies; so I saved she: but, fath, I'll tell you a comical story; at Lanston they both broke loose and eat a whole loin-a'-veal and a leg of beef: Crist! how landlord swear'd! fath, the poor fellow was almost mazed; it made me die wi' laughing: but how came you to know about our Favourite?

Hart. A circumstance, so material to his son, could not escape the knowledge of Sir Gregory Gazette's friends. But here you mistook me a little, 'Squire Tim; I meant whether your affections were not settled upon some pretty girl; has not some Cornish lass caught your heart?

Tim. Hush! 'god, the old man will hear; jog a tiny bit this way; — won't a' tell father?

Hart. Upon my honour!

Tim. Why then I'll tell you the whole story, more or less. Do you know Mally Pengrouse?

Hart. I am not so happy.

Tim. She's uncle's milkmaid; she's as handsome, lord! her face all red and white, like t inside of a shoulder of mutton: so I made love to our Mally;

B

and

and just, fath, as I had got her good will to run away to Exeter and be married, uncle found it out and sent word to father, and father sent for me home; but I don't love her a bit the worser for that: but, 'icod, if you tell father he'll knock my brains out, for he says I'll disparage the family, and mother's as mad as a March hare about it; so father and mother ha' brought me to be married to some young body in these parts.

Hart. What, is my lady here?

Tim. No sure, Dame Winifred; as father calls her, could not come along.

Hart. I am sorry for that; I have the honour to be a distant relation of her ladyship.

Tim. Like enough, fath! she's a-kin to half the world, I think. But don't you say a word to father about Mally Pengrouse. Hush!

Jenk. Mr. Hartop, Sir Gregory will be amongst us some time; he is going with his son to Sir Penu-rious Trifle's; there is a kind of a treaty of marriage on foot between Miss Sukey Trifle and Mr. Timothy.

Hart. The devil! I shall be glad of every circumstance that can make me better acquainted with Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! may be so, may be so.

Tim. Father, sure the gentleman says as how mother and he are a-kin.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! lack-a-day! lack-a-day! how, how? I am proud to ——— But how, Mr. Hartop, how?

Hart. Why, sir, a cousin-german of my aunt's first husband inter-married with a distant relation of

a collateral branch by the mother's side, the Apprices of Lantrindon; and we have ever since quartered in an escutcheon of pretence the three goats tails rampant, divided by a chevron, field argent, with a leek pendant in the dexter point, to distinguish the second house.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! wonderful! nearly, nearly, related! good now, good now! if Dame Winifred were here she'd make them all out with a wet finger; but they are above me. Prithee, Tim, good now! see after the horses; — and, d'ye hear! try if you can get any news-papers.

Tim. Yes, father. — But, cousin What-d'ye-call-um, not a word about Mally Pengrouse!

Hart. Mum!

[*Exit Timothy.*]

Sir Greg. Good now, that boy will make some mistake about the horses now! I'll go myself. Good now, no farther cousin! if you please, no ceremony! — A hundred and fifty a week! the Fool! ha, ha, ha! wonderful! an odd dog.

[*Exit Sir Gregory.*]

Jenk. So, Jack, here's a fresh spoke in your wheel.

Hart. This is a cursed cross incident!

Jenk. Well, but something must be done to frustrate the scheme of your new cousin. Can you think of nothing?

Hart. I have been hammering: — pray, are the two knights intimate? are they well acquainted with each other's person?

Jenk. Faith, I can't tell; but we may soon know.

Hart. Could you recommend me a good spirited girl, who has humour and compliance to follow a few directions, and understanding enough to barter a little inclination for 3000l. a year and a fool?

Jenk. In part I guess your design: the man's daughter of the house is a good lively lass, has a fortune to make, and no reputation to lose. I'll call her. — Jenny! — But the enemy is at hand; — I'll withdraw and prepare Jenny. When the worshipful family are retired I'll introduce the wench.

[*Exit Jenkins.*]

Enter SIR GREGORY and TIMOTHY.

Sir Greg. Pray now, cousin, are you in friendship with Sir Penurious Trifle?

Hart. I have the honour, sir, of that gentleman's acquaintance.

Sir Greg. May be so, may be so! but, lack-a-day, cousin, is he such a miser as folks say? Good now, they tell me we shall hardly have necessaries for ourselves and horses at Gripe-Hall: but, as you are a relation, you should, good now, know the affairs of the family. Here is Sir Penurious's letter; here, cousin.

Hart. "Your overture I receive with pleasure, and should be glad to meet you in Shropshire." — I fancy, from a thorough knowledge of Sir Penurious's disposition, and by what I can collect from the contents of that letter, he would be much better

better pleased to meet you here than at his own house.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! may be so! a strange man! wonderful! But, good now, cousin, what must we do?

Hart. I will this morning pay Sir Penurious a visit; and, if you will honour me with your commands, I'll ———

Sir Greg. Wonderful! to-day! good now, that's lucky! cousin, you are very kind: good now! I'll send a letter, Tim, by cousin Hartop.

Hart. A letter from so old an acquaintance, and upon so happy an occasion, will secure me a favourable reception.

Sir Greg. Good lack, good lack! an old acquaintance indeed, cousin Hartop! we were at Herefordshire 'size together — let's see, wonderful! how long ago? 'twas while I was courting Dame Winny; the year before I married; good now, how long? let's see, — that year the hackney-stable was built, and Peter Ugly, the blind pad, fell into a saw-pit.

Tim. Mother says, father and she was married, the 1st of April, in the year 10; and I knows 'tis there about, for I am two-and-thirty; and brother Jeremy, and Roger, and Gregory, and sister Nelly, were born'd before I.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! how time wears away! wonderful! thirty-eight years ago, Tim; I could not have thought it. But come in, let's set about the letter. But pray, cousin, what diversions, good now! are going forward in London?

Hart. Oh, sir, we are in no distress for amusement; we have plays, balls, puppet-shows, masquerades, bull-baitings, boxings, burlettas, routs, drums, and a thousand others. But I am in haste for your epistle, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Cousin, your servant.

[*Exit Sir Greg. and Tim.*]

Hart. I am your most obedient. — Thus far our scheme succeeds; and, if Jenkins's girl can assume the awkward pertness of the daughter with as much success as I can imitate the spirited folly of Sir Penurious, the father, I don't despair of a happy catastrophe.

Enter JENNY.

Jenny. Sir, Mr. Jenkins ———

Hart. Oh, child, your instructions shall be administered within.

Jenny. Mr. Jenkins has opened your design, and I am ready and able to execute my part.

Hart. My dear, I have not the least doubt of either your inclination or ability. — But, pox take this old fellow! what in the devil's name can bring him back? — Scour, Jenny,

[*Exit Jenny.*]

Enter SIR GREGORY.

Sir Greg. Cousin, I beg pardon, but I have a favour to beg; — good now, could not you make interest at some coffee-house in London to buy, for a small

small matter, the old books of news-papers, and send them into the country to me? They would pass away the time rarely in a rainy day!

Hart. Sir, I'll send you a cart-load.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! ten thousand thanks! you are a cousin indeed! But pray, cousin, let us, good now! see some of the works of that same Fool.

Hart. I'll send them you all; but a——

Sir Greg. What all? lack-a-day, that's kind, cousin? The Terra Incognita, — both the Needles, — a great deal of that! — But what bishop is to be pope?

Hart. Zounds, sir, I am in haste for your letter; when I return ask as many questions ——

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! that's true! — I'll in, and about it. — But, cousin, the pope is not to have Gibraltar?

Hart. No, no; damn it, no! as none but the Fool could say it, so none but ideots would believe him! Pray, Sir Gregory, ——

Sir Greg. Well, well, cousin! Lack-a-day, you are so —— But, pray ——

Hart. Damn your praying! if you don't finish your letter immediately you may carry it yourself!

Sir Greg. Well, well, cousin! Lack-a-day, you are in such a —— Good now, I go, I go!

Hart. But, if the truth should be discovered, I shall be inevitably disappointed.

Sir Greg. But, cousin, are Scilly-rocks ——

Hart. I wish they were in your guts with all my heart! I must quit the field, I find.

[Exit.]

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now! a passionate man! Lack-a-day! I am glad the pope is not to have Gibraltar though!

[*Exit.*]

END OF ACT I,

ACT

A C T II.

SIR GREGORY, and TIMOTHY reading a News-paper to him.

Tim. COnstantinople, N. S. Nov. 15. The Grand Seignour ———

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! good now, Tim, the politics, child; and read the stars, and the dashes, and the blanks, as I taught you, Tim.

Tim. Yes, father. ——— We can assure our readers that the D—— dash is to go to F blank; and that a certain noble L—— is to resign his p——e in the T——y, in order to make r——m for the two three-stars.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now! great news, Tim! ah, I knew the two three-stars would come in play one time or other! this London Evening knows more than any of them. Well, child, well!

Tim. From the D. J.

Sir Greg. Ay, that's the Dublin Journal. Go on, Tim.

Tim. Last Saturday a gang of highwaymen broke into an empty house on Ormond-Quay, and stripped it of all the furniture,

Sir Greg.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! wonderful! to what a height these rogues are grown!

Tim. The way to Mr. Keith's chapel is, turn of your ———

Sir Greg. Pshaw! skip that, Tim; I know that road as well as the doctor! 'tis in every time.

Tim. I. Ward, at the Cat and Gridiron, Petti-coat-lane, makes tabby all over for people inclined to be crooked; and, if he was to have the universal world for making a pair of stays, he could not put better stuff in them.

Sir Greg. Good now! where's that, Tim?

Tim. At the Cat and Gridiron, father.

Sir Greg. I'll minute that: all my lady Izard's children, good now! are inclined to be crooked.

Enter a Waiter.

Wait. Sir, Mr. Jenkins begs to speak with you.

Sir Greg. Good now! desire him to walk in.

[*Exit Waiter.*]

Enter JENKINS.

Jenk. I thought it might not be improper to prepare you for a visit from Sir Penurious Trifle: I saw him and his daughter alight at the apothecary's above.

Sir Greg. What, they are come? Wonderful! Very kind, very kind, very kind, indeed! Mr. — Come, Tim, settle my cravat; good now! let's be

a little decent : — remember your best bow to your mistress, Tim.

Tim. Yes, father : but must not I kiss Miss Suck ?

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day ! ay, ay ! pray, is cousin Hartop come along ?

Jenk. I have not seen him : — but I fancy I had better introduce my neighbours.

Sir Greg. Good now ! would you be so kind !
[*Exit Jenkins.*] Stand behind me, Tim ! Pull down your ruffles, child !

Tim. But, father, won't Miss Suck think me bold if I kiss her chaps the first time ?

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day ! no, Tim, no ! faint heart never won fair lady ! ha ! Tim, had you but seen me attack Dame Winny ! — but times ar'n't as they were ; good now ! we were another kind of folks in those days ; stout hearty smacks that would have made your mouth water again, and the mark stood upon the pouting lip like the print upon a pound of butter : but the master-misses of the present age go, lack-a-day ! as gingerly about it, as if they were afraid to fill their mouths with the paint upon their mistress's cheeks. Ah, the days I have seen !

Tim. Nay, father, I warrant, if that's all, I kiss her hearty enow, fath and soul !

Sir Greg. Hush ! Tim, hush ! stand behind me, child.

Enter

Enter HARTOP as Sir Penurious Trifle, and JENNY as Miss Sukey, and JENKINS.

Sir Greg. Sir Penurious, I am overjoyed! — Good now!

Hart. Sir Gregory, I kiss your hand! My daughter Suck.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! Miss, I am proud to — Son Tim, Sir Penurious; best bow, child! — Miss Suck —

Tim. An't that right, father? [Kisses her.]

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! I am glad to see you look so well! you keep your own, Sir Penurious.

Hart. Ay, ay! stout enough, Sir Gregory, stout enough, brother knight! hearty as an oak! hey, Dick? Gad, now I talk of an oak, I'll tell you a story of an oak; it will make you die with laughing; hey, you Dick, you have heard it; shall I tell it Sir Gregory?

Jenk. Though I have heard it so often, yet there is something so engaging in your manner of telling a story that it always appears new.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now! I love a comical story. Pray, Sir Penurious, let's have it: mind, Tim, mind, child.

Tim. Yes, father; fath and soul, I love a choice story to my heart's blood!

Hart. You knight, I was at Bath last summer; — a water that people drink when they are ill: you have heard of the Bath, Dick? Hey, you?

Tim.

Tim. Yes, fath, I know Bath; I was there in way up.

Sir Greg. Hush, Tim! good now, hush!

Hart. There's a coffee-house, you; — a place where people drink coffee and tea, and read the news.

Sir Greg. Pray, Sir Penurious, how many papers may they take in?

Hart. Pshaw! damn the news! mind the story.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! a hasty man, Tim!

Hart. Pox take you both! I have lost the story! — where did I leave off, hey, you Dick?

Tim. About coffee and tea.

Hart. Right, you, right! true, true! — so, God, you knight, I used to breakfast at this coffee-house every morning; it cost me eight-pence though, and I had always a breakfast at home — no matter for that, though there I breakfasted, you Dick, God, at the same table with Lord Tom Truewit: — you have heard of Truewit, you knight; a droll dog! you Dick, he told us the story and made us die with laughing: — you have heard of Charles the Second, you knight; he was son of Charles the First, king here in England, that was beheaded by Oliver Cromwell: so what does Charles the Second, you knight, do; but he fights Noll at Worcester; a town you have heard of, not far off; but all would not do, you; God, Noll made him scamper, made him run, take to his heels, you knight; — Truewit told us the story, made us die with laughing; I always breakfasted at the coffee-house; it cost me eight-pence, though I had a breakfast at home — so what does Charles do, but hid himself in an oak,
an

an oak-tree, you, in a wood called Boscobel, from two Italian words, bosco bello, a fine wood, you, and off he marches : but old Noll would not let him come home ; no, says he, you don't come here ! — Lord Tom told us the story ; made us die with laughing ; it cost me eight-pence, though I had a breakfast at home — so, you knight, when Noll died, Monk there, you, afterwards Albemarle, in the North, brought him back ; so, you, the cavaliers ; you have heard of them ? they were friends to the Stuarts ; what did they do, God, you Dick, but they put up Charles in a sign, the royal oak ; you have seen such signs at country alehouses ; so, God, you, what does a Puritan do — the Puritans were friends to Noll — but he puts up the sign of an owl in an ivy-bush, and underneath he writes “ This is not the royal oak ! ” you have seen writings under signs, you knight : upon this, say the royalists, God, this must not be ; so, you, what do they do, but, God, they prosecuted the poor Puritan ; but they made him change his sign though ; and, you Dick, how d'ye think they changed ? God, he puts up the royal oak, and underneath he writes “ This is not the owl in the ivy-bush ! ” — It made us all die with laughing ! Lord Tom told the story ; I always breakfasted at the coffee-house, though it cost me eight-pence, and I had a breakfast at home — hey, you knight ! what, Dick, hey !

Sir Greg. Good now, good now ! wonderful !

Tim. A choice tale, fath !

Jenk. Oh, Sir Penurious is a most entertaining companion, that must be allowed.

Sir Greg. Good now ! ay, ay, a merry man ! but, lack-a-day, would not the young lady choose

a little refreshment after her ride? some tea, or some ——

Hart. Hey, you knight! no, no! we intend to dine with thee, man. Well, you Tim, what dost think of thy father-in-law that is to be, hey? a jolly cock, you Tim; hey, Dick! But prithee, boy, what dost do with all this tawdry tinsel on? that hat and waistcoat? trash, knight, trash! more in thy pocket and less in thy clothes; hey, you Dick! God, you knight, I'll make you laugh: I went to London, you Dick, last year to call in a mortgage; and what does me I, Dick, but take a trip to a coffee-house in St. Martin's Lane; in comes a French fellow forty times as fine as Tim, with his muff and parlevous, and his Francés, and his head, you knight, as white with powder, God, you, as a twelfth-cake: and who the devil d'ye think, Dick, this might be? hey, you knight?

Sir Greg. Good now! an ambassador to be sure!

Hart. God, you knight, nor better nor worse than Mynheer Vancaper, a Dutch figure-dancer at the opera-house in the Haymarket.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now!

Hart. Pshaw! pox! prithee, Tim, nobody dresses now; all plain; look at me, knight, I am in the tip of the mode; now am I in full dress; hey, Dick!

Jenk. You, sir, don't want the aids of dress; but, in Mr. Gazette, a little regard to that particular is but a necessary compliment to his mistress.

Hart. Stuff, Dick, stuff! my daughter, knight, has had other guise breeding; hey, you! Suck, come forward. Plain as a pike-staff, knight; all as nature made her; hey, Tim, no flams! prithee, Tim,

Tim, off with thy lace and burn it; 'twill help to buy the licence; she'll not like thee a bit the better for that; hey, Suck! But, you knight, God, Dick, a toast and tankard would not be amiss after our walk; hey, you?

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! what you will, Sir Penurious.

Hart. God, that's hearty, you! but we won't part the young couple, hey! I'll send Suck some bread and cheese in; hey, knight! At her, Tim! Come, Dick; come, you knight. Did I ever tell you my courtship; hey, Dick? 'twill make you laugh.

Jenk. Not as I remember.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! let's have it.

Hart. You know my wife was blind, you knight?

Sir Greg. Good now! wonderful! not I.

Hart. Blind as a beetle when I married her, knight; hey, Dick! she was drowned in our orchard: maid Bess, knight, went to market, you Dick; and wife rambled into the orchard, and, fouse, dropped into the fish-pond: we found her out next day, but she was dead as a herring: no help for that, Dick; buried her though; hey, you! she was only daughter to Sir Tristram Muckworm, you; rich enough, you, hey! God, you, what does she do, you, but she falls in love with young Sleek, her father's chaplain; hey, you! upon that what does me I, but slips on domine's robes, you; passed myself upon her for him, and we were tacked together, you knight, hey! God, though I believe she never liked me; but what signifies that? hey, Dick! she was rich, you! But, come, let's leave the children together.

Sir Greg.

Sir Greg. Sir, I wait on you.

Hart. Nay, pray ———

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! 'tis impossible! ———

Hart. Pox of ceremony, you Dick! hey! God, knight, I'll tell you a story: one of our ambassadors in France, you, a devilish polite fellow reckoned, Dick; God, you, what does the king of France do, but, says he, I'll try the manners of this fine gentleman: so, knight, going into a coach together, the king would have my lord go first: oh! an't please your majesty, I can't indeed; you, hey, Dick! upon which, what does me the king, but he takes his arm thus, you Dick: am I the king of France or you? is it my coach or yours? and so pushes him in thus. Hey, Dick!

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! he, he, he!

Hart. God, Dick, I believe I have made a mistake here; I should have gone in first; hey, Dick! knight, God, you, beg pardon. Yes, your coach, not mine; your house, not mine; hey, knight!

Sir Greg. Wonderful! a merry man, Mr. Jenkins.

[*Exeunt the two Knights and Jenk.*]

Tim. Father and cousin are gone, fath and soul!

Fenny. I fancy my lover is a little puzzled how to begin. [*Aside.*]

Tim. How ——— Fath and soul I don't know what to say! [*Aside.*] How d'ye do, Miss Suck?

Fenny. Pretty well, thank you.

Tim. You have had a choice walk. — 'Tis a rare day, fath and soul!

Fenny. Yes, the day's well enough.

Tim. Is your house a good way off here?

C

Fenny.

Jenny. Dree or four mile.

Tim. That's a long walk, fath!

Jenny. I make nothing of it, and back again.

Tim. Like enow. [Whistles.]

Jenny. [Sings.]

Tim. You have a rare pipe of your own, miss.

Jenny. I can sing loud enough if I have a mind: but father don't love singing.

Tim. Like enow. [Whistles.]

Jenny. And I an't overfond of whistling!

Tim. Hey! ay, like enow: and I am a bitter bad finger.

Jenny. Hey! ay, like enough.

Tim. Pray, Miss Suck, did ever any body make love to you before?

Jenny. Before when?

Tim. Before now.

Jenny. What if I won't tell you?

Tim. Why then you must let it alone, fath and soul!

Jenny. Like enough!

Tim. Pray, Miss Suck, did your father tell you any thing?

Jenny. About what?

Tim. About I.

Jenny. What should 'a tell?

Tim. Tell! why, as how I and father was come a wooing.

Jenny. Who?

Tim. Why you! Could you like me for a sweet-heart, Miss Suck?

Jenny. I don't know.

Tim. Mavhap somebody may ha' got your good-will already?

Jenny.

Jenny. And what then?

Tim. Then! hey! I don't know: but, if you could fancy me —

Jenny. For what?

Tim. For your true lover.

Jenny. Well, what then?

Tim. Then! hey! why, fath, we may chance to be married if the old folks agree together.

Jenny. And suppose I won't be married to you?

Tim. Nay, Miss Suck, I can't help it, fath and soul! But father and mother bid me come a court-ing; and, if you won't ha' me, I'll tell father so.

Jenny. You are in a woundy hurry, methinks.

Tim. Not I, fath! you may stay as long as —

Enter a Waiter.

Wait. There is a woman without wants to speak with Mr. Timothy Gazette.

[*Exit.*]

Tim. That's I. — I am glad on't! [*Aside.*] Well, Miss Suck, your servant. You'll think about it, and let's know your mind when I come back! — God, I don't care whether she likes me or no; I don't like her half so well as Mally Pengrouse! — [*Aside.*] Well, your servant, Miss Suck!

[*Exit.*]

Jenny. Was there ever such an unlicked cub? — I don't think his fortune a sufficient reward for sacrificing my person to such a booby: but, as he has money enough, it shall go hard but I please myself! I fear I was a little too backward with my gentleman; but, however, a favourable answer to his last question will soon settle matters.

Enter JENKINS.

Jenk. Now, Jenny! what news child? are things fixed? are you ready for the nuptial knot?

Jenny. We are in a fair way: I thought to have quickened my swain's advances by a little affected coyness; but the trap would not take: I expect him back in a minute, and then leave it to my management.

Jenk. Where is he gone?

Jenny. The waiter called him to some woman.

Jenk. Woman! he neither knows or is known by any body here. What can this mean? no counter-plot! but, pox, that's impossible! you have not blabbed, Jenny?

Jenny. My interest would prevent me.

Jenk. Upon that security any woman may, I think, be trusted. I must after him though.

[*Exit.*]

Jenny. I knew the time when Mr. Jenkins would not have left me so hastily: 'tis odd, that the same cause that increases the passion in one sex should destroy it in the other; the reason is above my reach, but the fact I am a severe witness of: heigh-ho!

Enter HARTOP (*still as* Sir Penurious Trifle) and
SIR GREGORY GAZETTE.

Hart. And so, you knight, says he; you know, knight, what low dogs the ministers were then; how does your pot; a pot, you, that they put over the
fire

fire to boil broth and meat in ; you have seen a pot, you knight ? how does your pot boil these troublesome times ? hey, you ! God, my lord, says he, I don't know, I seldom go into my kitchen ; a kitchen, you knight, is a place where they dress victuals ! roast and boil, and so forth ; God, says he, I seldom go into the kitchen ; but, I suppose, the scum is uppermost still ; hey, you knight ! — What, God, hey ! but where's your son, Sir Gregory ?

Sir Greg. Good now, good now ! where's Tim, Miss Sukey ? lack-a-day ! what's become of Tim ?

Jenny. Gone out a tiny bit ; he'll be here presently.

Sir Greg. Wonderful ! good now, good now ! well, and how, Miss Sukey, has Tim — Has he — Well, and what, you have — Wonderful !

Enter a Servant with a Letter.

Serv. Sir, I was commanded to deliver this into your own hands by Mr. Jenkins.

Hart. Hey, you ! what, a letter ? God so ! any answer, you ? hey !

Serv. None, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, Sir Penurious is busy ! Well, miss, and did Tim do the thing ? — did he please you ? — come now, tell us the whole story ! wonderful ! — rare news for Dame Winny ! — ha ! Tim's father's own son ! but come, whisper ! — ay !

Hart. [*Reads.*] “ I have only time to tell you that your scheme is blasted : this instant I encounter-

ed Mrs. Penelope Trifle with her niece ; they will soon be with you." — So then all's over ! but let's see what expedition will do ! — Well, you knight, hey ! what, have they settled ? Is the girl willing ?

Sir Greg. Good now, good now ! right as my leg ! ah ! Tim, little did I think — But, lack-a-day ! I wonder where the boy is ! let's seek him.

Hart. Agreed, you knight ! hey ! come.

Enter JENKINS.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day ! here's Mr. Jenkins. Good now ! have you seen Tim ?

Jenk. Your curiosity shall be immediately satisfied ; but I must first have a word with Sir Penurious.

Hart. Well, you ! what, hey ! any news, Dick ?

Jenk. Better than you could hope ! your rival is disposed of !

Hart. Disposed of ! how ?

Jenk. Married by this time, you rogue ! the woman that wanted him was no other than Mally Pengrouse, she trudged it up all the way after him, as Tim says : I have recommended them to my chaplain, and before this the business is done.

Hart. Bravissimo ! you rogue ! but how shall I get off with the knight ?

Jenk. Nay, that must be your contrivance.

Hart. I have it ! Suppose I was to own the whole design to Sir Gregory as our plan has not succeeded with his son, and, as he seems to have a tolerable regard

regard for me, it is possible he may assist my scheme on Sir Penurious.

Jenk. 'Tis worth trying however: — but he comes.

Sir Greg. Well, good now! Mr. Jenkins, have you seen Tim? I can't think where the boy —

Hart. 'Tis now time, Sir Gregory, to set you clear with respect to some particulars; I am now no longer Sir Penurious Trifle, but your friend and relation, Jack Hartop.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now! cousin Hartop as I am a living man! — Hey! — well but, good now! how, Mr. Jenkins, hey?

Jenk. The story, Sir Gregory, is rather too long to tell you now; but in two words, my friend Hartop has very long had a passion for Miss Trifle, and was apprehensive your son's application would destroy his views, which, in order to defeat, he assumed the character of Sir Penurious; but he is so captivated with your integrity and friendship, that he rather chooses to forego his own interest than interrupt the happiness of your son.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now! that's kind! who could have thought it, cousin Hartop? lack-a-day! well, but where's Tim? hey! good now! and who are you?

Jenk. This, sir, is Jenny, the handmaid of the house.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! a pestilent huffey! Ah, Hartop, you are a wag! a pize of your pots and your royal oaks! lack-a-day! who could have thought — ah! Jenny, you're a — [*Exit Jenny.*] But where's Tim?

Enter ROBIN.

Robin. Wounds, master ! never stir alive if master Tim has na gone and married Mally Pengrouse !

Sir Greg. Wonderful ! how, firrah, how ? good now, good now ! cousin Hartop. — Mally Pengrouse ! who the dickens is she ?

Robin. Master Timothy's sweetheart in Cornwall.

Sir Greg. And how came she here ? Lack-a-day, cousin !

Robin. She tramped it up after master : master Timothy is without, and says as how they be married : I wanted him to come in, but he's afraid you'll knock'n down.

Sir Greg. Knock'n down ! Good now ! let me come at him ! I'll — Ah, rogue ! lack-a-day ! cousin, shew me where he is ! I'll —

Hart. Moderate your fury, good Sir Gregory ; consider, it is an evil without a remedy.

Sir Greg. But what will Dame Winny say ? Good now ! such a disparagement to — and then what will Sir Penurious say ? — lack-a-day ! I am almost distracted ! — and you, you lubberly dog ! why did not you — [*Exit Robin.*] I'll — ah ! cousin Hartop, cousin Hartop ! good now, good now !

Hart. Dear sir, be calm ; this is no such surprising matter ; we have such instances in the newspapers every day.

Sir Greg. Good now ! no, cousin, no.

Hart.

Hart. Indeed, Sir Gregory, it was but last week that Lord Lofty's son married his mother's maid, and Lady Betty Forward run away not a month ago with her uncle's butler.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! what in the news? Good now! that's some comfort however; but what will Sir Penurious ——

Hart. As to that, leave him to me, I have a project to prevent his laughing at you I'll warrant.

Sir Greg. But how, how, cousin Hartop, how?

Hart. Sir Gregory, do you think me your friend?

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! ay, cousin, ay!

Hart. And would you in return serve me in a circumstance that can't injure yourself?

Sir Greg. Good now! to be sure, cousin.

Hart. Will you then permit me to assume the figure of your son, and so pay my addressee to Miss Trifle? I was pretty happy in the imitation of her father, and, if I could impose upon your sagacity, I shall find less difficulty with your brother knight.

Sir Greg. Good now! Tim! ah, you could not touch Tim!

Hart. I warrant you! But see, the young gentleman,

Enter TIMOTHY.

Sir Greg. Ah, Tim, Tim! little did I ——
Good now, good now!

Tim. I could not help it now, fath and soul! but, if you'll forgive me this time, I'll never do so no more.

Sir Greg. Well, well, if thee canst forgive thyself, I can forgive thee; but thank thy cousin Hartop.

Hart.

Hart. Oh ! sir, if you are satisfied, I am rewarded. I wish you joy ! joy to you, child !

Sir Greg. Thanks, cousin Hartop.

Enter a Waiter.

Wait. Sir, Mrs. Penelope Trifle, with her niece, being come to town, and hearing your worship was in the house, would be glad to pay you their compliments.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day ! wonderful ! here we are all topsy-turvey again ! what can be done now, cousin Hartop ?

Hart. Dick, shew the ladies in here but delay them a little. [*Exit Waiter.*] The luckiest incident in the world, Sir Gregory ! If you will be kind enough to lend Jenkins your dress, and master Timothy will favour me with his, I'll make up matters in a moment.

Sir Greg. Ay, ay, cousin !

Tim. Fath and soul ! you shall have mine direc —

Hart. No, no ! Step into the next room a minute, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Ay, ay ! where you will.

Tim. Fath, here will be choice sport !

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter MISS PENELOPE TRIFLE, MISS SUKEY TRIFLE, and a Waiter.

Wait. The gentlemen will wait on you presently. Would you choose any refreshment ?

Miss Suk.

Miss Suk. A draught of ale, friend, for I'm main dry. [Exit Waiter.]

Miss Pen. Fie, fie! niece! Is that liquor for a young lady? Don't disparage your family and breeding! The person is to be born that ever saw me touch any thing stronger than water till I was three-and-twenty!

Miss Suk. Troth! aunt, that's so long ago that I think there's few people alive who can remember what you did then!

Miss Pen. How, gillflirt! none of your fleers! I am glad here's a husband coming that will take you down in your tantrums! you are grown too head-strong and robust for me.

Miss Suk. Gad, I believe you would like to be taken down the same way!

Miss Pen. Oh! you are pert! — But, see, your lover approaches. Now, Sukey, be careful, child: none of your —

Enter JENKINS as Sir Gregory Gazette, and HARTOP as Timothy.

Jenk. Lack-a-day! lady, I rejoice to see you! wonderful! and your niece, — Tim, the ladies.

Hart. Your servant, mistress; I am glad to see you, Miss Suck. [Salutes her.] Fath and soul, Mistress Suck's a fine young woman, more or less!

Miss Suk. Yes, I am well enough, I believe.

Jenk. But, lady, where's my brother Trifle? where is Sir Penurious?

Miss Suk. Father's at home in expectation of you, and aunt and I be come to town to make preparations,

Jenk.

Jenk. Ay! wonderful! pray, lady, shall I, good now! crave a word in private? Tim, will you and your sweetheart draw back a little?

Hart. Yes, father: come, miss, will you jog a tiny bit this way?

Miss Suk. With all my heart!

Jenk. There is, lady a wonderful affair has happened; good now! son Tim has fallen in love with a young woman at his uncle's, and 'tis partly to prevent bad consequences that I am, lack-a-day! so hasty to match him; and one of my men, good now! tells me that he has seen the wench since we have been in town; she has followed us here, sure as a gun, lady! If Tim sees the girl he'll never marry your niece.

Miss Pen. It is indeed, Sir Gregory Gazette, a most critical conjuncture, and requires the most mature deliberation.

Jenk. Deliberation! Lack-a-day! lady, whilst we deliberate the boy will be lost.

Miss Pen. Why, Sir Gregory Gazette, what operations can we determine upon?

Jenk. Lack-a-day! I know but one.

Miss Pen. Administer your propositions, Sir Gregory Gazette; you will have my concurrence, sir, in any thing that does not derogate from the regulations of conduct; for it would be most preposterous in one of my character to deviate from the strictest attention.

Jenk. Lack-a-day! lady, no such matter is wanted. But, good now! could not we tack the young couple together directly? your brother and I have already agreed.

Miss Pen.

Miss Pen. Are the previous preliminaries settled, Sir Gregory Gazette?

Jenk. Good now! as firm as a rock, lady.

Miss Pen. Why then, to preserve your son, and accomplish the union between our families, I have no objections to the acceleration of their nuptials, provided the child is inclined and a minister may be procured.

Jenk. Wonderful! you are very good: good now! there has been one match already in the house to-day: we may have the same parson. Here, Tim; and young gentlewoman! Well, miss, wonderful! and how has Tim —— Hey, boy, is not miss a fine young lady?

Hart. Fath and soul! father, miss is a charming young woman! all red and white like Mally —— Hum!

Jenk. Hush, Tim! Well, and, miss, how does my boy? he's an honest hearty lad! has he, good now! had the art —— How d'ye like him, young gentlewoman?

Miss Suk. Like'n? Well enough, I think.

Jenk. Why then, miss, with your leave, your aunt and I here have agreed, if you are willing, to have the wedding over directly.

Miss Suk. Gad! with all my heart. Ask the young man.

Hart. Fath and soul! just as you please, to-day, to-morrow, or when you will, more or less!

Jenk. Good now, good now! then get you in there you will find one to do your business. [*Exeunt Hart. and Miss Suk.*] Wonderful! matters will soon be managed within. Well, lady, this was, good now! so kind! lack-a-day! I verily believe
if

if Dame Winny was dead that I should be glad to lead up such another dance with you, lady.

Miss Pen. You are, sir, something too precipitate: nor would there, did circumstances concur as you insinuate, be so absolute a certitude, that I, who have rejected so many matches, should instantaneously succumb.

Jenk. Lack-a-day! lady: good now! I ——

Miss Pen. No, sir: I would have you instructed, that, had not Penelope Trifle made irrefragable resolutions, she need not so long have preserved her family surname.

Jenk. Wonderful! why, I was only ——

Miss Pen. Nor has the title of Lady Gazette such resplendent charms or such bewitching allurements as to throw me at once into the arms of Sir Gregory.

Jenk. Good now! who says ——

Miss Pen. Could wealth, beauty, or titles, superior to perhaps ——

Enter SIR GREGORY and TIMOTHY.

Tim. Yes indeed, father, Mr. Hartop knew on't as well as I; and Mr. Jenkins got us a parson.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! a rare couple of friends! but I'll be even with them! I'll marr their market! Master Jenkins, you have fobbed me finely!

Jenk. Lack-a-day! what's the matter now?

Sir Greg. Come, come, none of your lack-a-days! none of your gambols nor your tricks to me! good now, good now! give me my clothes! here, take your tawdry trappings! I have found you out at last! I'll be no longer your property!

Jenk.

Jenk. Wonderful! what's all this, lady? Good now, good now! what's here, a stage-play?

Sir Greg. Play me no plays! but give me my wig! and your precious friend, my loving cousin! (pize on the kindred!) let'n——

Jenk. Good now, good now! what are these folks? as sure as a gun they're mad!

Sir Greg. Mad! no, no! we are neither mad nor fools: no thanks to you though!

Miss Pen. What is all this? can you unravel this perplexity, untwine this mystery, Sir Gregory Gazette?

Sir Greg. He Sir Gregory Gazette! Lack-a-day! lady, you are tricked, imposed on, bamboozled! good now, good now! 'tis I am Sir Gregory Gazette!

Miss Pen. How?

Tim. Fath and soul! 'tis true, mistress; and I am his son Tim, and will swear it.

Miss Pen. Why, is not Mr. Timothy Gazette with my niece Susannah Trifle?

Tim. Who, me? Lord! no, 'tis none of I, it is cousin Hartop in my clothes.

Miss Pen. What's this? and pray who ——

Enter HARTOP and MISS SUKEY TRIFLE.

Jenk. Why, as I see the affair is concluded, you may, madam, call me Jenkins: come, Hartop, you may now throw off your disguise; the knight had like to have embarrassed us.

Miss Pen. How, Mr. Jenkins! and would you sir, participate of a plot too?

Hart.

Hart. Madam, in the issue your family will, I hope, have no great reason to repent; I always had the greatest veneration for Miss Penelope Trifle's understanding, the highest esteem for her virtues! and should think myself highly honoured in being regarded as her relation.

Miss Pen. Sir, I shall determine on nothing till I am apprised of my brother's resolution.

Hart. For that we must wait. — Sir Gregory, I must intreat your and your son's pardon for some little liberties I have taken with you both. — Mr. Jenkins, I have the highest obligation to your friendship. — And, miss, when we become a little better acquainted, I flatter myself the change will not prove displeasing.

Miss Suk. I know nothing at all about it.

Hart. Sir Gregory, we shall have your company at dinner?

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! no, no: that boy has spoiled my stomach! — Come, Tim, fetch thy rib, and let us be jogging towards Wales: but how thou wilt get off with thy mother —

Tim. Never fear, father!

Since you have been pleas'd our nuptial knot to
blefs,

We shall be happy all our lives — more or less!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

F I N I S.

THE
Mayor of Garratt.

A
C O M E D Y,
IN TWO ACTS.

As it is PERFORMED at the
THEATRE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE.

By SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

A NEW EDITION.



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MDCCLXXXIII.

(Price One Shilling.)

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Major STURGEON.	Mr. <i>Bannister.</i>
Sir JACOB JOLLUP,	Mr. <i>Waldron.</i>
BRUIN,	Mr. <i>Wright.</i>
LINT,	Mr. <i>Wrighten.</i>
ROGER,	Mr. <i>Holcroft.</i>
MOB, by Messrs.	<i>Helme, Nash, &c.</i>
SNUFFLE,	Mr. <i>Burton.</i>
CRISPIN HEEL-TAP,	Mr. <i>Griffiths.</i>
JERRY SNEAK,	Mr. <i>Dodd.</i>

WOMEN.

Mrs. BRUIN,	Miss <i>Simson.</i>
Mrs. SNEAK.	Mrs. <i>Wrighten.</i>

T H E

Mayor of Garratt. 3-

A C T I. S C E N E I.

SCENE *Sir JACOB's House at Garratt.*

Enter Sir JACOB.

Sir Jacob.

R O G E R—

Enter Roger.

Rog. Anan, Sir—

Sir Jac. Sir, firrah! and why not Sir Jacob, you rascal? Is that all your manners? Has his majesty dubb'd me a Knight for you to make me a Mister? Are the candidates near upon coming?

Rog. Nic Goose, the taylor, from Putney, they say, will be here in a crack, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Has Margery fetch'd in the linen?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Are the pigs and the poultry lock'd up in the barn?

Rog. Safe, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. And the plate and spoons in the pantry?

A 2

Rog.

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Then give me the key; the mob will soon be upon us; and all is fish that comes to their net. Has Ralph laid the cloth in the hall?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Then let him bring out the turkey and chine, and be sure there is plenty of mustard; and, d'ye hear, Roger, do you stand yourself at the gate, and be careful who you let in.

Rog. I will, Sir Jacob. [*Exit Rog.*]

Sir Jac. So, now I believe things are pretty secure: But I can't think what makes my daughters so late ere they—

[*Knocking at the gate.*]

Who is that, Roger?

Roger without. Master Lint, the potter-carrier, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Let him in. What the deuce can he want?

Enter Lint.

Sir Jac. Well, master Lint, your will?

Lint. Why, I come, Sir Jacob, partly to enquire after your health; and partly, as I may say, to settle the business of the day.

Sir Jac. What business?

Lint. Your worship knoweth, this being the day of election, the rabble may be riotous; in which case, maims, bruises, contusions,

sions, dislocations, fractures simple and compound, may likely ensue: now your worship need not be told, that I am not only a pharmacopolist, or vender of drugs, but likewise chirurgeon, or healer of wounds.

Sir Jac. True, master Lint, and equally skilful in both.

Lint. It is your worship's pleasure to say so, Sir Jacob: Is it your worship's will that I lend a ministring hand to the maim'd?

Sir Jac. By all means.

Lint. And to whom must I bring in my bill?

Sir Jac. Doubtless, the vestry.

Lint. Your worship knows, that, kill or cure, I have contracted to physic the parish-poor by the great: but this must be a separate charge.

Sir Jac. No, no; all under one: come, master Lint, don't be unreasonable.

Lint. Indeed, Sir Jacob, I can hardly afford it. What with the dearness of drugs, and the number of patients the peace has procured me, I can't get salt to my porridge.

Sir Jac. Bad this year, the better the next—We must take things rough and smooth as they run.

Lint. Indeed I have a very hard bargain.

Sir Jac. No such matter; we are, neighbour Lint, a little better instructed. Formerly, indeed, a fit of illness was very ex-

penfive; but now, phyfic is cheaper than food.

Lint. Marry, heaven forbid!

Sir Jac. No, no; your effences, elixirs, emetics, sweats, drops, and your paftes, and your pills, have filenced your peftles and mortars. 'Why a fever, that would formerly have coft you a fortune, you may now cure for twelve penn'orth of powder.

Lint. Or kill, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. And then as to your fcurvies, and gouts, rheumatifms, confumptions, coughs, and catarrhs, tar-water and turpentine will make you as found as a roach.

Lint. Nofttrums!

Sir Jac. Specifics, specifics, mafter Lint.

Lint. I am very forry to find a man of your worfhip's———Sir Jacob, a promoter of puffs; an encourager of quacks, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Regulars, Lint, regulars; look at their names—Roger, bring me the news—not a foul of them but is either P. L. or M. D.

Lint. Plaguy liars! Murderous dogs!

Roger brings the News.

Sir Jac. Liars! Here, look at the lift of their cures. The oath of Margery Squab, of Ratcliff-Highway, fpinfter.

Lint. Perjuries.

Sir

Sir Jac. And see here, the churchwardens have signed it.

Lint. Fictitious, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Sworn before the worshipful Mr. Justice Drowsy, this thirteenth day of —

Lint. Forgery.

Sir Jac. Why, harkye, sirrah, do you think Mr. Justice Drowsy would set his hand to a forgery?

Lint. I know, Sir Jacob, that woman; she has been cured of fifty diseases in a fortnight, and every one of 'em mortal.

Sir Jac. You impudent—

Lint. Of a dropsey, by West—

Sir Jac. Audacious—

Lint. A cancer, by Cleland—

Sir Jac. Arrogant—

Lint. A palsy, by Walker—

Sir Jac. Impertinent—

Lint. Gout and sciatic, by Rock.

Sir Jac. Insolent—

Lint. Consumption, by Stevens's drops—

Sir Jac. Paltry—

Lint. And squinting, by the Chevalier Taylor—

Sir Jac. Pill-gilding puppy!

Lint. And as to the Justice, so the affidavit brings him a shilling—

Sir Jac. Why, harkye, rascal, how dare you abuse the commission?—You blood-let-

ting, tooth-drawing, corn-cutting, worm-killing, blistering, glistering—

Lint. Bless me, Sir Jacob, I did not think to—

Sir Jac. What, firrah, do you insult me in my office? Here, Roger, out with him—turn him out.

Lint. Sir, as I hope to be—

Sir Jac. Away with him. You scoundrel, if my clerk was within, I'd send you this instant to Bridewell. Things are come to a pretty pass, indeed, if after all my reading in Wood, and Nelson, and Burn; if after twenty years attendance at turnpike-meetings, sessions petty and quarter; if after settling of rates, licencing ale-houses, and committing of vagrants—But all respect to authority is lost, and *Unus Quorum* now-a-days is no more regarded than a petty constable. [*Knocking.*] Roger, see who is at the gate? Why the fellow is deaf.

Rog. Justice Sturgeon, the fishmonger, from Brentford.

Sir Jac. Gad's my life! and Major to the Middlesex militia. Usher him in, Roger.

Enter Major Sturgeon.

Sir Jac. I could have wish'd you had come a little sooner, Major Sturgeon.

Major.

Major. Why, what has been the matter, Sir Jacob?

Sir Jac. There has, Major, been here an impudent pill-monger, who has dar'd to scandalize the whole body of the bench.

Major. Insolent companion! had I been here, I would have mittimus'd the rascal at once.

Sir Jac. No, no, he wanted the Major more than the Magistrate; a few smart strokes from your cane would have fully answer'd the purpose—Well, Major, our wars are done; the rattling drum, and squeaking fife, now wound our ears no more.

Major. True, Sir Jacob, our corps is disembodied, so the French may sleep in security.

Sir Jac. But, Major, was it not rather late in life for you to enter upon the profession of arms?

Major. A little awkward in the beginning, Sir Jacob: the great difficulty they had was, to get me to turn out my toes; but use, use reconciles all them kind of things: why, after my first campaign, I no more minded the noise of the guns than a flea-bite.

Sir Jac. No!

Major. No. There is more made of these matters than they merit. For the general good, indeed, I am glad of the peace;
but

but as to my single self—And yet, we have had some desperate duty, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. No doubt.

Major. Oh! such marchings and counter-marchings, from Brentford to Elin, from Elin to Acton, from Acton to Uxbridge; the dust flying, sun scorching, men sweating—Why, there was our last expedition to Hounslow, that day's work carried off Major Moloffas. Bunhill-fields never saw a braver commander! He was an irreparable loss to the service.

Sir Jac. How came that about?

Major. Why, it was partly the Major's own fault; I advised him to pull off his spurs before he went upon action; but he was resolute, and would not be rul'd.

Sir Jac. Spirit; zeal for the service.

Major. Doubtless—But to proceed: In order to get our men in good spirits, we were quartered at Thistleworth the evening before; at day-break, our regiment form'd at Hounslow town's end, as it might be about here. The Major made a fine disposition: on we march'd, the men all in high spirits, to attack the gibbet where Gardel is hanging; but turning down a narrow lane to the left, as it might be about there, in order to possess a pig's sty, that we might take the gallows in flank, and, at all events, secure a retreat, who should come by but a drove of
fat

fat oxen for Smithfield. The drums beat in the front, the dogs bark'd in the rear, the oxen set up a gallop; on they came thundering upon us, broke through our ranks in an instant, and threw the whole corps in confusion.

Sir Jac. Terrible!

Major. The Major's horse took to his heels; away he scour'd over the heath. That gallant commander stuck both his spurs into the flank, and for some time held by his mane; but in crossing a ditch, the horse threw up his head, gave the Major a dowse in the chops, and plump'd him into a gravel-pit, just by the powder-mills.

Sir Jac. Dreadful!

Major. Whether from the fall or the fright, the Major mov'd off in a month—Indeed it was an unfortunate day for us all.

Sir Jac. As how?

Major. Why, as Captain Cucumber, Lieutenant Patty-Pan, Ensign Tripe, and myself, were returning to town in the Turnham-Green stage, we were stopp'd near the Hammersmith turnpike, and robb'd and stripp'd by a footpad.

Sir Jac. An unfortunate day, indeed!

Major. But in some measure to make me amends, I got the Major's commission.

Sir Jac. You did.

Major.

Major. O yes. I was the only one of the corps that could ride ; otherwise, we always succeeded of course : no jumping over heads ; no underhand work among us ; all men of honour ; and I must do the regiment the justice to say, there never was a set of more amiable officers.

Sir Jac. Quiet and peaceable.

Major. As lambs, Sir Jacob. Excepting one boxing-bout at the Three Compasses in Acton, between Captain Sheers and the Colonel, concerning a game at All-fours, I don't remember a single dispute.

Sir Jac. Why, that was mere mutiny ; the Captain ought to have been broke.

Major. He was ; for the Colonel not only took away his cockade, but his custom ; and I don't think poor Captain Sheers has done a stitch for him since.

Sir Jac. But you soon supplied the loss of Molossas ?

Major. In part only : no, Sir Jacob, he had great experience ; he was train'd up to arms from his youth : at sixteen he trail'd a pike in the Artillery-ground ; at eighteen got a company in the Smithfield pioneers ; and by the time he was twenty, was made aid-de-camp to Sir Jeffery Grub, Knight, Alderman, and Colonel of the Yellow.

Sir Jac. A rapid rise !

Major.

Major. Yes, he had a genius for war ; but what I wanted in practice, I made up by doubling my diligence. Our porter at home had been a serjeant of marines ; so after shop was shut up at night, he us'd to teach me my exercise ; and he had not to deal with a dunce, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Your progress was great.

Major. Amazing. In a week I could shoulder, and rest, and poize, and turn to the right, and wheel to the left ; and in less than a month I could fire without winking or blinking.

Sir Jac. A perfect Hannibal !

Major. Ah, and then I learnt to form lines, and hollows, and squares, and evolutions, and revolutions ; let me tell you, Sir Jacob, it was lucky that Monsieur kept his myrmidons at home, or we should have pepper'd his flat-bottom'd boats.

Sir Jac. Ay, marry, he had a marvellous escape.

Major. We would a taught him what a Briton can do, who is fighting *pro arvis* and *focus*.

Sir Jac. Pray now, Major, which do you look upon as the best disciplin'd troops, the London regiments, or the Middlesex militia ?

Major. Why, Sir Jacob, it does not become me to say ; but lack-a-day, they have never seen any service—Holiday soldiers!

Why,

Why, I don't believe, unless indeed upon a lord-mayor's day, and that mere matter of accident, that they were ever wet to the skin in their lives.

Sir Jac. Indeed !

Major. No ! soldiers for sun-shine, Cockneys ; they have not the appearance, the air, the freedom, the *Jenny sequi* that—Oh, could you but see me salute ! you have never a spontoon in the house ?

Sir Jac. No ; but we could get you a shove-pike.

Major. No matter. Well, Sir Jacob, and how are your fair daughters, sweet Mrs. Sneak, and the lovely Mrs. Bruin ; is she as lively and as brilliant as ever ?

Sir Jac. Oh, oh, now the murder is out ; this visit was intended for them : come, own now, Major, did not you expect to meet with them here ? You officers are men of such gallantry !

Major. Why, we do tickle up the ladies, Sir Jacob ; there is no resisting a red coat.

Sir Jac. True, true, Major.

Major. But that is now all over with me. " Farewell to the plumed steeds and neighbouring troops," as the black man says in the play ; like the Roman censor, I shall retire to my Savine field, and there cultivate cabbages.

Sir Jac. Under the shade of your laurels.

Major.

Major. True ; I have done with the Major, and now return to the Magistrate ; *Cedunt Arma Togge.*

Sir Jac. Still in the service of your country.

Major. True ; man was not made for himself ; and so, thinking that this would prove a busy day in the justicing way, I am come, Sir Jacob, to lend you a hand.

Sir Jac. Done like a neighbour.

Major. I have brought, as I suppose most of our business will be in the battery way, some warrants and mittimus'es ready fill'd up, with all but the names of the parties, in order to save time.

Sir Jac. A provident magistrate.

Major. Pray, how shall we manage as to the article of swearing ; for I reckon we shall have oaths as plenty as hops.

Sir Jac. Why, with regard to that branch of our business, to-day, I believe, the law must be suffer'd to sleep.

Major. I should think we might pick up something that's pretty that way.

Sir Jac. No, poor rascals, they would not be able to pay ; and as to the stocks, we should never find room for their legs.

Major. Pray, Sir Jacob, is Matthew Marrow-bone, the butcher of your town, living or dead ?

Sir Jac. Living.

Major.

Major. And swears as much as he used ?

Sir Jac. An alter'd man, Major ; not an oath comes out of his mouth.

Major. You surprise me ; why, when he frequented our town of a market-day, he has taken out a guinea in oaths—and quite chang'd ?

Sir Jac. Entirely ; they say his wife has made him a Methodist, and that he preaches at Kennington-Common.

Major. What a deal of mischief those rascals do in the country—Why then we have entirely lost him ?

Sir Jac. In that way ; but I got a brace of bind-overs from him last week for a couple of bastards.

Major. Well done, master Matthew—but pray now, Sir Jacob—

[*Mob. without buzzza !*]

Sir Jac. What's the matter now, Roger ?

Enter Roger.

Rog. The electors desire to know, if your worship has any body to recommend ?

Sir Jac. By no means ; let them be free in their choice : I shan't interfere.

Rog. And if your worship has any objection to Crispin Heel-Tap the Cobler's being returning officer ?

Sir Jac. None, provided the rascal can keep himself sober : Is he there ?

Rog.

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob : make way there ; stand farther off from the gate : herē is Madam Sneak in a chair, along with her husband.

Major. Gad-so, you will permit me to convoy her in ? *[Exit Major.]*

Sir Jac. Now here is one of the evils of war. This Sturgeon was as pains-taking a Billingsgate-broker as any in the bills of mortality. But the fish is got out of his element ; the soldier has quite demolish'd the citizen.

Enter Mrs. Sneak, handed by the Major.

Mrs. Sneak. Dear Major, I demand a million of pardons. I have given you a profusion of trouble ; but my husband is such a goose-cap, that I can't get no good out of him at home or abroad—Jerry, Jerry Sneak ! —Your blessing, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Daughter, you are welcome to Garratt.

Mrs. Sneak. Why, Jerry Sneak ! I say.

Enter Sneak, with a band-box, a hoop-petticoat under his arm, and cardinal, &c. &c. &c.

Sneak. Here, lovy.

Mrs. Sneak. Here, looby : there, lay these things in the hall ; and then go and look after the horse : are you sure you have got all the things out of the chaise ?

B

Sneak:

Sneak. Yes, chuck.

Mrs. Sneak. Then give me my fan.

[*Jerry drops the things in searching his pocket for the fan.*]

Mrs. Sneak. Did ever mortal see such a—I declare, I am quite ashamed to be seen with him abroad: go, get you gone out of my sight.

Sneak. I go, lovy: Good-day to my father-in-law.

Sir Jac. I am glad to see you, son Sneak: But where is your brother Bruin and his wife?

Sneak. He will be here anon, father Sir Jacob; he did but just step into the Alley to gather how tickets were sold.

Sir Jac. Very well, son Sneak.

[*Exit Sneak.*]

Mrs. Sneak. Son! yes, and a pretty son you have provided.

Sir Jac. I hope all for the best: why, what terrible work there would have been, had you married such a one as your sister? one house could never have contain'd you—Now, I thought this meek mate—

Mrs. Sneak. Meek! a mushroom! a milkfop!

Sir Jac. Lookye, Molly, I have married you to a man; take care you don't make him a monster.

[*Exit Sir Jac.*]

Mrs. Sneak. Monster! Why, Major, the fellow has no more heart than a mouse: Had my

my kind stars indeed allotted me a military man, I should, doubtless, have deputed myself in a befittingly manner.

Major. Unquestionably, madam.

Mrs. Sneak. Nor would the Major have found, had it been my fortune to intermarry with him, that Molly Jollup would have dishonoured his cloth.

Major. I should have been too happy.

Mrs. Sneak. Indeed, Sir, I reverence the army; they are all so brave; so polite; so every thing a woman can wish—

Major. Oh! madam—

Mrs. Sneak. So elegant; so genteel; so obliging: and then the rank; why, who would dare to affront the wife of a Major?

Major. No man with impunity; that I take the freedom to say, madam.

Mrs. Sneak. I know it, good Sir: Oh! I am no stranger to what I have miss'd.

Major. Oh, madam!—Let me die, but she has infinite merit. *[Aside.*

Mrs. Sneak. Then to be join'd to a sneaking slovenly cit; a paltry, praying, pitiful pin-maker!

Major. Melancholy!

Mrs. Sneak. To be jostled and cramm'd with the croud; no respect, no place, no precedence; to be choak'd with the smoak of the city; no country jaunts but to Islington; no balls but at Pewterers-hall.

Major. Intolerable !

Mrs. Sneak. I see, Sir, you have a proper sence of my sufferings.

Major. And would shed my best blood to relieve them.

Mrs. Sneak. Gallant gentleman !

Major. The brave must favour the fair.

Mrs. Sneak. Intrepid Major !

Major. Divine Mrs. Sneak !

Mrs. Sneak. Obliging commander !

Major. Might I be permitted the honour—

Mrs. Sneak. Sir—

Major. Just to ravish a kiss from your hand.

Mrs. Sneak. You have a right to all we can grant.

Major. Courteous, condescending, complying—Hum—Ha !

Enter Sneak.

Sneak. Chuck, my brother and sister Bruin are just turning the corner ; the Clapham stage was quite full, and so they came by water.

Mrs. Sneak. I wish they had all been fous'd in the Thames—A praying, impertinent puppy !

Major. Next time I will clap a centinel to secure the door.

Mrs. Sneak. Major Sturgeon, permit me to withdraw for a moment ; my dress demands a little repair.

Major. Your ladyship's most entirely devoted.

Mrs.

Mrs. Sneak. Ladyship! he is the very Broglie and Belleisle of the army!

Sneak. Shall I wait upon you, dove?

Mrs. Sneak. No, dolt; what, would you leave the Major alone? is that your manners, you mongrel?

Major. Oh, madam, I can never be alone; your sweet idera will be my constant companion.

Mrs. Sneak. Mark that: I am sorry, Sir, I am obligated to leave you.

Major. Madam—

Mrs. Sneak. Especially with such a wretched companion.

Major. Oh, madam—

Mrs. Sneak. But as soon as my dress is restored, I shall fly to relieve your distress.

Major. For that moment I shall wait with the greatest impatience.

Mrs. Sneak. Courteous commander.

Major. Barragon of women!

Mrs. Sneak. Adieu!

Major. Adieu! [Exit Mrs. Sneak.]

Sneak. Notwithstanding, Sir, all my chicken has said, I am special company when she is not by.

Major. I doubt not, master Sneak.

Sneak. If you would but come one Thursday-night to our club, at the Nag's-Head, in the Poultry, you would meet some roaring, rare boys, i'faith: There's Jemmy Per-

kins, the packer ; little Tom Simkins, the grocer ; honest Master Muzzle, the mid-wife—

Major. A goodly company !

Sneak. Ay, and then sometimes we have the Choice Spirits from Comus's Court, and we crack jokes, and are so jolly and funny : I have learnt myself to sing " An old woman clothed in grey." But I durst not sing out loud, because my wife would overhear me ; and she says as how I bawl worser than the broom-man.

Major. And you must not think of disobliging your lady.

Sneak. I never does : I never contradicts her, not I.

Major. That's right : she is a woman of infinite merit.

Sneak. O, a power : and don't you think she is very pretty withal ?

Major. A Venus !

Sneak. Yes, werry like Wenus—Mayhap you have known her some time ?

Major. Long.

Sneak. Belike, before she was married ?

Major. I did, Master Sneak.

Sneak. Ay, when she was a wirgin. I thought you was an old acquaintance, by your kissing her hand ; for we ben't quite so familiar as that---But then, indeed, we han't been married a year.

Major

Major. The mere honey-moon.

Sneak. Ay, ay, I suppose we shall come to it by degrees.

Bruin [*within*] Come along, Jane; why you are as purfy and lazy, you jade—

Enter Bruin and Wife; Bruin with a cotton cap on; his Wife with his wig, great-coat, and fishing-rod.

Bruin. Come, Jane, give me my wig; you slut, how you have tousled the curls? Master Sneak, a good morning to you. Sir, I am your humble servant, unknown.

Enter Roger.

Rog. Mrs. Sneak begs to speak with the Major.

Major. I will wait on the lady immediately.

Sneak. Don't tarry an instant; you can't think how impatient she is. [*Exit Major.*

Sneak. A good morrow to you, brother Bruin; you have had a warm walk across the fields.

Mrs. Bruin. Good lord, I am all in a muck.—

Bruin. And who may you thank for it, huffy? If you had got up time enough, you might have secur'd the stage; but you are a lazy lie-a-bed.

Mrs. Bruin. There's Mr. Sneak keeps my sister a chay.

Bruin. And so he may ; but I know better what to do with my money : indeed, if the war had but continued awhile, I don't know what mought ha' been done ; but this plaguy peace, with a pox to't, has knock'd up all the trade of the Alley.

Mrs. Bruin. For the matter of that, we can afford it well enough as it is.

Bruin. And how do you know that ? Who told you as much, Mrs. Mixen ? I hope I know the world better than to trust my concerns with a wife : no, no, thank you for that, Mrs. Jane.

Mrs. Bruin. And pray who is more fitter to be trusted ?

Bruin. Hey-day ! Why, the wench is bewitch'd : come, come, let's have none of your palaver here—Take twelve-pence and pay the waterman.—But first see if he has broke none of the pipes—And, d'ye hear, Jane, be sure to lay the fishing-rod safe.

[Exit Mrs. Bruin.]

Sneak. Ods me, how finely she's manag'd ! what would I give to have my wife as much under !

Bruin. It is all your own fault, brother Sneak.

Sneak. D'ye think so ? she is a sweet pretty creature.

Bruin. A vixen.

Sneak.

Sneak. Why, to say the truth, she does now and then hector a little ; and, between ourselves, domineers like the devil : O Lord, I lead the life of a dog : why, she allows me but two shillings a week for my pocket.

Bruin. No !

Sneak. No, man ; 'tis she that receives and pays all : and then I am forc'd to trot after her to church, with her cardinal, patens, and prayer-book, for all the world as if I was still a 'prentice.

Bruin. Zounds ! I would fouse them all in the kennel.

Sneak. I durst not—And then at table, I never gets what I loves.

Bruin. The devil !

Sneak. No ; she always helps me herself to the tough drumsticks of turkies, and the damn'd fat flaps of shoulders of mutton ; I don't think I have eat a bit of under-crust since we have been married : you see, brother Bruin, I am almost as thin as a lath.

Bruin. An absolute skeleton !

Sneak. Now, if you think I could carry my point, I would so swinge and leather my lambkin ; God, I would so curry and claw her.

Bruin. By the lord Harry, she richly deserves it.

Sneak. Will you, brother, lend me a lift ?

Bruin. Command me at all times.

Sneak:

Sneak. Why then, I will verily pluck up a spirit; and the first time she offers to —

Mrs. Sneak. [*within*] Jerry, Jerry Sneak!

Sneak. Gad's my life, sure as a gun that's her voice: look-ye, brother, I don't chuse to breed a disturbance in another body's house; but as soon as ever I get home—

Bruin. Now is your time.

Sneak. No, no; it would not be decent.

Mrs. Sneak. [*within*] Jerry! Jerry!—

Sneak. I come, lovy. But you will be sure to stand by me?

Bruin. Trot, nincompoop.

Sneak. Well, if I don't—I wish—

Mrs. Sneak. [*within.*] Where is this lazy puppy a-loitering?

Sneak. I come, chuck, as fast as I can — Good Lord, what a sad life do I lead!

[*Exit Sneak.*]

Bruin. *Ex quovis linguo*: who can make a filk purse of a sow's ear?

Enter Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Come, son Bruin, we are all seated at table, man; we have but just time for a snack: the candidates are near upon coming.

Bruin. A poor, paltry, mean-spirited—Damn it, before I would submit to such a—

Sir Jac. Come, come, man; don't be so crusty.

Bruin.

Bruin. I follow, Sir Jacob : Damme, when once a man gives up his prerogative, he might as well give up—But, however, it is no bread and butter of mine—Jerry, Jerry! —Zounds, I would Jerry and jerk her too. [Exit.

End of the First Act.

ACT II. SCENE continues.

Sir JACOB, Major STURGEON, Mr. and Mrs. BRUIN, Mr. and Mrs. SNEAK, discovered.

Mrs. Sneak.

INDEED, Major, not a grain of curiosity. Can it be thought that we, who have a Lord-Mayor's show every year, can take any pleasure in this?

Major. In time of war, madam, these meetings are not amiss; I fancy a man might pick up a good many recruits : but in these piping times of peace, I wonder Sir Jacob permits it.

Sir Jac. It would, Major, cost me my popularity to quash it : the common people are as fond of their customs as the barons were of their *Magna Charta* : besides, my tenants make some little advantage.

Enter

Enter Roger.

Rog. Crispin Heel-Tap, with the electors, are set out from the Adam and Eve.

Sir Jac. Gad-so, then they will soon be upon us: come, good folks, the balcony will give us the best view of the whole. Major, you will take the ladies under protection.

Major. Sir Jacob, I am upon guard.

Sir Jac. I can tell you, this Heel-Tap is an arch rascal.—

Sneak. And plays the best game at cribbage in the whole corporation of Garratt.

Mrs. Sneak. That puppy will always be a-chattering.

Sneak. Nay, I did but—

Mrs. Sneak. Hold your tongue, or I'll send you home in an instant—

Sir Jac. Pr'ythee, daughter!—You may to-day, Major, meet with something that will put you in mind of more important transactions.

Major. Perhaps so.

Sir Jac. Lack-a-day, all men are alike; their principles exactly the same: for tho' art and education may disguise or polish the manners, the same motives and springs are universally planted.

Major. Indeed!

Sir Jac. Why, in this mob, this group of plebeians, you will meet with materials to make a Sylla, a Cicero, a Solon, or a Cæsar :
let

let them but change conditions, and the world's great lord had been but the best wrestler on the green.

Major. Ay, ay, I could have told these things formerly ; but since I have been in the army, I have entirely neglected the classes.
[*Mob without buzzza.*

Sir Jac. But the heroes are at hand, Major.

Sneak. Father Sir Jacob, might not we have a tankard of stingo above ?

Sir Jac. By all means.

Sneak. D'ye hear, Roger.

[*Exeunt into the balcony.*

SCENE, a STREET.

Enter Mob, with Heel-Tap at their head ; some crying a Goose ; others a Mug ; others a Primmer.

Heel-Tap. Silence, there ; silence !

1st. Mob. Hear neighbour Heel-Tap.

2d. Mob. Ay, ay, hear Crispin.

3d. Mob. Ay, ay, hear him, hear Crispin :
He will put us into the model of the thing at once.

Heel-Tap. Why then, silence ! I say.

All. Silence.

Heel-Tap. Silence, and let us proceed, neighbours, with all the decency and confusion usual upon these occasions.

1st. Mob. Ay, ay, there is no doing without that.

All.

All. No, no, no.

Heel-Tap. Silence then, and keep the peace : what, is there no respect paid to authority ? am not I the returning officer ?

All. Ay, ay, ay.

Heel-Tap. Chosen by yourselves, and approved of by Sir Jacob ?

All. True, true.

Heel-Tap. Well then, be silent and civil ; stand back there, that gentleman without a shirt, and make room for your betters : where's Simon Snuffle the Sexton ?

Snuffle. Here.

Heel Tap. Let him come forward ; we appoint him our secretary : for Simon is a scollard, and can read written hand ; and so let him be respected accordingly.

3d Mob. Room for Master Snuffle.

Heel-Tap. Here, stand by me : and let us, neighbours, proceed to open the premunire of the thing : but first, your reverence to the lord of the manor : a long life and a merry one to our landlord Sir Jacob ! Huzza !

Mob. Huzza !

Sneak. How fares it, honest Crispin ?

Heel-Tap. Servant, Master Sneak.—Let us now open the premunire of the thing, which I shall do briefly, with all the loquacity possible ; that is, in a medium way ; which, that we may the better do it, let the secretary read the names of the candidates,
and

and what they say for themselves ; and then we shall know what to say of them : Master Snuffle, begin.

Snuffle. “ To the worthy inhabitants of
“ the ancient corporation of Garratt : Gen-
“ tlemen, your votes and interest are hum-
“ bly requested in favour of Timothy
“ Goose, to succeed your late worthy may-
“ or, Mr. Richard Dripping, in the said
“ office, he being” —

Heel-Tap. This Goose is but a kind of Gosling, a sort of sneaking scoundrel : who is he ?

Snuffle. A journeyman taylor, from Putney.

Heel-Tap. A journeyman taylor ! A rascal, has he the impudence to transpire to be mayor ? D’ye consider, neighbours, the weight of this office ? Why, it is a burthen for the back of a porter ; and can you think that this cross-legg’d cabbage-eating son of a cucumber, this whey-fac’d ninny, who is but the ninth part of a man, has strength to support it ?

1st Mob. No Goose ! no Goose !

2d Mob. A Goose !

Heel-Tap. Hold your hissing, and proceed to the next.

Snuffle. “ Your votes are desired for Mat-
“ thew Mug.”

1st Mob. A Mug ! A Mug !

Heel-

Heel-Tap. Oh, oh, what you are all ready to have a touch of the tankard : but, fair and soft, good neighbours, let us taste this Master Mug, before we swallow him ; and, unless I am mistaken, you will find him a damn'd bitter draught.

1st Mob. A Mug ! a Mug !

2d Mob. Hear him ; hear Master Heel-Tap.

1st Mob. A Mug ! a Mug !

Heel-Tap. Harkye, you fellow, with your mouth full of Mug, let me ask you a question : bring him forward : pray is not this Matthew Mug a victualler ?

3d Mob. I believe he may.

Heel-Tap. And lives at the sign of the Adam and Eve ?

3d Mob. I believe he may.

Heel-Tap. Now answer upon your honour, and as you are a gentleman, what is the present price of a quart of home-brew'd at the Adam and Eve ?

3d Mob. I don't know.

Heel-Tap. You lie, firrah : an't it a groat ?

3d Mob. I believe it may.

Heel-Tap. Oh, may be so : now, neighbours, here's a pretty rascal ; this same Mug, because, d'ye see, state-affairs would not jog glibly without laying a farthing a quart upon ale ; this scoundrel, not content-
ed

ed to take things in a medium way, has had the impudence to raise it a penny.

Mob. No Mug! no Mug!

Heel-Tap. So, I thought I should crack Mr. Mug. Come, proceed to the next, Simon.

Snuffle. The next upon the list is Peter Primmer, the schoolmaster.

Heel-Tap. Ay, neighbours, and a sufficient man: let me tell you, Master Primmer is the man for my money; a man of learning; that can lay down the law; why, adzooks, he is wise enough to puzzle the parson: and then, how you have heard him oration at the Adam and Eve of a Saturday night, about Russia and Prussia: Ecod, George Gage the exciseman is nothing at all to un.

4th Mob. A Primmer!

Heel-Tap. Ay, if the folks above did but know him; why, lad's, he will make us all statesmen in time.

2d Mob. Indeed!

Heel-Tap. Why, he swears as how all the miscarriages are owing to the great people's not learning to read.

3d Mob. Indeed!

Heel-Tap. For, says Peter, says he, if they would but once submit to be learned by me, there is no knowing to what a pitch the nation might rise.

C

1st Mob.

1st Mob. Ay, I wish they would.

Sneak. Crispin, what is Peter Primmer a candidate?

Heel-Tap. He is, Master Sneak.

Sneak. Lord, I know him, mun, as well as my mother: why, I used to go to his lectures to Pewterers-hall 'long with deputy Firkin.

Heel-Tap. Like enough.

Sneak. Odds-me, brother Bruin, can you tell what is become of my wife?

Bruin. She is gone off with the Major.

Sneak. Mayhap to take a walk in the garden; I will go and take a peep at what they are doing. *[Exit Sneak.]*

Mob without buzzza.

Heel-Tap. Gad-so! the candidates are coming. Come, neighbours, range yourselves to the right and left, that you may be canvass'd in order: let us see who comes first?

1st Mob. Master Mug.

Heel-Tap. Now, neighbours, have a good caution that this Master Mug does not cajole you; he is a damn'd palavering fellow.

Enter Matthew Mug.

Mug. Gentlemen, I am the lowest of your slaves: Mr. Heel-Tap, have the honour of kissing your hand.

Heel-Tap. There, did not I tell you?

Mug.

Mug. Ah, my very good friend, I hope your father is well?

1st Mob. He is dead.

Mug. So he is. Mr. Grub, if my wishes prevail, your very good wife is in health.

2d Mob. Wife! I never was married.

Mug. No more you were. Well, neighbours and friends—Ah! what honest Dick Bennet.

3d Mob. My name is Gregory Gubbins.

Mug. You are right, it is so; and how fares it with good Master Gubbins?

3d Mob. Pretty tight, Master Mug.

Mug. I am exceedingly happy to hear it.

4th Mob. Harkye, Master Mug.

Mug. Your pleasure, my very dear friend?

4th Mob. Why as how, and concerning our young one at home.

Mug. Right; she is a prodigious promising girl.

4th Mob. Girl! Zooks, why 'tis a boy.

Mug. True; a fine boy! I love and honour the child.

4th Mob. Nay, 'tis none such a child; but you promis'd to get un a place.

Mug. A place! what place?

4th Mob. Why, a gentleman's service, you know.

Mug. It is done; it is fix'd; it is settled.

4th Mob. And when is the lad to take on?

Mug. He must go in a fortnight at farthest.

4th Mob. And is it a pretty goodish birth, Master Mug?

Mug. The best in the world; head butler to lady Barbara Bounce.

4th Mob. A lady!

Mug. The wages are not much, but the vails are amazing.

4th Mob. Barbara Bunch?

Mug. Yes; she has routs on Tuesdays and Sundays, and he gathers the tables; only he finds candles, cards, coffee, and tea.

4th Mob. Is Lady Barbara's work pretty tight?

Mug. As good as a fine-cure; he only writes cards to her company, and dresses his mistress's hair.

4th Mob. Hair! Zounds, why Jack was bred to dressing of horses.

Mug. True; but he is suffered to do that by deputy.

4th Mob. May be so.

Mug. It is so. Harkye, dear Heel-Tap, who is this fellow? I should remember his face.

Heel-Tap. And don't you?

Mug. Not I, I profess.

Heel-Tap. No!

Mug. No.

Heel-Tap. Well said, Master Mug; but come, time wears: have you any thing more to say to the Corporation?

Mug.

Mug. Gentlemen of the Corporation of Garratt.

Heel-Tap. Now, twig him; now, mind him: mark how he hawls his muscles about.

Mug. The honour I this day solicit, will be to me the most honourable honour that can be conferr'd; and, should I succeed, you, gentlemen, may depend on my using my utmost endeavours to promote the good of the borough; for which purpose, the encouragement of your trade and manufactories will most principally tend. Garratt, it must be own'd, is an inland town, and has not, like Wandsworth, and Fulham, and Putney, the glorious advantage of a port; but what nature has denied, industry may supply: cabbage, carrots, and colly-flowers, may be deemed, at present, your staple commodities; but why should not your commerce be extended? Were I, gentlemen, worthy to advise, I should recommend the opening a new branch of trade; sparagrafs, gentlemen, the manufacturing of sparagrafs: Battersea, I own, gentlemen, bears, at present, the belle; but where lies the fault? In ourselves, gentlemen: let us, gentlemen, but exert our natural strength, and I will take upon me to say, that a hundred of grafs from the Corporation of Garratt, will in a short time, at the London market, be held, at least, as an equivalent to a Battersea bundle,

Mob. A Mug! a Mug!

Heel-Tap. Damn the fellow, what a tongue he has! God, I must step in, or he will carry the day. Harkee, Master Mug!

Mug. Your pleasure, my very good friend?

Heel-Tap. No flumming me: I tell thee, Matthew, 'twon't do: why, as to this article of ale here, how comes it about that you have rais'd it a penny a quart?

Mug. A word in your ear, Crispin; you and your friends shall have it at three pence,

Heel-Tap. What, sirrah, d'ye offer a bribe! D'ye dare to corrupt me, you scoundrel!

Mug. Gentlemen—

Heel-Tap. Here, neighbours; the fellow has offer'd to bate a penny a quart, if so be as how I would be consenting to impose upon you.

Mob. No Mug! no Mug!

Mug. Neighbours, friends—

Mob. No Mug!

Mug. I believe this is the first borough that ever was lost by the returning officer's refusing a bribe. [Exit Mug.]

2d Mob. Let us go and pull down his sign.

Heel-Tap. Hold, hold, no riot: but that we may not give Mug time to pervert the votes and carry the day, let us proceed to the election.

Mob. Agreed! agreed!

[Exit Heel-Tap, and Mob.]

Sir

Sir Jacob, Bruin, and Wife, come from the balcony.

Sir Jac. Well, son Bruin, how d'ye relish the Corporation of Garratt?

Bruin. Why, lookye, Sir Jacob, my way is always to speak what I think: I don't approve on't at all.

Mrs. Bruin. No!

Sir Jac. And what's your objection?

Bruin. Why, I was never over-fond of your May-games: besides, corporations are too serious things; they are edge-tools, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. That they are frequently tools, I can readily grant: but I never heard much of their edge.

Mrs. Bruin. Well now, I protest, I am pleas'd with it mightily.

Bruin. And who the devil doubts it?—You women folks are easily pleas'd.

Mrs. Bruin. Well, I like it so well, that I hope to see one every year.

Bruin. Do you? Why then you will be damnably bit; you may take your leave I can tell you, for this is the last you shall see.

Sir Jac. Fye, Mr. Bruin, how can you be such a bear: is that a manner of treating your wife?

Bruin. What, I suppose you would have me such a sniveling sot as your son-in-law

Sneak, to truckle and cringe, to fetch and to —

Enter Sneak, in a violent hurry.

Sneak. Where's brother Bruin? O Lord! brother, I have such a dismal story to tell you—

Bruin. What's the matter?

Sneak. Why, you know I went into the garden to look for my wife and the Major, and there I hunted and hunted as sharp as if it had been for one of my own minikens; but the deuce a Major or Madam could I see: at last, a thought came into my head to look for them up in the summer-house.

Bruin. And there you found them?

Sneak. I'll tell you, the door was lock'd; and then I look'd thro' the key-hole: and, there, Lord a mercy upon us! [*Whispers*] as sure as a gun.

Bruin. Indeed! Zounds, why did not you break open the door?

Sneak. I durst not: what, would you have me set my wit to a soldier? I warrant, the Major would have knock'd me down with one of his boots; for I could see they were both of them off.

Bruin. Very well! Pretty doings! You see, Sir Jacob, these are the fruits of indulgence: you may call me bear, but your daughter shall never make me a beast.

Mob.

Mob buzzas.

Sir Jac. Hey-day ! What is the election over already ?

Enter Crispin, &c.

Heel-Tap. Where is master Sneak ?

Sneak. Here, Crispin.

Heel-Tap. The ancient Corporation of Garratt, in consideration of your great parts and abilities, and out of respect to their landlord, Sir Jacob, have unanimously chosen you mayor.

Sneak. Me ! huzza ! good Lord, who would have thought it : but how come Master Primmer to lose it ?

Heel-Tap. Why, Phill Fleam had told the electors, that Master Primmer was an Irishman ; and so they would none of them give their vote for a foreigner.

Sneak. So then, I have it for certain : Huzza ! Now, brother Bruin, you shall see how I'll manage my Madam : Gad, I'll make her know I am a man of authority ; she shan't think to bullock and domineer over me.

Bruin. Now for it, Sneak ; the enemy's at hand.

Sneak. You promise to stand by me, brother Bruin.

Bruin. Tooth and nail.

Sneak. Then now for it ; I am ready, let her come when she will.

Enter

Enter Mrs. Sneak.

Mrs. Sneak. Where is the puppy?

Sneak. Yes, yes, she is axing for me.

Mrs. Sneak. So, sot; what, is this true that I hear?

Sneak. May be 'tis, may be 'tan't: I don't chuse to trust my affairs with a voman. Is that right, brother Bruin?

Bruin. Fine! don't bate her an inch.

Sneak. Stand by me.

Mrs. Sneak. Hey-day! I am amaz'd! Why, what is the meaning of this?

Sneak. The meaning is plain, that I am grown a man, and vil do what I please, without being accountable to nobody.

Mrs. Sneak. Why, the fellow is surely bewitch'd.

Sneak. No, I am unwitch'd, and that you shall know to your cost; and since you provoke me, I will tell you a bit of my mind: what, I am the husband, I hope?

Bruin. That's right: at her again.

Sneak. Yes; and you shan't think to hector and domineer over me as you have done; for I'll go to the club when I please, and stay out as late as I list, and row in a boat to Putney on Sundays, and wisit my friends at Vifontide, and keep the key of the till, and help myself at table to what vittles I like, and I'll have a bit of the brown.

Bruin;

Bruin. Bravo, brother ! Sneak, the day's your own.

Sneak. An't it ? vhy, - I did not think it was in me : shall I tell her all I know ?

Bruin. Every thing ; you see she is struck dumb.

Sneak. As an oyster : besides, madam, I have something further to tell you : ecod, if some folks go into gardens with Majors, mayhap other people may go into garrets with maids.—There, I gave it her home, brother Bruin.

Mrs. Sneak. Why, doodle ! jackanapes ! harkee, who am I ?

Sneak. Come, don't go to call names : am I ? vhy my wife, and I am your master.

Mrs. Sneak. My master ! you paltry, puddling puppy ; you sneaking, shabby, scrubby, sniveling whelp !

Sneak. Brother Bruin, don't let her come near me.

Mrs. Sneak. Have I, firrah, demean'd myself to wed such a thing, such a reptile as thee ! Have I not made myself a byeword to all my acquaintance ! Don't all the world cry, Lord, who would have thought it ! Miss Molly Jollup to be married to Sneak ! to take up at last with such a noodle as he !

Sneak. Ay, and glad enough you could catch me : you know, you was pretty near your last legs.

Mrs. Sneak. Was there ever such a confident cur? My last legs! Why, all the country knows, I could have pick'd and chus'd where I would: did not I refuse 'Squire Ap-Griffith from Wales? did not Counsellor Crab come a courting a twelvemonth? did not Mr. Wort, the great brewer of Brentford, make an offer that I should keep my post-chay?

Sneak. Nay, brother Bruin, she has had werry good proffers, that is certain.

Mrs. Sneak. My last legs!—but I can rein my passion no longer; let me get at the villain.

Bruin. O fye, sifter Sneak.

Sneak. Hold her fast.

Mrs. Sneak. Mr. Bruin, unhand me: what, it is you that have stirred up these coals then; he is set on by you to abuse me.

Bruin. Not I; I would only have a man behave like a man.

Mrs. Sneak. What, and are you to teach him, I warrant—But here comes the Major.

Enter Major Sturgeon.

Oh Major! such a riot and rumpus! Like a man indeed! I wish people would mind their own affairs, and not meddle with matters that does not concern them: but all in good time; I shall one day catch him alone, when he has not his bullies to back him.

Sneak.

Sneak. Adod, that's true, brother Bruin; what shall I do when she has me at home, and nobody by but ourselves?

Bruin. If you get her once under, you may do with her whatever you will.

Major. Look ye, Master Bruin, I don't know how this behaviour may suit with a citizen; but, were you an officer, and Major Sturgeon upon your court-martial—

Bruin. What then?

Major. Then! why then you would be broke.

Bruin. Broke! and for what?

Major. What! read the articles of war: but these things are out of your spear; points of honour are for the sons of the sword.

Sneak. Honour! if you come to that, where was your honour when you got my wife in the garden?

Major. Now, Sir Jacob, this is the curse of our cloth: all suspected for the faults of a few.

Sneak. Ay, and not without reason; I heard of your tricks at the king of Bohemy, when you was campaigning about, I did: father Sir Jacob, he is as wicious as an old ram.

Major. Stop whilst you are safe, Master Sneak; for the sake of your amiable lady, I pardon what is past—But for you—

Bruin. Well.

Major. Dread the whole force of my fury.

Bruin.

Bruin. Why, lookye, Major Sturgeon, I don't much care for your poppers and sharps, because why, they are out of my way ; but if you will doff with your boots, and box a couple of bouts——

Major. Box ! box ! blades ! bullets ! Bag-shot !

Mrs. Sneak. Not for the world, my dear Major ! oh, risk not so precious a life. Ungrateful wretches ! and is this the reward for all the great feats he has done ? After all his marchings, his fousings, his sweatings, his swimnings ; must his dear blood be spilt by a broker !

Major. Be satisfy'd, sweet Mrs. Sneak ; these little fracasés we soldiers are subject to ; trifles, bagatailes, Mrs. Sneak : But that matters may be conducted in a military manner, I will get our chaplain to pen me a challenge. Expect to hear from my adjutant.

Mrs. Sneak. Major, Sir Jacob ; what, are you all leagu'd against his dear——A man ! yes, a very manly action indeed to set married people a quarreling, and ferment a difference between husband and wife : if you were a man, you would not stand by and see a poor woman beat and abus'd by a brute, you would not.

Sneak. Oh Lord, I can hold out no longer ! why, brother Bruin, you have set her a weeping : my life, my lovy, don't weep : did I
ever

ever think I should have made my Molly to weep?

Mrs. Sneak. Last legs! you lubberly—
[*Strikes him.*]

Sir Jac. Oh, fye! Molly.

Mrs. Sneak. What, are you leagu'd against me, Sir Jacob?

Sir Jac. Prithee, don't expose yourself before the whole parish: but what has been the occasion of this?

Mrs. Sneak. Why has not he gone and made himself the fool of the fair? Mayor of Garratt indeed! ecod, I could trample him under my feet.

Sneak. Nay, why should you grudge me my purfament?

Mrs. Sneak. Did you ever hear such an oaf? why thee wilt be pointed at wherever thee goest: lookye, Jerry, mind what I say; go, get 'em to chuse somebody else, or never come near me again.

Sneak. What shall I do, father Sir Jacob?

Sir Jac. Nay, daughter, you take this thing in too serious a light; my honest neighbours thought to compliment me: but come, we'll settle the business at once. Neighbours, my son Sneak being seldom amongst us, the duty will never be done, so we will get our honest friend Heel-Tap to execute the office; he is, I think, every way qualified.

Mob. A Heel-Tap!

Heel-Tap. What d'ye mean, as Master Jeremy's deputy?
Sir

Sir Jac. Ay, ay, his *Locum Tenens*.

Sneak. Do, Crispin; do be my *Locum Tenens*.

Heel-Tap. Give me your hand, Master Sneak, and to oblige you I will be the *Locum Tenens*.

Sir Jac. So, that is settled; but now to heal the other breach: come, Major, the gentlemen of your cloth seldom bear malice; let me interpose between you and my son.

Major. Your son-in-law, Sir Jacob, does deserve a castigation; but, on recollection, a cit would but fully my arms. I forgive him.

Sir Jac. That's right; as a token of amity, and to celebrate our feast, let us call in the fiddles. Now if the Major had but his shoes, he might join in a country-dance.

Major. Sir Jacob, no shoes, a Major must be never out of his boots; always ready for action. Mrs. Sneak will find me lightsome enough.

Sneak. What are all the women engaged? why then my *Locum Tenens* and I will jig together. Forget and forgive, Major.

Major. Freely.

Nor be it said, that, after all my toil,
I stain'd my regimentals by a broil.

To you I dedicate boots, sword, and shield,

Sir Jac. As harmless in the chamber as
the field.

THE END.









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